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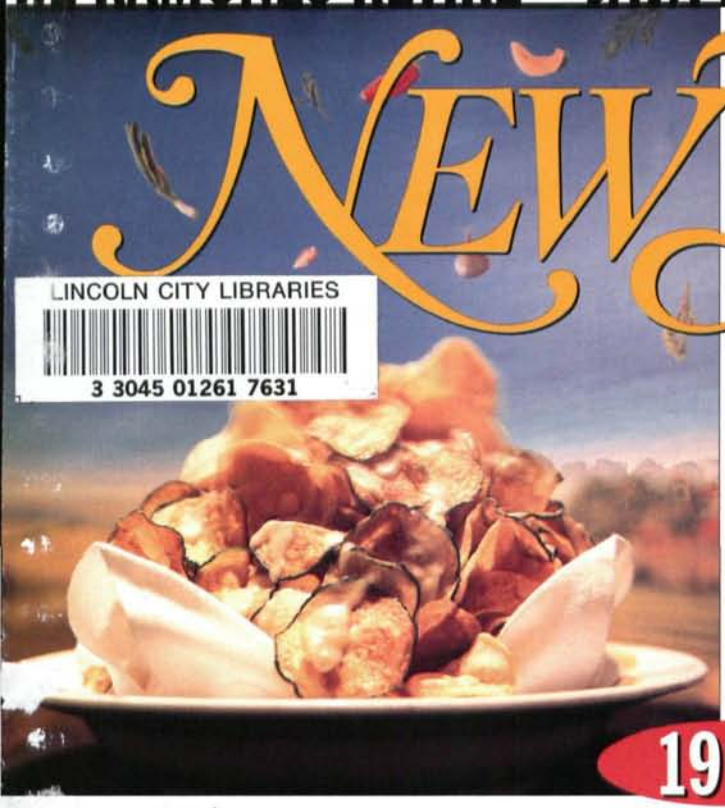

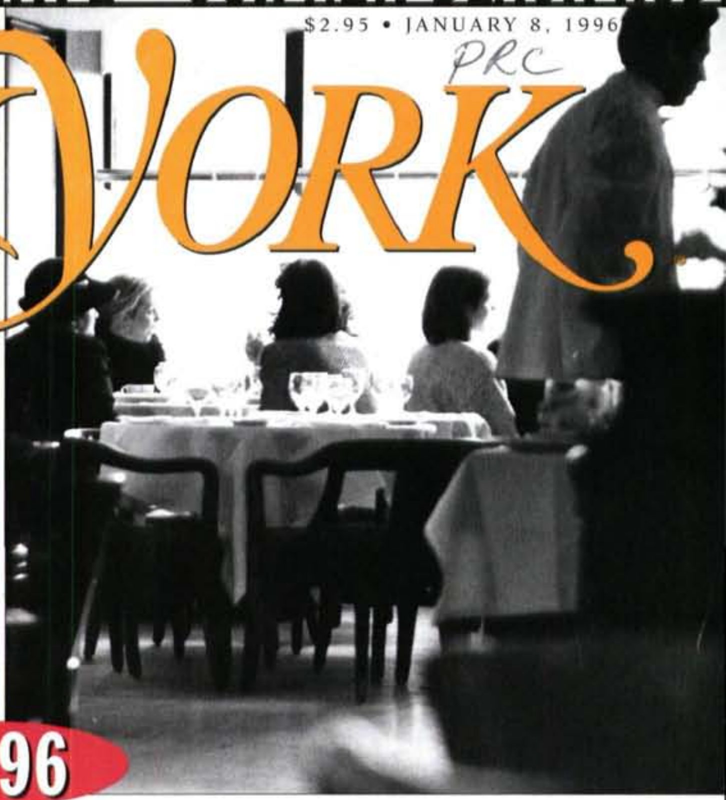

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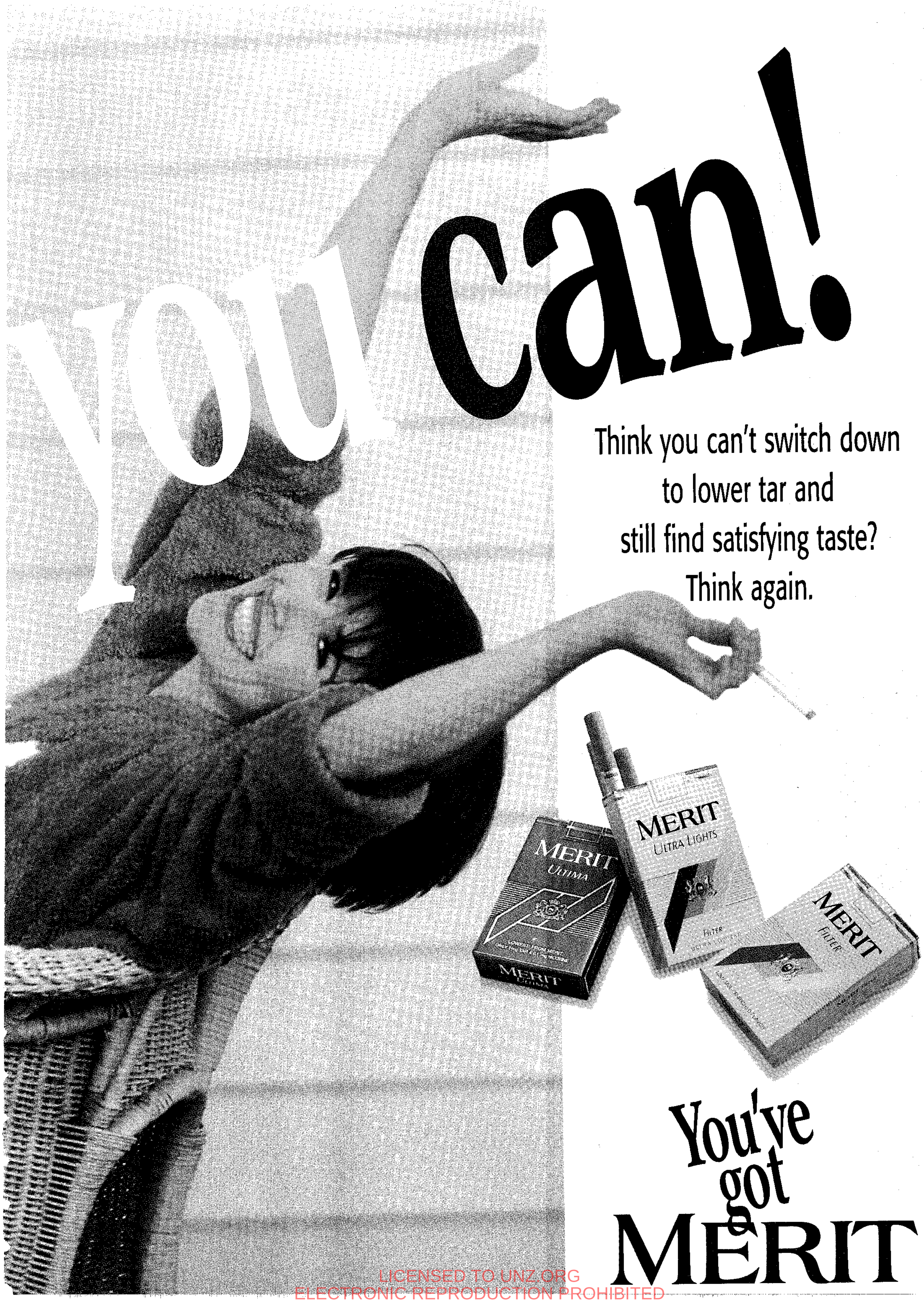
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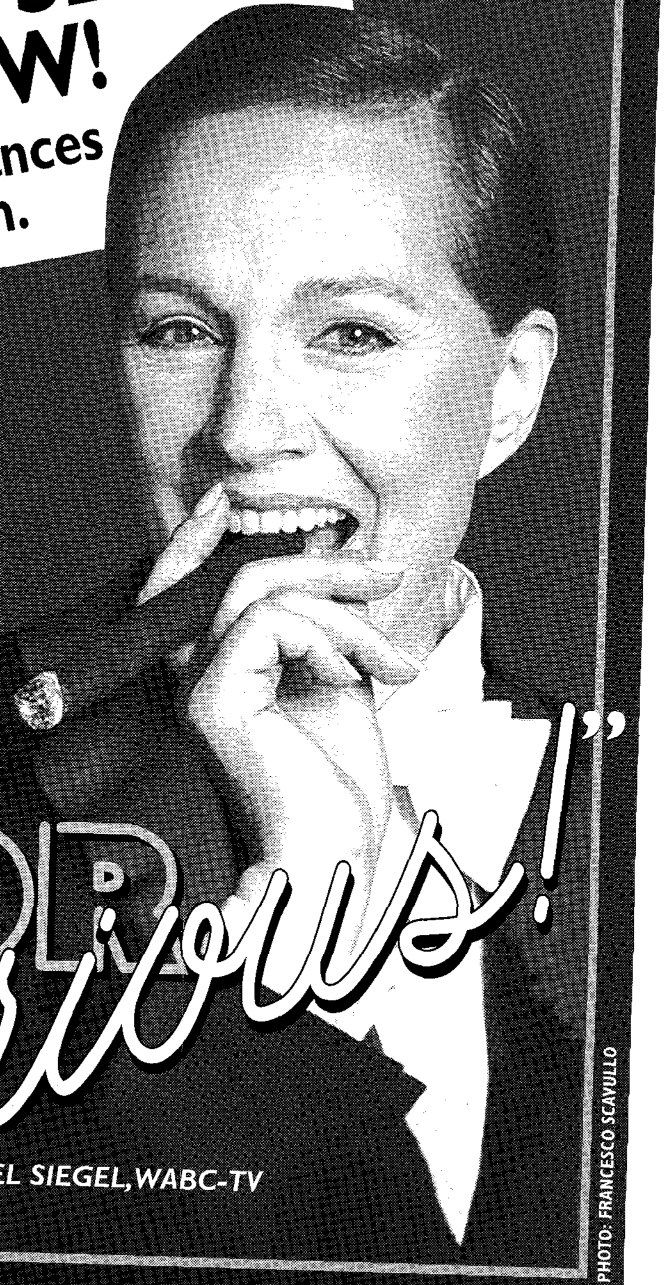

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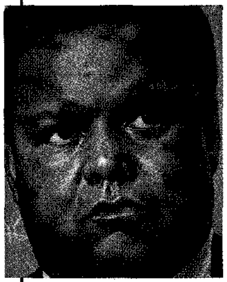
>
> JOHNNY RAMONE, PAGE 36



20 The New Rudy In Town

By Michael Tomasky

After a long, chaotic, embarrassing search process, New York has finally found a new schools chancellor. And miraculously, just about everyone agrees that Rudy Crew is the right man for the job. But in the past six years, the job has defeated three of the country's best educators. Can Crew control the city's education vortex before it controls him? An inside account.

28 A 1996 Restaurant Sampler

By Gael Greene

It just wouldn't be the New Year without our Insatiable Critic's annual State of New York Dining address. She has bravely eaten at all of the 57th Street theme restaurants and duly reports on the one that actually serves good food. She lets us in on where to dine among the glamorous folk on Sunday night. Desperate to know where to go for high-end abuse now that Bouley is closing? She's got it covered, and if you're looking for a meal that satisfies without maxing out the credit cards, she's got that too. Gael tells you where to order calamari salad with watermelon and a cilantro emulsion—should that particular urge hit—and names New York's chef of the year.

36 Retiring the Ramones

By Chris Norris

After 22 years of giving the people what they want—three-chord loser anthems, ferocious live shows, some of the best hair in rock—the middle-aged godfathers of punk are finally calling it quits. As they prepare to hang up their leather jackets for good, the "brothers" Joey, Johnny, C.J., and Marky muse on a life spent dodging detention and courting the pop success that they never quite achieved.

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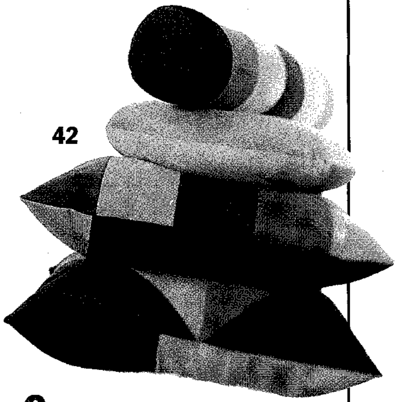

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Strictly Personals director Nancy Fedder is back from a holiday in Vegas with stories to share and advice to impart on being single in 1996. Join her for Ask Nancy, January 3, at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, *go* NYMAG.

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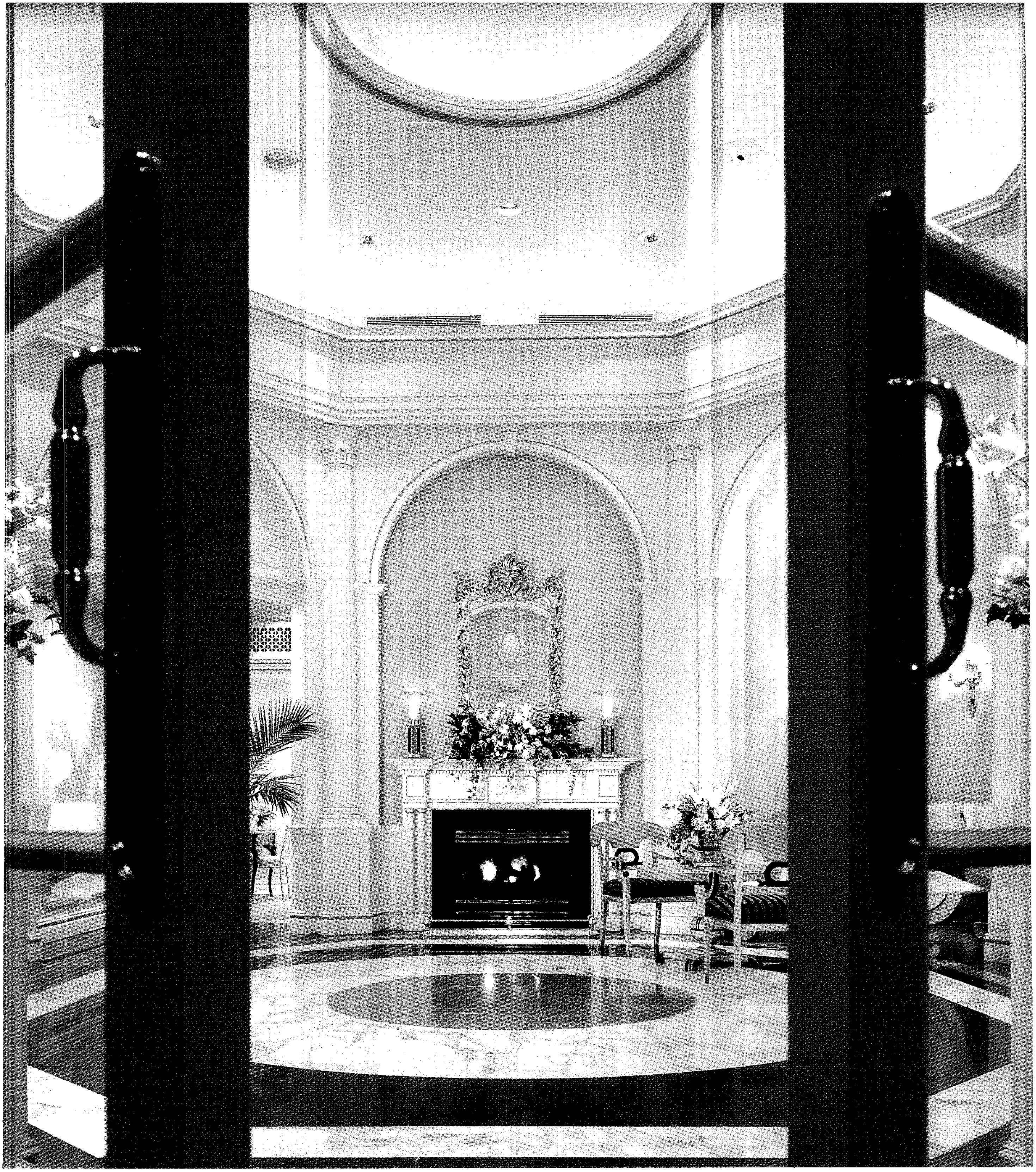

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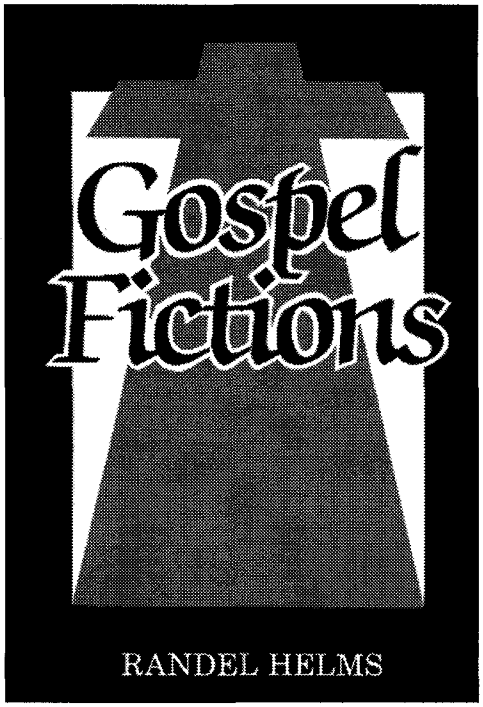

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by Randel Helms

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Women's Work

AMY BACH'S ARTICLE "NOLO CONtendere" [December 11, 1995] illustrates well the struggle faced by my generation. First- and second-wave feminists fought hard to win equal opportunity in the workplace. We have proved time and again that we can and will play the game as men do. We need to fight now for respect: The decision to pursue the partnership path is no more or less respectable than the decision to make family a priority over a high-powered career. Both are equally important to the general health of society.

Marla Stutman
MANHATTAN

THIS IS A TIME OF SIGNIFICANT CHANGE IN the faces, climate, and culture of law firms. The 60,000-member New York State Bar Association has taken action to serve as both a resource and a catalyst in addressing workplace issues. Our Committee on Women in the Law has issued a series of reports and sample policies to encourage and aid firms in developing fair written provisions on childbirth and parenting leave, alternative work arrangement, and sexual harassment. We believe written policies increase awareness, facilitate communication, and promote consistency.

We also believe it is essential for law students and new attorneys to understand the responsibilities, realities, and rewards of pursuing a career in the law. We view enhancing diversity as an Association priority, and are pursuing initiatives to promote insight, dialogue, opportunity, and a supportive work environment for all attorneys.

M. Catherine Richardson
President-elect
New York State Bar Association
ALBANY, N.Y.

ENDLESS HOURS, NUMBING REPETITION, AND lack of personal autonomy are serious problems encountered by my friends still practicing in traditional firm settings. In my view, however, the identifiable forces that drive women from the large firms are

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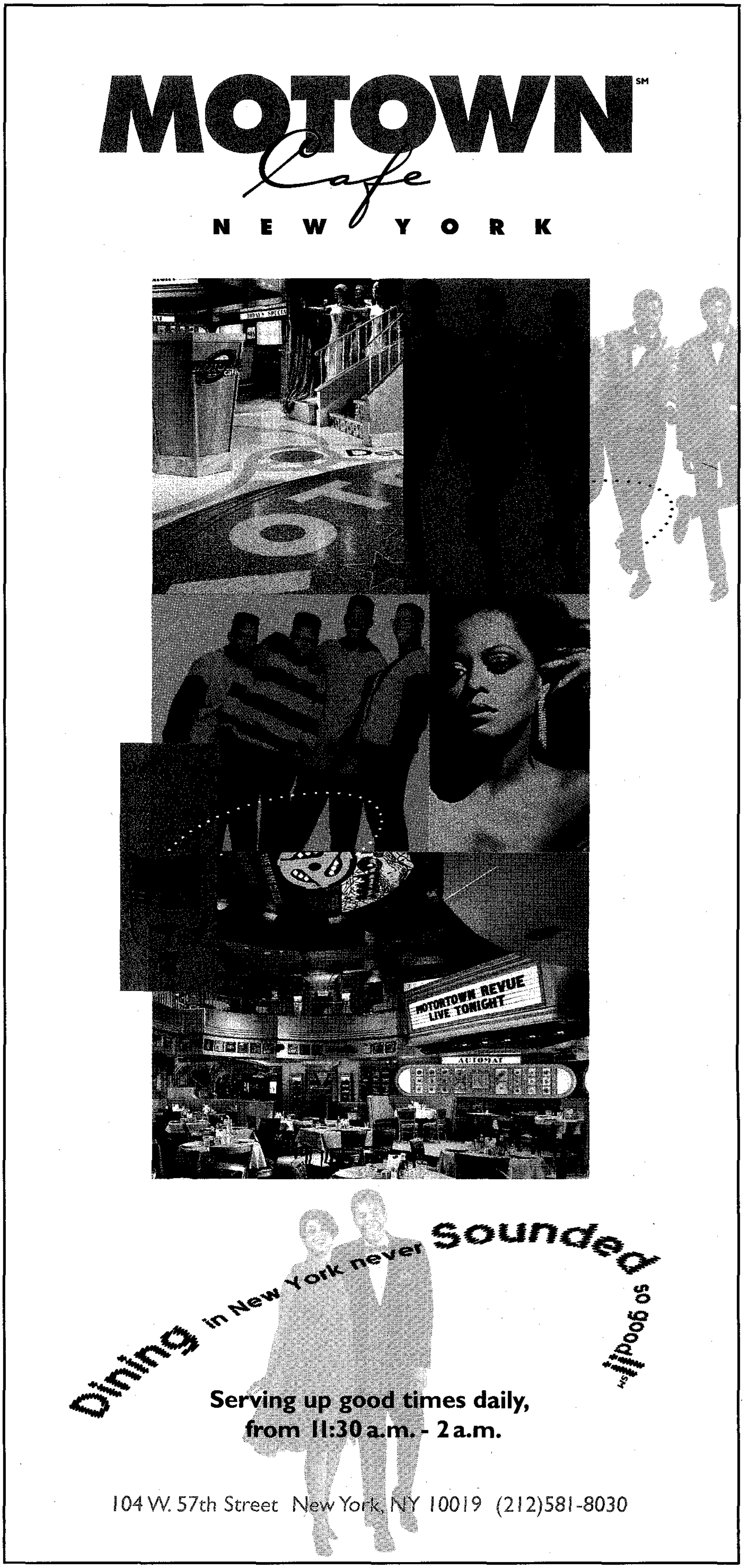
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symptomatic of a greater problem. Fundamental to large-firm culture is a powerful and consistent rejection of the emotional needs of all attorneys, both men and women. Emotional needs equal weakness, and weakness is not tolerated in any form. Men become partners in part because of their superior ability to shut down feelings—denying the existence of an emotional life beyond the firm.

Erik W. Kahn
MANHATTAN

I HAVE A HARD TIME FEELING SYMPATHY FOR the woman attorneys who complain about the glass ceiling, the old-boys club, and the inhuman conditions at large New York law firms. The majority of employees at these firms are support staff, and for us it is not so much an old-boys club as it is an attorneys' club.

I am a paralegal at one of these firms. I work grueling hours in a sweatshop environment without recognition or loyalty. I receive calls at home when I am sick. I cancel vacation plans and doctor's appointments—all in order to accommodate the endless "emergencies" inflicted by male and female attorneys alike. Granted, neither I nor my parents invested in Harvard Law School. Does that make me or any other staff member less entitled to go home to dinner and to sleep? The attorneys at my firm seem to think so.

Given the treatment we receive, I suspect most of these women would perpetuate the oppressive, exploitative methods of the law firm—if only they could claw their way to partner status.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Misery: The Sequel

IN HIS REVIEW OF THE FILM *Georgia* [Movies: "Clueless in Seattle," December 11], staff grinch David Denby wonders why the film's creators wanted to make this movie in the first place. "How instructive," Denby asks, "is the subject of misery and failure?" One might refer him to Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Hardy, Anton Chekhov, and William Shakespeare, writers who treated of misery and failure at some length. All, unfortunately, expired without benefit of Mr. Denby's critical insight. Current filmmakers—not to mention such troubled actors as Jennifer Jason Leigh—are much more fortunate. But in light of Mr. Denby's views on the subjects of misery and failure, how are we to explain his favorable review of *Leaving Las Vegas*? Perhaps he wrote it under the influence of some mood-elevating drug.

Stephen King
BANGOR, MAINE

Defending Elie

AS A HUMAN BEING AND A DAUGHTER OF Holocaust survivors, I found Judith Shulevitz's article [Books: "Elie's Rise," December 11, 1995] both overtly and covertly insulting to the man—yes, a man, not a saint—who has, as it turns out, been the profound voice for several generations deeply affected by the atrocities of World War II.

There was hardly a mention of Elie Wiesel's memoirs, no substance; there were seemingly innocuous statements and innuendoes that, in a mean-spirited fashion, malign Mr. Wiesel. This supposed book review was simply a venue for Ms. Shulevitz to vent her unexplained anger, perhaps even contempt, for Mr. Wiesel.

The questions to be asked, the only questions that count, are where Mr. Wiesel's major concerns lie, what he has accomplished, and what his legacy is. Mr. Wiesel speaks his personal truth, which resonates with millions of us. Among his many accomplishments, Mr. Wiesel has worked to make sure, to the best of his ability, that we won't forget. Isn't that enough? If his zealous marketing skills, for which Ms. Shulevitz impugns him, have made that possible, I say amen.

Janet Damon
MANHATTAN

Shock Treatment

THANK YOU, *New York*, FOR YOUR EXcellent article "Waiting for the Big One" [by Fred Graver and Charlie Rubin, December 11]. Now all us folks who happily moved to California and have had to endure immeasurable haranguing from smug, "that kind of thing would *never* happen here" New Yorkers about living with the uncertainty of earthquake disaster finally have something to say to them: "Nyah-nyah, nyah-nyah!"

Johanna Siegmann
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Swank Attack

"NOW *THAT'S* SWANKY" [BY ALEXANDRA Lange, December 18] was delectable. I adore swank—I still have an old tie clasp that says so. Don't want to quibble, but does the swank Von Bülow family include Sunny? And, as we're ever aware of the derivation of names, can a Grubman be swank? Fat chance.

Edwin Hanft
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

BY BETH LANDMAN AND ANNE ADAMS LANG

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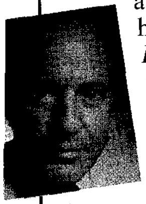


Mort: That hiring itch

It would appear that **Mort Zuckerman** is poised to hire yet another of his former adversaries. The *Daily News* proprietor, who once whisked away half the masthead of the New York *Post,* is close to a deal to bring aboard *Newsday* editor-in-chief **Don Forst** as the *Daily News's* metropolitan editor, tabloid sources say. Forst has been relegated to a Queens *Newsday* office since the closing of the New York edition, and according to sources at the *News,* "there seems to have been a lobbying effort by a group of former *Newsday* employees at the *News*—led by **Jim Dwyer**—to get Mort to hire Forst." Is Forst eyeing the *News's* top job? Many doubt that Forst, who declined the *Daily News* editorship back in 1984, would be content to remain under both editor-in-chief **Martin Dunn** (who has eight months left on his contract) and managing editor **Arthur Browne.** Forst denies any move. "The last time I talked to Mort was his condolence call after New York *Newsday* folded," he says. Meanwhile, many are wondering why Zuckerman wants to tinker with the staff now that newsstand sales are healthy again. Moans one longtime *News* reporter, "Forst lost the war. We beat him. Why do you want to get the captain of the losing team?"

IS BETSY ROSS TOSSING?

Newlywed lieutenant governor **Betsy McCaughey Ross** continues to insist she has no intention of running for another office anytime soon. So why is she throwing herself such lavish fund-raisers? Last week, she was preparing for a Friday-night Palm Beach benefit at **Donald Trump's** resort, Mar-a-Lago. For him, it's the first political event at his newly opened resort, where members are asked to pay $25,000 for membership; for her, it's the first time she is going out of state to raise cash. "What it basically will be is a couple of hours with a fairly small group of people to hear her views on policy issues," says her new husband, financier and Democratic fund-raiser **Wilbur Ross,** who, gloating like a true newlywed (and/or offering backhanded praise of the missus), added, "It's *amazing* to me how *interested* people are to hear what she has to say about things." Among the expected guests—who were to pay $250 to $500 a pop—were Trump and his **Marla,** real-estate mogul **Lew Rudin,** and retired pharmaceuticals tycoon **Dick Furlaud.** While rumors have been floating that McCaughey has her eye on Upper East Side congresswoman **Carolyn Maloney's** seat, she has repeatedly denied them.

Betsy McCaughey Ross: Raising big bucks for what?

YITZHAK RABIN, MY WAY

A nasty blast of politics and egos involving Mayor Giuliani's minions, City Council staff members, and the Israeli consulate nearly tanked the recent ceremony designating 42nd Street between Second and Third Avenues **Yitzhak Rabin** Way. Well-placed sources say that **Bruce Bender,** the council aide responsible for organizing the event on behalf of City Council Speaker **Peter Vallone,** wanted the naming to coincide with a visit from **Leah Rabin,** the assassinated leader's widow, as per the Israeli consul's request. But when Giuliani's unofficial liaison to the city's Jewish community, Deputy Chief of Staff **Bruce Teitelbaum,** got wind of the plan, he "went off the wall," says a source. He reportedly screamed at the Israeli consul, **Colette Avital,** for "going behind his back" and vowed to pull the plug on the entire event unless the ceremony was held at City Hall rather than in front of the consulate. Teitelbaum eventually backed down on this point but then became apoplectic when Vallone was named the host of the ceremony. Ultimately, the hosting job fell, rather anticlimactically, to Department of Transportation commissioner **Lee Sander.** Teitelbaum did not return phone calls, but a Giuliani spokeswoman countered on his behalf: "To say Bruce is off the wall is very unfair."

UMA, OGLERS; OGLERS, UMA

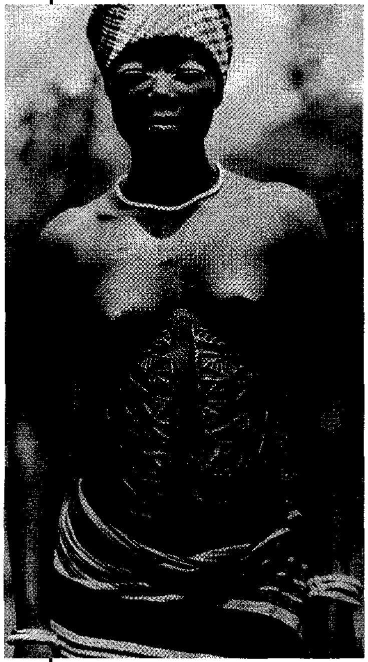
When **Timothy Hutton** kept **Uma Thurman** waiting for an hour at Bice, it gave two poor shnooks the idea that they had a shot with the super-cool, super-fetching actress. The men, drinking at the bar, waited to make their move until Hutton took a break from what appeared to be a rather intense discussion of the couple's problematic relationship. When Hutton slipped off to the men's room, they rushed over, literally dropped to their knees, and begged her to join them. Uma might have looked vulnerable, but she quickly sent the overeager suitors skibbling back to their lonely-guys' perch. Once reunited, Uma and Tim forlornly sipped a $200 bottle of wine until closing time.

Uma Thurman: Great disser

Photographs: top left, Jonathan Levine; top right, Frances M. Roberts; bottom right, Ted Soqui/Sygma.

HEARST SO BAD

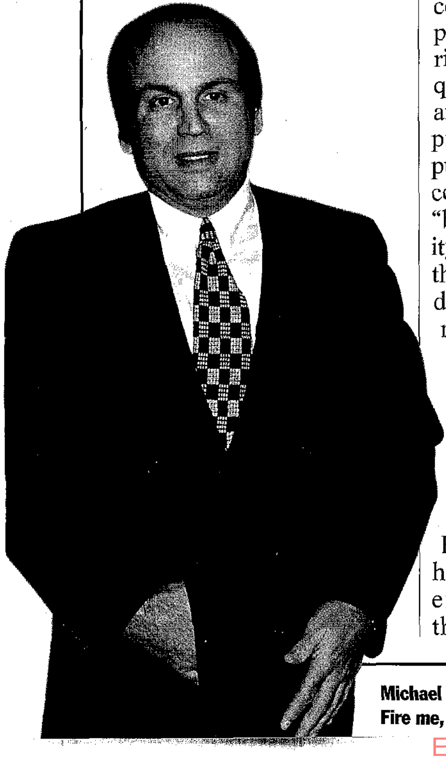
When the daughter of New York–based Hearst CEO **Frank Bennack Jr.** got married last November in San Antonio, it came as no surprise that the Hearst-owned San Antonio *Express-News* ran young **Shelley's** photo on the front page of its Sunday weddings section. The problem was, somebody apparently dripped something on the photo plate before the issue was printed, endowing Shelley with a rather unsightly blemish on her upper lip. The error was discovered after the section's press run was finished, and *Express-News* employees quickly set about shredding all 400,000 copies (by one estimate, upwards of 20 tons of paper) before reprinting the weddings section with a pristine photo of Shelley. The mistake came at an especially unhelpful moment for the *Express-News,* which has been justifying its recent decision to raise the paper's newsstand price by citing rising newsprint costs. "If the question is, would you do it for anyone else, the answer is probably no," *Express-News* publisher **W. Lawrence Walker Jr.** conceded, with some finesse, "but it heightened our sensitivity to the fact that everybody on that page is someone's son or daughter, and we need to be more careful."



Good nipples, bad nipples: *Swing* lets some of it all hang out

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

When the logistics surrounding an event become as farcical as they have in the case of the Simon Wiesenthal Center's January 14 dinner honoring **Michael Fuchs,** perhaps it's wise to call in a comedian. That must explain why Fuchs's longtime associate **Billy Crystal** was recently hired to emcee the otherwise sober event. The dinner has become something of an awkward proposition now that Fuchs has been relieved of his post as head of HBO and Time Warner Music. Among those officially chairing the event at L.A.'s Century Plaza Hotel are Time Warner chairman **Gerald Levin,** who fired Fuchs; Warner Bros. studio chiefs **Terry Semel** and **Bob Daly,** who had chronically feuded with Fuchs and took over his music division; and **Jeff Bewkes,** his former No. 2 who has since replaced him atop HBO. Semel, Daly, and Bewkes are still slated to attend, but Levin has called in his regrets, owing, his office insists, to a scheduling conflict.



Michael Fuchs: Fire me, fête me

WAY DOWNMARKET ON 57TH STREET

You say 57th Street is still a bit too posh for your taste? Fear no more: Warner Bros. has been quietly planning to expand its Fifth Avenue theme store. The three-story megashop is adding six floors, which will house, among other things, a sporting-goods store and a restaurant. **Michael Weinstein,** whose corporation owns Lutèce and the Bryant Park Grill, says, "They have approached us about the restaurant. We have no signed agreement, but we will be meeting again in January."

*SWING*ING BOTH WAYS

Apparently, toplessness is naughty only some of the time over at **David Lauren's** magazine, *Swing.* The current issue contains a profile of **Spencer Tunick,** an artist who's built a career out of shooting nudes in public places. The 28-year-old guerrilla photographer supplied the Hachette magazine with a shot of an undraped woman astride the famous Wall Street bronze bull. But when the issue hit newsstands, Tunick was baffled: His model's nipples had disappeared under a haze of retouching. When Tunick called to complain, his agent, Christopher Trela, says, the photographer was told that "the circulation people at Hachette said they'd have to put the magazine in a poly bag for people in the Midwest if the picture wasn't altered"—a dubious explanation, particularly given that a photo of an unclad African woman appears later in the same issue, and an ironic one, given that the Tunick profile accompanying the bowdlerized image admiringly recounted the artist's many battles on behalf of free artistic expression. *Swing* declined comment.

Additional reporting by Sam Pratt.

DARLING, GET ME UPDIKE

Buckley: Picky boss

Forbes FYI editor and *New Yorker* contributor **Christopher Buckley,** recently in the market for a new assistant, apparently decided he needed someone whose talents extended beyond an ability to fax manuscripts and make lunch reservations. So he devised a take-home quiz—a kind of cultural-literacy scavenger hunt—with questions ranging from the obscure (the best price in New York for a first edition of *Brideshead Revisited*) to the top secret (home phone numbers for **John Updike, Herb Ritts,** and **James Woods**) to the idiosyncratically Buckleyesque (the top bareboat charterers in the Caribbean). And as the fourteen eager applicants raced the clock to prove their worthiness, they succeeded in tripping over one another all about town. One annoyed salesman at the Gotham Book Mart told a harried applicant, "You're the fourth person to ask for a *Brideshead* first edition today." And Jeff Turrentine, the editorial assistant at *Glamour* who eventually won the job, says, "At the Condé Nast employee library, I was alarmed to notice someone else researching the same questions." Buckley finds the whole thing amusing, if a bit embarrassing. "I'm just trying not to imagine the messages on John Updike's answering machine," he says.

Photographs: top left, Bettmann Archive; bottom left, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; right, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos.

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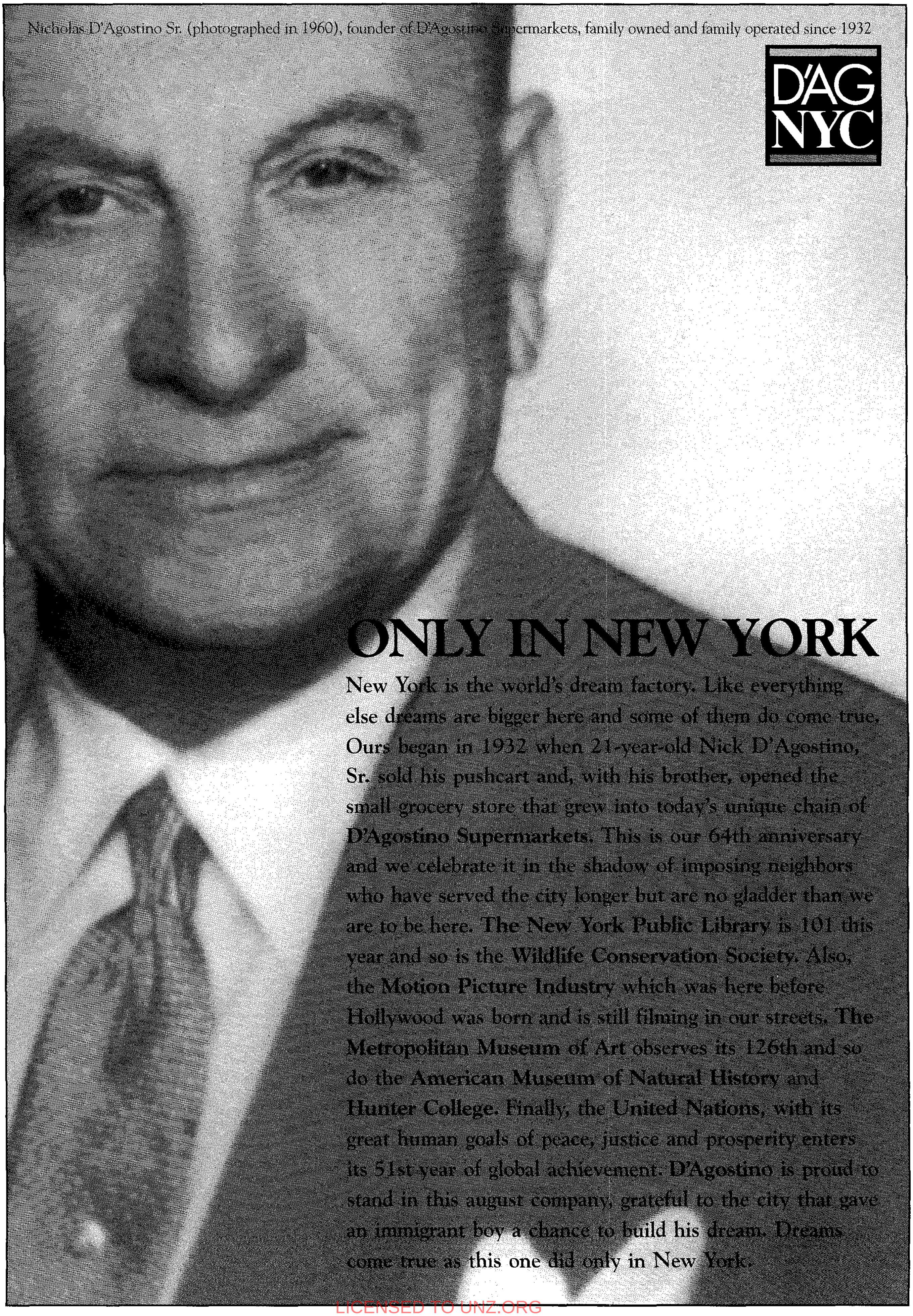


Nicholas D'Agostino Sr. (photographed in 1960), founder of D'Agostino Supermarkets, family owned and family operated since 1932

D'AG
NYC

ONLY IN NEW YORK

New York is the world's dream factory. Like everything else dreams are bigger here and some of them do come true. Ours began in 1932 when 21-year-old Nick D'Agostino, Sr. sold his pushcart and, with his brother, opened the small grocery store that grew into today's unique chain of **D'Agostino Supermarkets.** This is our 64th anniversary and we celebrate it in the shadow of imposing neighbors who have served the city longer but are no gladder than we are to be here. **The New York Public Library** is 101 this year and so is the **Wildlife Conservation Society.** Also, the **Motion Picture Industry** which was here before Hollywood was born and is still filming in our streets. **The Metropolitan Museum of Art** observes its 126th and so do the **American Museum of Natural History** and **Hunter College.** Finally, the **United Nations,** with its great human goals of peace, justice and prosperity enters its 51st year of global achievement. **D'Agostino** is proud to stand in this august company, grateful to the city that gave an immigrant boy a chance to build his dream. Dreams come true as this one did only in New York.

GOTHAM

It engenders high expectations simply by its pace—*Bill* ***Bradley***

THE FRONT PAGE

Taxi Crabs

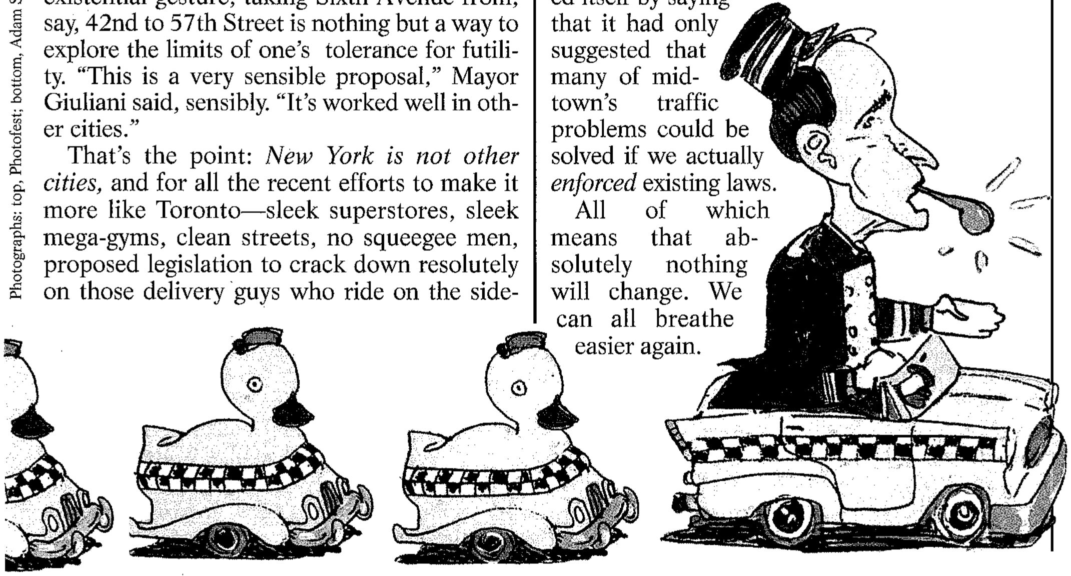
Giuliani learns the only thing worse than midtown traffic is fixing it.

This is what you get for trying to bring order to the chaotic city. "Dumbest thing I ever heard of," some smart aleck named Michael Schmidt from Queens told the *Daily News.* "Dumb!" he reiterated, in case the point hadn't been made with sufficient clarity. The ostensibly moronic idea was the city's plan, announced on Christmas Day, to force cabs to pick up and discharge passengers only at designated "taxi stops," decongesting at least somewhat the now absurdly clogged midday midtown streets. The rule would be in effect between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. between 30th and 60th Streets, according to the original reports (rather than the more modest actual proposed limits, 46th to 53rd Street from Third to Eighth Avenue). Chiming in with his own patronizing response was Lawrence Goldberg, a taxi-drivers-union official, who patiently explained to the *Times,* "The public is paying for door-to-door service; that's why we're taxis, not buses."

There is, of course, nothing wrong with trying to clear up midtown traffic a bit. A crosstown trip these days is little more than an existential gesture; taking Sixth Avenue from, say, 42nd to 57th Street is nothing but a way to explore the limits of one's tolerance for futility. "This is a very sensible proposal," Mayor Giuliani said, sensibly. "It's worked well in other cities."

That's the point: *New York is not other cities,* and for all the recent efforts to make it more like Toronto—sleek superstores, sleek mega-gyms, clean streets, no squeegee men, proposed legislation to crack down resolutely on those delivery guys who ride on the sidewalk, homeless people shunted off to wherever it is that homeless people are shunted off to—we New Yorkers are as much jealous guardians of the city's grotty inefficiencies as we are of our right to gripe about them. And anyway, asking people to walk 40 paces to their destination in return for clear sailing down Broadway is a little like asking an Angeleno to take mass transportation because he'll get to work faster.

By Wednesday, unreason had prevailed in the cab hoo-ha. Amid protests that the whole matter was a big misunderstanding, Taxi and Limousine Commission chairman Christopher Lynn announced that pulling up to taxi stops will not be *required* of midtown hacks after all but only made available to them as an option. "You can pull into that space," Lynn said sweetly, "but you don't have to." Meanwhile, the task force that came up with the idea in the first place defended itself by saying that it had only suggested that many of midtown's traffic problems could be solved if we actually *enforced* existing laws. All of which means that absolutely nothing will change. We can all breathe easier again.

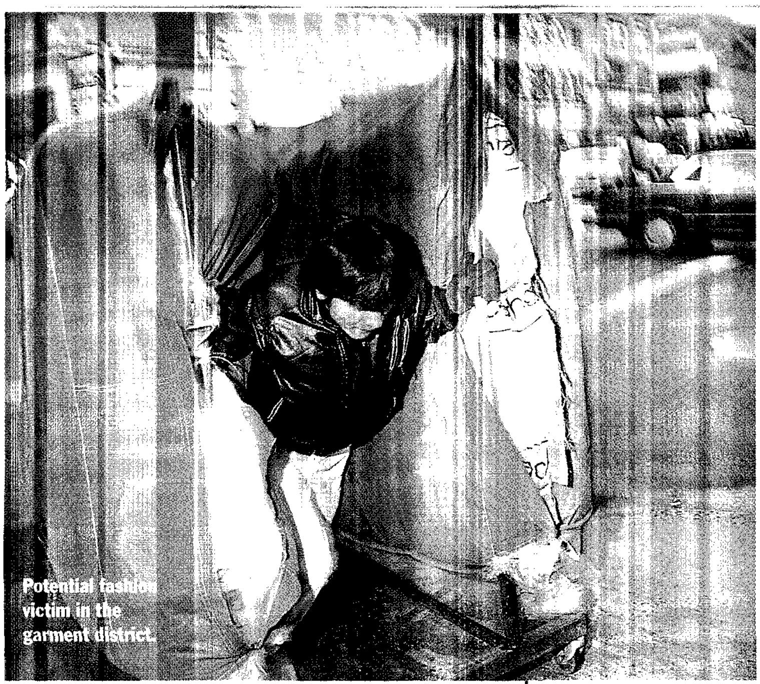


Photographs: top, Photofest; bottom, Adam Scull/Globe Photos; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

SUING FOR VAN DAMMAGE **"If I see that, I'll sue them for every penny they have, because that will put me out of business," Al Davis, a spokesman for Larami Toys, told *New York* after being informed that a scene in *Sudden Death* features Jean-Claude Van Damme filling a high-powered Super Soaker–style squirt gun with lighter fluid and then using it as a flamethrower to ignite an enemy. "There's 27 million Super Soakers in the hands of children right now in the United States," Davis said. "What happens if just one of them does it?" Universal Studios did not return calls for comment.**

IT'S EAST OF JERSEY **Last week's *New York Review of Books* excerpted an essay by Senator D. Patrick Moynihan in which, to make a point about the high number of welfare cases in Brooklyn, he wrote, "Witness the death of Elisa Izquierdo in Brooklyn." Izquierdo was killed in Manhattan. Moynihan's press secretary, Kevin Sheekey, told *New York,* "It should obviously say 'of Brooklyn' instead of 'in Brooklyn.' "**

THE POWER OF THE CROWN IS UNDIMINISHED **When British ambassador Sir John Weston had guests over a couple of weeks ago, he noticed that the huge Pepsi sign across the river from the U.N. was not lit. He called Pepsi and complained. "I said, 'You know, here we are all over sitting on this side of the East River, we're your neighbors and admirers, and we miss the sign. . . . I'd be very glad to see it on fairly soon if that's all right by you.' An hour later, much to my amazement, the sign was back on."**


Potential fashion victim in the garment district.

Crime

FASHION VICTIMS

ABOUT NOON IN THE HEART OF THE garment district, a well-groomed editorial assistant is performing one of the more unglamorous tasks of working for a glossy, upscale magazine—picking up and returning clothes for a photo shoot. Traveling by car service, the assistant has already made stops at Chanel, Valentino, and Ralph Lauren, and is heading downtown. The trunk is full, and so some of the garment bags, clearly marked with the famous designer insignias, have had to be stacked in the back seat next to her. Next stop: designer Han Feng on West 39th Street. The pickup: winter resortwear. The drop-off: iridescent evening gowns for the party season.

The driver waits in the Lincoln Continental as the young woman goes inside to make another routine transfer. Seconds later, two men approach. "The girl, she's hurt, she needs your help," one of them says in a heavy Spanish accent. Leaving the car and designer clothes unattended, the driver enters the lobby. Within seconds, the two men are running down the street with three garment bags containing $35,000 worth of clothes, *not* including a one-of-a-kind beige double-breasted linen suit by Ralph Lauren, worth about $2,000.

"Oh, that's called the Ecuadorean shuffle," laughs one Midtown South Precinct cop who walks the beat at the heart of the garment district. "It happens every day." The thieves, who are frequently but not always from Ecuador, usually make their getaways in what cops call "Ecuadorean war wagons"—beat-up station wagons often purchased at city auctions. Ninety percent of the clothes that vanish in the district do so in those wagons, police say.

One might expect a $35,000 heist carried out in broad daylight in the heart of Manhattan to make at least one of the city's two tabloids, but that one a couple of months ago did not; nor, in fact, do most crimes against fashion houses and the magazines that feature their clothes, discretion being the rule. But the problem has become pervasive enough that the Police Department has created a special unit to combat it, the three-year-old Garment Center Task Force, which works out of the Manhattan Robbery Squad headquarters. "We might not wear Armani suits," says Bob Fleming, one of five detectives who run the squad, "but you'll *never* catch us in white after Labor Day."

No clothing is safe, say police—from Victoria's Secret teddies to full-length Fendi furs. Popular ruses include "shaving a roll"—cutting pricey fabrics, the most popular being coat lining, off of bolts en route to manufacturers' warehouses; popping a tire on a van or car, or squirting mustard on someone's clothes, to divert a driver or a clothing-rack pusher; hijacking clothing racks at gunpoint; and even busting down the walls of warehouses with sledgehammers to get at inventory.

Outright street theft today is down compared with during the eighties, when "rack robberies were out of control, with as many as as 60 to 80 heists a month," according to one detective. But new forms of theft have arisen to replace them, and the problem is beginning to overshadow the work itself.

"I used to spend more time with our lawyers discussing stolen items than with my staff on fashion shoots," says one former accessories editor at *Vogue*. She remembers a particularly devastating heist when armed robbers ran off with a vanload of Armani—allegedly half a collection—that *Vogue* had borrowed and was transporting from its offices on Madison Avenue to a shoot just around the corner on 44th Street. "Obviously," she says, "someone had their eyes on us all the time."

Recently, the robbers have become even bolder. Two months ago, a man claiming to be a messenger for Orbit/Lightspeed courier service showed up at the offices of designer Norma Kamali and said he was making a pickup for *Harper's Bazaar*. Reportedly wearing a shirt bearing the company's logo and showing a company I.D., he was handed a bag of dresses—which were never seen again. According to Orbit vice-president Rick Katz, Kamali blames the company for the theft, and has since prohibited any magazines borrowing its clothes from using the service. Orbit is consequently suing Kamali, claiming that the impersonator had only worked there for about "four hours" and was not an employee at the time of the heist. "They're hurting our reputation," says Katz, adding that the thief has since been apprehended while pulling a similar scam on Jones New York.

Most of the hot clothes are immediately fenced, or are routed out of the city and sold to private customers and retail stores. Like priceless art, the one-of-a-kind designs are harder to get rid of and usually get sold on an upscale black market. "Most thieves can evaluate the worth of a Chanel dress," says a fashion-design consultant familiar with the problem, "but it's very possible that a beaded gown by Beene that would normally go for, like, $10,000 might end up being sold at a secondhand store, in Brooklyn, for $100. Off the rack."

STEVEN GARBARINO

Culture

LOOKING FOR MR. GOLDBERG

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND down in the Palladium's first-floor women's room, much remained to be done. Nobody's hair was behaving as instructed, to begin with. But with the party upstairs already under way, there was no time to fret. Just give it a shake, smooth the stockings, throw back the shoulders. A woman in gray bugle beads took one last look, however, and slumped back down. "My breasts are falling out," she noted with dismay.

"So? Pull them up," suggested a voice from a stall.

Amid the action, women paused to glance through a stack of *Jewish Singles News,* the little tabloid that would serve as their Baedeker through this night. This was Christmas Eve, after all, and whatever that might mean to the rest of America, to young, single Jewish New Yorkers, December 24 is the biggest social night of the year, growing more so every year. Entering its second decade,

Photograph by Donna Binder/Impact Visuals.

the Copacabana's bash by now ranks as a venerable tradition; the Roxy's seven-year-old Matzoh Ball packs them in by the thousands. But at the Palladium, where 3,000 guests schmoozed their way over three vast floors, Utopia—a group that otherwise sponsors monthly cocktail gatherings—announced itself this year as a major player in this cluttered field.

Going after "people who go out and enjoy Manhattan, who have a social existence outside the Jewish singles scene but prefer to meet someone of their own faith," the party's hosts are quick to point out that they're not just latter-day *shadchen*. Theirs is a high-end event. Which means that unlike the Roxy, where jeans and Lycra prevail, the Palladium is awash in cocktail dresses and well-pressed suits. No midriffs are bared. No bodies are obviously pierced. And whereas the celebrants at the Roxy are so young that some of them still smoke cigars, many at the Palladium have grown inexact about their age.

To Renee Glicker—an actress "in her thirties"—all this sophisticated restraint feels a bit tame. "People are walking around—it's like they're shopping. Everyone's too shy to say hello. It's like a bunch of shy people." One of the shyest of all is Mark Brugger, her cousin, who prefers to describe his social demeanor as "midwestern." Tonight they were operating as a team: Renee would break the ice with a group of women, then once everyone knew one another, she'd introduce her cousin. She kept it as low-key as she could: "We're both very big catches," she confided to all in earshot. "Mark's very brilliant, and he'll be a great provider for some lucky woman. And I'm tremendously exciting." Although the small crowd that had gathered around her gave her claim some weight, her parents don't share her sense of confidence. "My family would like the guy I marry to be Jewish, but at this point, my mother's even encouraging me to date an Arab," Renee admits.

Baruch hashem, Mrs. Glicker; it may not come to that. By eleven o'clock Renee had already succeeded in meeting Steven Gold, who ranks as something of a local celebrity, having recently been named *Cosmopolitan's* Bachelor of the Month. Gold isn't too surprised to be so recognized—"My name is well known in the financial industry," he says—nor even to have received 500 letters from women who'd seen the article, but he admits that at other times his romantic prospects weren't so bullish. He's even turned to the personals, at times, but without much luck. ("They lie in those things," Renee agrees.)

War stories constituted a significant portion of the evening's conversations. "I've already exhausted the referral system," says Melanie Rutenberg, "and I don't meet many straight men at work. Last Christmas Eve, my friend and I went from party to party—all Jewish singles—and ended up at the bar we started at with two guys we had no interest in." Wearily describing her active dating life as "the Million Man March," she sighs, "I'm getting really tired of this game."

As she spoke, Steve Levine walked by, gesturing with a shudder toward the dance floor. "A roomful of Jews—nobody's got any rhythm. It's not pretty. Don't look," he instructed, as Melanie craned her neck to see.

BUSINESS

What Karat Is Your Parachute?

When Michael Schulhof, chairman of Sony's American operations, was fired last month, everyone marveled at his $40 million severance package. But that's how it goes with big executives these days. "If an average, everyday worker gets fired, he's lucky to get a few weeks' severance," explains Graef Crystal, an executive-compensation expert. "But when a CEO gets fired, his salary can continue for years; he may get the use of offices, secretarial help, and sometimes the company jet." To be fair to the defenestrated exec, though, those lavish severances have to replace equally lavish salaries and bonuses. Which provides an entirely new, working-class way to consider their stratospheric severance windfalls: How many weeks are they getting? Determining the number of extra paychecks Schulhof will be cashing proved impossible; not even industry analysts would hazard a guess about his salary. But it looks like many of last year's top-level sackees—and there were many—have the working stiffs beat once again.

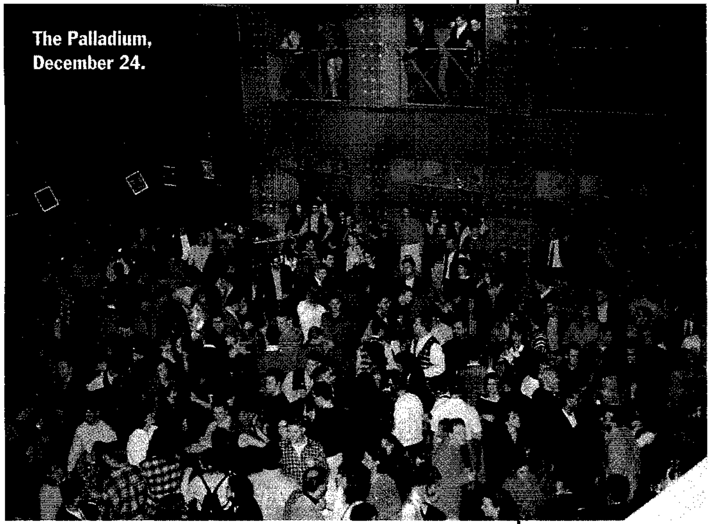
NORMAN VANAMEE

EXECUTIVE/JOB	ANNUAL INCOME/SEVERANCE*	WEEKS OF SEVERANCE
William Agee *CEO, Morrison Knudsen*	$2.4 million/ $99,750 a year for life	35**
Doug Morris *Chairman, Warner Music U.S.*	$5 million/ $5 million	52
Louis P. Ferrero *CEO, Anacomp, Inc.*	$800,000/ $1.6 million	104
Michael Fuchs *Chairman, HBO and Warner Music Group*	$10 million/ $60 million	312
Robert Packwood *U.S. senator*	$133,600/ $88,922 yearly pension	388**
Robert Morgado *Chairman, Warner Music Group*	$6 million/ $60 million	520
Joseph Antonini *CEO, Kmart*	$950,540/ $1.85 million, plus $527,064 a year for life	568**
J.P. Bolduc *CEO, W. R. Grace & Company*	$2,145,333/ $20 million, plus $848,585 a year for life	839**

**Based on published reports or industry analysts' estimates.*
***Based on a life expectancy of 73.2 years for white males.*

Photographs: top to bottom, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; Jeffrey Markowitz/Sygma; Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison.

Nobody paid much attention to the two black men in their late twenties, both of whom seemed stunned to learn that the event they'd paid $25 to enter was a mixer for Jews. "Really? *Really?*" asked Austin, an investigator for the city's Commission on Human Rights. "I thought it was just . . ." His voice trailed off as the scene's demographics registered. His friend Albert, a soft-spoken law student from Ghana, considered the plight of the intended guests. "This is a hard place to meet people. It would be nicer to meet someone in a camp," he said dreamily. "Camping—somewhere upstate."


The Palladium, December 24.

Over at the Roxy, debate over the specific value of such events was alive and well. Suzy Golub, a deep-deep-tanned fashion buyer, was a supporter. "I'm not the type to go to bars and accept dates with strange men, but you have to figure, you meet someone here, they're probably semi-normal."

That's what Michelle from Livingston, New Jersey, had figured as well, but she was changing her mind fast. "This is horrible. Most of the people are nerdy and kind of desperate. I mean, just being Jewish doesn't mean you have that much in common."

Not that much, but at least this much: family pressure to choose a Jewish mate. "You know, you come to these things thinking you want to satisfy your mom's dreams," says Bobby Feldman. An optometry student named Andrea leaps to agree. "I'm dating a non-Jewish boy, and my parents don't know about it? My father, he's Israeli? He would flip out." Tonight he had reason to *kvell;* she'd met a law student, a lawyer, an orthopedic resident—even an Israeli CPA, the high ace in a royal flush of family-pleasers. And for David Jarvis, whose Orthodox family stopped speaking to him when, years ago, he moved in with his decidedly un-kosher girlfriend, the stakes were all too concrete. "If my parents knew I was here," he laughs. "They'd probably reinstate the trust fund."

As the evening winds down, the older generation's priorities give way to the more immediate priorities of the younger one. Business cards are exchanged, some with home numbers scrawled on the back. Arrangements are made to meet at the next party. Bryan Seltzer, who had earlier complained that the crowd wasn't "upscale" enough, settled on Michelle Blaustein, a doe-eyed assistant manager in a women's clothing store, who in turn settled in on his lap.

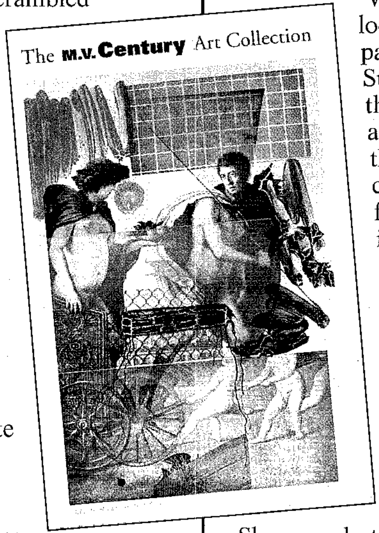
Back at the Palladium, the evening's organizers surveyed the now-quieting scene, and they saw that it was good. "Among this subset of humanity," said Jeff Strank, "I think we succeeded in creating the best thing that's ever happened on Christmas Eve."

ARIEL KAMINER

Art

THE LOUVRE BOAT

BRAVING TURNERESQUE SEAS AND THE city's first snowstorm, about a dozen New York art critics tumbled out of minivans onto Pier 88, passed through metal detectors, and scrambled up a gangplank to preview the debut show of a cruise-ship art gallery. As if that weren't odd enough, once inside the 70,000-ton, 815-foot luxury liner *M. V. Century*—a theme park of James Bond high-techery and Lincoln Center glitz—the critics were served Bloody Marys by a dwarf.


The M.V. Century Art Collection

"We wanted to create a floating museum," announced Christina Chandris, the ascoted wife of Celebrity Cruises chairman John Chandris, trying to explain why they've spent almost $4 million to display a collection of 500 works of art, mostly prints and photographs, in a setting where a game of shuffleboard typically provides the day's stimulation. "It offers an unconventional way of exposing important works to the cruisegoing public." Several critics weighed in on both the concept and the execution:

A. D. COLEMAN, PHOTOGRAPHY CRITIC, THE NEW YORK *Observer:* "Initially I had visions of the *Love Boat*. How could any serious art fit into that context? Cruises are something you win on *Hollywood Squares*. But in the end I was immensely impressed with the range of choices. I think that if you were either an unintelligent member of the artgoing public or knowledgeable in the arts, you would find stuff that provoked and that you would want to spend time with."

CHARLIE FINCH, EDITOR, *Coagula Art Journal:* "They put a beautiful Donald Judd construction in the bar next to these grotesque sea horses surrounded by rotting shells. Donald would have rolled over in his grave. The temptation to steal it was great. The Judd was a surprise; the Salles are nice and restrained. Most impressive, though, was Chandris's wife—I'd put her in my collection any day."

EDWARD M. GOMEZ, FEATURES WRITER, *Art & Antiques:* "As much as I may not be the kind of guy who goes on a cruise with people in jogging suits whose living-room furniture is covered in plastic, I think it's a rather novel and engaging idea, and as for the viability of the collection, I was impressed with a couple of points, particularly the attempt to integrate lesser known artists with well-known modernists—whether it works or not, one has to take the cruise."

ANN LANDI, SENIOR EDITOR, *ARTnews:* "Why not? It's so boring to look at silk screens of palm trees. The Hiroshi Sugimoto photograph was the standout. It was pretty amazing they would have that up. I didn't think the combination of glitz and fine art would work, but it does."

JONATHAN NAPACK, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR, *Art & Auction:* "The kind of collection they have is the kind that a middle-of-the-road corporate collection would: They have their Jasper Johns, their Judd edition, their Cindy Sherman, but nothing gives you the sense that the Chandrises are really art enthusiasts. At least they're honest about it. . . . The general reaction is: 'How can I get a free cruise by writing about it?' "

S.G.

Photograph by Seth Greenberg.

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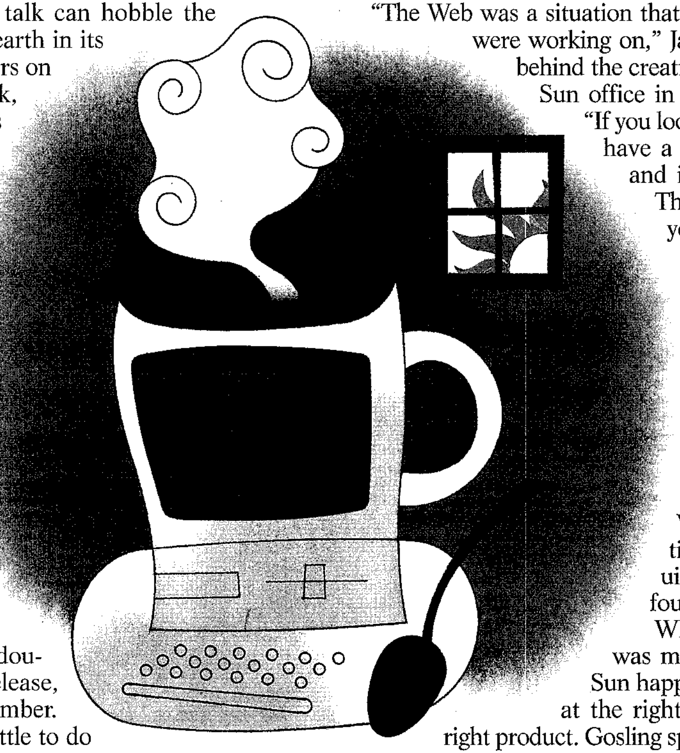
TECHNOLOGY DAVID S. BENNAHUM

Too Hot Java

A new programming language few people understand is being hailed as a marketing windfall for the Internet. But don't cash those checks just yet.

IS MICROSOFT DEAD? A LOT OF PEOPLE WANT YOU TO THINK SO. Since the summer, Microsoft has been weathering a harsh rain of criticism. This should have been the company's banner year—the release of Windows 95, which outsold all expectations; the creation of the company's new on-line service, the Microsoft Network; the Justice Department's retreat from its antitrust investigation; a series of deals with NBC; and, not least by any means, the release of Bill Gates's treatise *The Road Ahead.* While talk is cheap, talk that affects your stock price is not. Given Microsoft's stellar sales in the past five months, the stock should not be stalled out at July levels. So what kind of talk can hobble the mightiest software company on earth in its best year ever? Speculation centers on a product that still doesn't work, has to be given away free, and has a silly name: Java.



You can trace the beginning of the war of the words to these, spoken by Sun Microsystems CEO and chairman Scott McNealy in mid-July to the *Financial Times:* Java, he said, will "unleash the re-engineering of the planet and the whole economic ecosystem." A lot of people agree. Very, very few Wall Streeters understand Java—a programming language that can turn otherwise static World Wide Web pages into dynamic, interactive multimedia presentations resembling CD-ROMs. Nevertheless, the stock of Sun has almost doubled since Java's official May release, reaching an all-time high in December.

The excitement has relatively little to do with Java's quality, which is generally considered quite good, or its usefulness, which is the subject of some debate within the programming community. At the heart of the Javaquake is a deep frustration—the extravagantly hyped, much-heralded communications revolution is not paying off. In 1994, companies decided the Internet was where the action was, and in 1995 they backed that idea with cash, spending $1.1 billion to develop 40,000 new sites on the Web, according to Stephen Franco, an analyst with the Yankee Group, a Boston-based market-research firm. These sites, for the most part, were glorified P.R.: press releases and product lists with a few colorful graphics and icons. Most companies just took whatever was stuffed in their file cabinets and tossed it up on the Web, assuming that if you shovel it, they will come. For the most part, they didn't. Only 12 percent of those companies said they could justify the expenditure, according to a detailed Yankee Group study released last month.

Companies are getting burned by the Net because they didn't pay attention to a basic question—how do you get even a few of the millions of Internet users to visit your electronic display? Blame eventually focused on the technology itself. The Web was just too limited, capable only of displaying text and colors. Modems were just too slow—you couldn't dump a glitzy 30-second ad through phone lines. If you could spice up the Web by adding movies and sound and "interactivity," *then* people would come. If only the Web could be more like TV. Then Java came along, promising just that—"to caffeinate the Web," as one Sun P.R. rep put it.

"The Web was a situation that needed exactly the stuff we were working on," James Gosling, lead architect behind the creation of Java, tells me from his Sun office in Mountain View, California. "If you look at normal Web pages, they have a booklike feel to them, text and images, and that's about it. The point behind Java is to let you do whatever you want. If you want to do text that's animated and sliding across the screen with star bursts, if you want to put music behind it or have a little animation, if you want to connect to some database and get live data in real time—you can do that." With the release of Java, frustrated Web designers (and corporations befuddled by the continuing, unprofitable Web chaos) found in Sun a savior.

Which was ironic, because it was more or less an accident that Sun happened to be in the right place at the right time with the (putatively) right product. Gosling spent five years working on Java, first to create software to network home appliances, like toasters and stereos, in "smart" houses, then to serve as the backbone of Time Warner's interactive-television tests in Orlando. In 1993, before the tests began, Time Warner opted for a system put together by Sun's rival, Silicon Graphics, and Java became an idea looking for a medium. That summer, a graduate student named Marc Andreessen wrote something called Mosaic to be used with a then obscure part of the Internet called the World Wide Web. By Christmas, the first inklings of Web-mania were heard, and Gosling knew Java had found a home.

IT IS NOW *assumed* THAT JAVA WILL BE, OR IS ALREADY, A HUGE SUCCESS. Not so. There's plenty that can happen between today and payday. Learning to program in Java takes time, and the pool of skilled Java programmers hasn't caught up with demand yet, which has created an extortionate salary structure that mimics

Illustration by Philip Anderson.

the early days of the Web, when any kid could claim to know how to program Web documents, turning temps into $5,000-a-week “Webmasters.” Java programs currently offer the style and interactivity of the first IBM PC, circa 1981: crude wire-frame graphics, primitive fonts, simple applications—hardly the stuff to excite jaded computer users accustomed to multimedia. Java-based pages are already appearing on the Web, the work of eager programmers, and Sun expects the first consumer-oriented Java pages to make their debut by this summer. The best guess is that the state of Java programming *might* catch up with its potential by the end of this year, and then only in patches. Until then, another money pit awaits those who rush forward too eagerly. In the meantime, the Net itself continues to evolve at breakneck speed, so by the time people master the art of Java, it may be too late—another “revolutionary” technology may emerge, fundamentally altering the landscape yet again.

Nevertheless, the Java juggernaut moves ahead. It is a dexterous thing—the promotion, not the software—the result of a well-timed and sophisticated marketing campaign very much in sync with the geek-hipster sensibilities of the Net. When Sun released Java, it did so without fanfare, issuing a terse press release and not much else. No ad campaign or breathless official hyperbole (yet). Instead, Sun made Java available to anyone by just dumping the language, along with all the documentation, out on the Internet last March. This was part of a shrewd strategy to gain the moral high ground. The Internet, built mostly by accident and government largesse, has at its core a community of dedicated programmers who hold most software-makers in contempt. Software manufacturers, naturally obsessed with secrecy and intellectual-property rights, don’t fare well in a community accustomed to swapping programs, rebuilding them, and building new ones if the old ones don’t work. The great digital technologies of our time—the Web, the PC, e-mail—are mostly products of this attitude, built by people who weren’t mainly pursuing financial gain. Sun, by giving Java away, was seducing an essential group of people, offering a partnership with the one constituency that could make its product the worldwide standard. The strategy worked better than anyone expected.

By July, more than 100,000 people had downloaded the Java instruction set. Sun has long since lost count, as copies of Java have been passed around. By October, even Andreessen’s company, Netscape, which has a 75 percent share of the Web-browser market, agreed to include full Java compatibility in the next version of its browser, scheduled for release this month. IBM followed suit, deciding to put Java into copies of Microsoft Windows 3.1 included with its computers and in IBM’s Internet software. Meanwhile, programmers around the world were tinkering with Java, creating Java-based programs known as Applets. Today, there are more than 600 Applets being exchanged around the Internet. But everyone was waiting to see how Microsoft would react. Would it take on Java, or join in? Jumping on the Java bandwagon meant putting on hold its own programming language, code-named Blackbird (now set for release this year and to be called Internet Studio). In the end, Gates blinked, understanding that the essential ingredient—a community of dedicated software programmers who can provide content—was swinging over to Sun. So he, too, signed a licensing agreement—an act of obeisance he refused Netscape—telling the *Times* that it was part of a bigger strategy: “The Internet is the primary driver of all new work we are doing throughout the product line. We are hard-core about the Internet.” Within 48 hours, Netscape’s stock plunged from $172 a share to $132.50, and Sun’s and Microsoft’s both rose substantially.

It seemed a victory for Sun, whose cofounder Bill Joy holds the other Bill in a kind of perpetual contempt. (The feeling is mutual.) Joy founded Sun in 1982, the year after a Chaplin look-alike introduced the world to the IBM PC and a new program, Bill Gates’s MS-DOS. Microsoft is a household name; Sun isn’t. And much of Sun’s Java strategy may well be driven by nothing more than personal rivalry. “From Sun’s point of view, the important thing is keeping the Internet healthy and diverse,” Gosling says, “and if a single company managed to hijack all the standards on the Net, and it became a Microsoft universe, then Sun would be in seriously deep doo-doo.” Of course, in the up-is-down world of the Internet, this strategy may well pay off. Sun released its crown jewels, a programming language that contains a fusion of the best computer-science ideas of the past twenty years, for anyone to grab, in the hope that the computer world would shift its orbit from Microsoft to Sun. It’s a weird strategy, but it makes sense in context. Sun is suddenly a major cutting-edge player, with the requisite over-the-top market capitalization, while everyone from *Wired* to *The New Yorker* is predicting doom for Bill Gates. Whether Procter & Gamble can ever use Java to sell soap hardly matters. In a universe where hype begets billions, Java’s already worked its magic. ▬

David S. Bennahum can be reached at davidsol@panix.com

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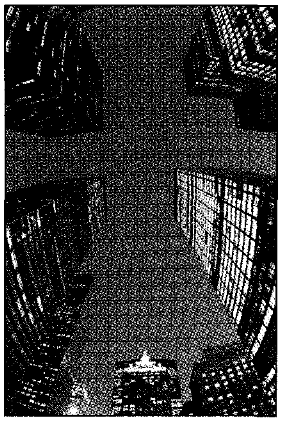
are big in New York...



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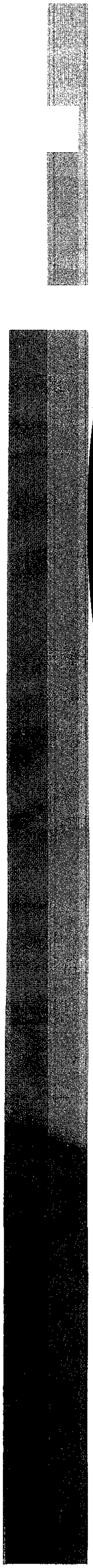

OTHER RUDY

It's easy to tell the mayor and new schools chancellor Rudy Crew apart: Crew's the one in the *white* hat. He's reasonable, tough, passionate, a good listener, and a regular guy, and even Giuliani seems to like him. But the job has already beaten some of the country's best educators. Can Crew control the city's education vortex before it controls him? By Michael Tomasky

THEY TEND TO SIT UP RAZOR-STRAIGHT over at the Board of Education's headquarters in Brooklyn when word arrives that Ed Stancik is releasing another report. Stancik is the city's special investigator into corruption in the school system, and his reports, always detailing some grim malfeasance or another, rarely have reflected well on the beleaguered army at 110 Livingston Street. Artfully leaked, they have helped not only Stancik, whose name is now tossed around when political talk turns to future candidates for district attorney and the like, but Rudy Giuliani. In the mayor's ceaseless and

ILLUSTRATION BY DARRYL ZUDECK
FOR *NEW YORK*

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On his first day on the job, Crew was treated to a very un-Tacoman bouquet of microphones.

“Having had some of these problems unfold here as qu
But it’s also afforded me the opportunity to grab this

successful quest to drive former schools chancellor Ray Cortines out of town, the Stancik reports gave him a succession of clubs to wield over Cortines’s head.

So there was some trepidation at the board on November 20, a bright Monday morning, when word circled that Stancik’s office was putting out a report on a bribery-for-jobs ring operating in the Division of School Safety. The DSS had been a favorite target of Giuliani’s. The mayor wanted, and still wants, to bring school security under the purview of the Police Department, and this report would fuel the fire nicely. At least two DSS officers had been caught, in flagrante, accepting cash for jobs; many other employees were involved either in that or in a scam whereby applications of friends were backdated to move them to the top of the pile.

In years past, it would likely have been one more grueling run for poor Cortines. But on this day a few weeks ago, it was Rudy Crew who sat behind the chancellor’s desk—precisely his fortieth day, if you count weekends—and Crew had done his homework. He had visited the Brooklyn office of DSS “unannounced,” he says, “just to see. What happens, where do people go, what do they do? To see their level of regimen, you know, about their work. I was unimpressed. Singularly unimpressed.” That visit had persuaded him to appoint Sydney Yeldell, an old associate from his Boston days and a well-regarded specialist in school security, as interim head of DSS’s operations, an announcement he was already planning to make the day the Stancik report hit.

That morning, two hours before they were expected to hold a press conference on the security issue, he and Yeldell sat down in the chancellor’s spacious but none-too-elegant tenth-floor office with Harry Spence, the new deputy chancellor for operations, and Dave Begel, Crew’s communications director, to fashion their response. Crew was firm that the two supervisors “gotta go,” as he put it. By the time he got his coat on, two letters were placed before him for his signature, informing the miscreant employees of their suspension without pay. The next day, the dailies reported that the new chancellor had taken a step to start addressing the school-security problem. The articles contained quotes from the mayor in praise of Crew, and Stancik’s name didn’t appear until well down in all the stories.

Luck? Honeymoon period? Some of both, certainly. But one can’t spend much time around Rudy Crew without seeing that he has not come to New York to play games. It’s not that he lacks personality. He is funny, relaxed, pleasant to be around—very much the sort of person you’d like to watch a football game with, if that’s your thing (and it is his). But about schoolchildren, he does not joke. He has even less patience for the conjecture, much mulled over when the seven members of the Board of Education voted to give him the job in early October, about whether a man coming from Tacoma, Washington, with its 30,000 students—New York has twice as many *teachers*—was up to running the schools in the capital of the world. “People say to me, ‘How can a guy like you from Tacoma . . .’ and on and on,” he says. “Well, I’m very clear in my head what I want to do here. There’s not a bone in my body that doesn’t know, every hour, in every place, what I’m here for. It’s like a ballplayer on the field—you have to know everything that’s going on

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

around you. I take from each role I've ever been in this deeper sense of what's really important. And I've never forgotten. And I won't let—whatever happens here will never, never, ever shake me from what my role is. This is where New York has met its match."

Brave words. But already, some well-placed New Yorkers are believing it. Real-estate developer Lew Rudin, who heads the Association for a Better New York, has had Crew to lunch at The Four Seasons and calls him, inevitably, "the Colin Powell of the school system." Board of Education president Carol Gresser says she sees him "rolling up his sleeves and tearing into this system rather fiercely." Norm Fruchter, co-director of NYU's Institute for Education and Social Policy, has met with Crew three times and talks about the "quantum leaps he's made in being able to grasp information." Former mayor David Dinkins, using a metaphor the chancellor would appreciate, says, "Rudy Crew is—third down and short yardage, you give him the ball, and he'll get you the first down"; Dinkins's successor, that other Rudy, says, "He's exactly the person I'd appoint" as schools commissioner if there were such a position under the mayor's control. The mayor's enthusiasm begs the question of why in September he was in fact supporting a blatantly unqualified candidate against Crew, but the salient point is that as of now, Crew is something that Dinkins and Giuliani agree on.

y as they have, " Rudy Crew says.
he which is much more my personality.

Of course, there are, if not dissenters yet, at least others who want to see more before they make up their minds. Some wonder whether Crew hasn't already gotten too close to Giuliani and thus lost leverage for future battles. So far, Crew has stood with the mayor to back a union contract that the teachers have since voted down; announced support for a City Hall plan to replace teachers with welfare recipients as hall and lunchroom monitors; and moved to eliminate classroom condom-use instruction, a nod, perhaps, toward a more conservative social agenda. And he didn't win many fans among the city's teachers by following the mayor's lead and recommending 7 percent pay raises for 370 Board of Ed managers—just after the teachers' union voted down its contract, which gave no increase in the first two years.

It's too early to say those moves constitute a pattern. But Crew and Giuliani clearly get along in ways Giuliani and Cortines never did—they talk regularly and meet weekly, or try to. It's a smart tactic for Crew so far—a new chancellor can't afford a war with City Hall—but let's face it: It's unlikely the mayor has lost his desire for total control of the schools, and if Crew wants to maintain his autonomy, he'll eventually have to draw a line in the sand.

But a bigger issue is the job itself: Will Crew control the agenda, or will the agenda control him? The job, so immense and demanding, with its million (mostly poor) kids and thousand schools, never stops: Imagine being on one of those moving sidewalks they have at airports, except that it's going 50 miles an hour and someone's shooting blowgun darts at you. To step off is to fail. And there's a lot that needs fixing, fast. The dropout rate hovers near 20 percent, and in 1994, fewer than half the students who started high school four years before were graduated. The city has cut its contribution to the board's budget by more than $1.3 billion over the past two years, and there remains the perennial Albany shortchange—that is, the city has about 37 percent of the state's students but receives roughly 34 percent of the state's education money—a deficit amounting to some $300 million a year.

Beyond that, there are surprises, of the sort New York offers all too often. The week after the school-security shakeup, 17-year-old Quentin Gamble, a student at a Queens vocational high school, ducked out of class to grab a snack at a nearby deli. As he returned, three men picked a fight with him, and Gamble was shot dead.

The next day, Crew was in his office at 7:30 A.M., reading the newspaper accounts. "I mean, this is *Russell's* age—this is my son's age," he said, shaking his head. "Man."

Two hours later, as Crew and his staff were preparing for a meeting, an aide walked in and whispered in Crew's ear. "Say that out loud," Crew said. This time, it was a high-school student who, without saying a word to anyone, walked calmly over to a window, flung it open, and jumped four stories to the ground. At first, they believed this child, too, was dead, and Crew directed a moment of silence. (Miraculously, the student survived almost without injury.) "I don't want to have to get used to *this* shit," he said later.

Get used to it, though, he will have to. You can see how, in the late eighties, the job literally killed a man, Richard Green, who came here from Minneapolis; how no one has survived more than two years since; and how, good in their own ways as the past chancellors were, none really brought the revolution the schools need. "I think every chancellor from Green on has been sort of a messianic figure," says Noreen Connell of the Educational Priorities Panel, a city nonprofit group. "Many come from low-income backgrounds, and education has made a real difference in their lives. So they really want to improve the education of poor children. You can hear it in their voices. Then, slowly, they realize the truth about the resources." That particular truth, in the past few years, has only got worse. Crew, like Cortines and Joe Fernandez and Green before him, has the ability; again, like his predecessors, he lacks the resources. "Having had some of these major problems unfold here as quickly as they have, it's been tough," he says. "But it's also afforded me an opportunity to grab this bull by the horns, which is much more my personality. And it means that you can, rather adeptly if you've got a good team, literally involve people in building a whole new constituency around belief in the school system."

DRIVING THROUGH HARLEM ONE DAY, Crew points out the corner of 135th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, where his father had an apartment for a while. Crew, 45, grew up in Poughkeepsie with his late father, Eugene, and his two older sisters. His father worked over the years as a night watchman at IBM, as a custodian, at various other jobs; when the weekends came, he headed into Harlem and

The teachers'-contract signing was all smiles, but the rank and file said no.

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

Crew's Potential Mutineers

Rudy Crew has been in New York for ten weeks, and so far he's only angered the teachers. But there are plenty of other toes on which to step. A few of the largest are described below, awarding dunce caps for their likelihood to cause Crew trouble.

Rudy I: Rudy Giuliani
So far, the two Rudys couldn't be more in agreement. Crew went conservative on condoms, an issue that ousted Joe Fernandez, and the two agree on the new teachers' contract. But school security looms, despite recent noises about compromise. The mayor still harbors a desire to disband the school board; and it's impossible to say when, or over what other issue, Giuliani's quick temper may ignite.
Dunce caps: △△△△△

Chairman of the Board: Carol Gresser
Gresser voted for Crew after the contentious chancellor search, and so far they've been voting the same way. She backed Crew's plan to take over sixteen failing schools. She's enthusiastic about his proposal to extend the academic year in schools that aren't meeting educational goals. More surprisingly, she went with Crew, and Giuliani's conservative board appointees, on the "opt in" sex-ed plan last week: Students can request a private demonstration—which sounds even more risqué—but there will be no wholesale classroom condom demos.
Dunce caps: △△

The Crusader: Ed Stancik
Special Schools Investigator Stancik's latest broadside found the school-security force sadly wanting: poorly run and riddled with favoritism and other corruption. Rudy G. would like the NYPD to take over; the Board of Ed currently holds the reins. So far, Crew has backed Stancik's purge, but the final disposition of the security contract remains to be determined. And Stancik's missionary passion and his command of the city's publicity apparatus is liable to sometime bring him into conflict with Crew.
Dunce caps: △△△

The Educators: Sandra Feldman (United Federation of Teachers president)
Crew is already involved in a struggle with the teachers' union over its new contract and surprised many by asking for arbitration last week. He's taken the mayor's side, offering no raises for two years and setting productivity guidelines. And Feldman is incensed over Crew's own proposal to raise school administrators' salaries by 7 percent.
Dunce caps: △△△△

The Group: School bureaucracy
Ray Cortines resigned the first time over cutting the school bureaucracy, and it's an issue that's not going to go away. Education budgets are shrinking everywhere but at the top, and Crew has already sworn to take over or shut down the city's worst schools, whatever the principals say. But what happens when mismanagement hits closer to home?
Dunce caps: △△△△△

Alexandra Lange

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played jazz guitar and clarinet. "My father had his network of buddies between here and Poughkeepsie," Crew says. "So weekends came, we were down here. He had so many friends."

In the meantime, Crew is reading memos and returning phone calls. "I do return all the phone calls," he says—this after he's just hung up with a parent confused about her child's transportation problems. "They're not thinking about organizational charts; they're not thinking about a million kids and all that," he says. "They're thinking, 'My baby needs a bus pass, and you're the person who's responsible.' " He promises the woman someone will get back to her in the next day or two.

Back on the FDR Drive, talk returns to his father's deep influence on him. Like so many parents of that generation, Eugene Crew was not well educated himself, but he saw to it that his children would be, and, by example, he showed the value of leading a civic life; he was active in politics, in the Progressive Party of Henry Wallace and Paul Robeson. But the books came first. "He was just adamant about education as a great lifter," Crew says.

Crew, getting angry, his voi

Crew was "8 or 9" years old when his father's admonitions were made concrete. Rudy went into town one day with Gloria Connally, a woman who lived in the top-floor apartment in the Crew household, and who was a sort of surrogate mother to him after his mother died when he was 2. "She and I went down to the bank one day," he says. "To the Marine Midland Bank in Poughkeepsie. She tried to cash a check, or start an account, something like that, something that involved having to read and sign something. And she couldn't read. And I was standing next to her as the teller said to her, 'You'll have to read this and sign here.' And you know how a child can tell when an adult is struggling to handle a certain situation. You don't know necessarily what the situation is, but you know that there's something odd about what's going on. And I could feel this adult just absolutely withdrawn in embarrassment. And she quickly closed up her pocketbook and grabbed me by the arm and said, 'C'mon, we're going to go home.' "

Crew began right then teaching her to read. "It was a fire-in-my-belly kind of a feeling," he says. " 'This should never happen to anyone. No one should ever be this hurt. No one should ever be this humiliated.' "

Crew continued his education at Arlington High School, where he did okay in class and played nose tackle for the football team, and on to private Babson College, where in 1968 he was one of the first five black students admitted. It was, naturally, a difficult adjustment, suddenly mingling with the children of privilege, made no easier by the fact of Babson's dress code, which taxed his sartorial capacities. "By Wednesday, my wardrobe was exhausted," he laughs.

He made it through, and went on to UMass-Amherst for his master's and doctoral degrees. Robert Peterkin, director of the urban-superintendents program at Harvard now and the principal of Boston English High School at the time, remembers Crew as an effective administrator even then. Peterkin had charge of a ten-story building that the local school district, with the cooperation of local universities and corporations, was trying to convert into ten schools. "He was able to do what my staff couldn't do" and got the project off the ground. "Rudy just cut through it very decisively," Peterkin says. "He was a graduate student, but he wound up confronting faculty when they had to be confronted, cajoling them when they needed cajoling, that sort of thing." (The two stayed in touch, and during New York's search process, Peterkin recommended Crew to Carol Gresser as a potential chancellor.)

He taught and became a principal, mostly back and forth between California and Massachusetts, until, in 1985, he was appointed deputy superintendent for curriculum in Boston, a big-time job in a big-city system. It was there that he met Judith Rizzo, then a principal and now one of Crew's two top aides. Crew left two years later, heading first to Sacramento, where he started as a deputy superintendent before landing the top job, and finally to Tacoma.

Over the course of his professional development, Crew was attaching himself to an educational philosophy. Much has already been made in the local press of the Efficacy Institute, the Massachusetts-based group headed by Crew's friends Jeff Howard and Arthur Kempton. *Efficacy* is a fancy word for a simple concept: All children can learn, whatever their background and upbringing. It demands very high standards of children—calculus for every high-school student is one goal—but also demands them of teachers (in terms of effort) and administrators (in terms of commitment of resources). At a town-hall meeting on Staten Island, where about 350 attendees seemed impressed by him, he won hearty applause when he told the assembled that he was "sick and tired of [the] sociology" that says that poor kids can't learn, and that his school system will never just offer "a soft shoulder to cushion the blow of being dumb."

Liberal? Conservative? It's been a con-

Photgraphs: top to bottom, Frances M. Roberts; Richard B. Levine; Mitch Jacobson/Sipa; Frances M. Roberts.

Crew with school-board chairman Carol Gresser at P.S. 171 in Queens. So far, they're on the same page.

d with something, whether it was actual resources or something else," says
ing. "They left these goddamn kids on the riverbank, is what they did."

servative tendency to push so-called basic-skills education, which, as the name implies, gives many students just the essentials, on the quasi-Darwinian assumption that someone has to be a garbageman. By the same token, some liberal approaches have dumbed down the schools as well on the theory that "we" must soften standards for those facing cultural biases. Crew doesn't seem to buy either. He said to me, as he said at every venue where I watched him speak, that all children can and must learn, "no matter how rich or poor they are, no matter what color they are, no matter what part of the world or country or city they come from." But he also says—always—that the resources are never enough, that "there are countless numbers of things I think we have not yet given to our children."

Transforming a school system is about changing a culture, which is a difficult job anywhere. In Tacoma, there were signs that Crew's method was indeed changing things. Last spring, reading scores shot up so dramatically that everyone was suspicious. This fall, they dropped a bit, but compared with the previous fall—the fair comparison, since the spring results reflect scores of students who've been in class for several months—they were still rising. Marilee Scarborough, president of the five-member Tacoma school board, was anxious that Crew not get all the credit for the improvement; still, she said, "It was not all wine and roses, but there was progress. That's what you're looking for."

THAT'S CERTAINLY WHAT we're looking for in New York. But we came very close to being stuck with a man who would have been a sheer disaster, Kingsborough Community College president Leon Goldstein, the emergent details of whose little Tammany on the Beach fortunately forced him to withdraw his name. What is less well known is that Crew was always a top choice of key board members—he was liked both by Gresser and by Giuliani appointee Ninfa Segarra, which meant that he had not only the votes (on the seven-member board, he needed a simple majority of four) but the ability, perhaps, to bring some measure of consensus to the fractious board.

Crew was one of the fifteen semifinalists, and "his performance during the interview was brilliant," according to one person who watched the search process closely. Says board member Bill Thompson, "He impressed one with his sincerity, his grasp of the problems. He was articulate, passionate, and just very friendly."

But the atmosphere surrounding the search was utterly mephitic, with the mayor hurling accusations at Gresser and the board and conducting sub-rosa interviews. Meanwhile, back in Tacoma, pressure was building on Crew to stay put—just a few months before, he had been a near-finalist for the top job in Boston but had taken his name out at the last minute under similar pressures and promised Tacomans at the time that his loyalty was to them. How could he turn around, three months later, and say, "Just kidding"? In mid-September, he pulled out of contention for the New York job. "He realized there was this problem between City Hall and the board," Gresser says, "and I think he just didn't want to get into it."

That left Goldstein, the mayor's choice; Bud Spillane of Fairfax County, Virginia; and Daniel Domenech, of Long Island, the choice of Gresser and the board's more liberal faction, including Luis Reyes and Sandra Lerner, the appointees of borough presidents—and likely Democratic mayoral candidates—Ruth Messinger and Fernando Ferrer, respectively. Domenech was voted chancellor on Friday, September 29, and, you may recall, voted out the next night, when Staten Island board member Jerry Cammarata changed his vote.

The following week saw Crew swiftly emerge as the consensus choice. (Goldstein had already dropped out, and Spillane was not acceptable to the United Federation of Teachers and would thus never make it.) Gresser says that sometime during that week, the seven board members gathered in a room and decided to write five names each on a slip of paper. "Rudy Crew was the only one on all seven lists," she says.

A huge "Come to us, Rudy" movement kicked into action, involving mayoral friend and foe alike. Gresser spoke to him;

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

so did Segarra. He got calls from First Deputy Mayor Peter Powers, and met with the mayor at Gracie Mansion "for about an hour" one afternoon. Others spoke with him: Ayo Harrington of the United Parents Association, Dennis Walcott of the Urban League (and a former board member), former mayor Dinkins, and people like City Councilman Sal Albanese, who was surprised to receive a return call from Crew from Hartsfield International Airport in Atlanta. Feeling for Crew at this point was almost unanimous.

"I will not get sucked into a mind-set in which the first call on my thinking has to be what's the best political move," says shrewd politician Crew.

Almost. The following week, when the vote came, Reyes and Lerner voted against him—not because they or their bosses were anti-Crew, but because they were pro-Domenech (and they were protesting the circus the search process had become). And someone—it's still not clear who—was peddling hits on Crew around to the newspapers, albeit flimsy ones (according to sources, a sexual-harassment suit in which he, as superintendent, was named, in much the way you name the mayor in your suit if you get hit by a bus). The papers, one reporter told me, looked at it, found there was nothing to it—not only was Crew not involved at all but the accused was acquitted—and dropped it.

These days, everyone is clamoring to take credit for Crew's being here. "I was making the primary contact with him," Segarra says. "Ninfa was highest on him," Giuliani agrees. "She pushed him very hard." Gresser says that after candidate Bernard Gifford dropped out early on, Crew "became my first choice." A source in the middle says they're all right, as are others, like Harrington, who also backed Crew. "Hey, he's here," Harrington says. "If the mayor wants to claim a victory, I could care less."

FOR CREW, THE ADJUSTment hasn't been easy by any means, but neither has it been as fraught as one might imagine. As Judith Rizzo put it, "Before I came here, I could have told you what the issues would be. Special education, bilingual education, school governance—the issues are the same everywhere. Here, it's just times 32. There's a built-in complexity because of that, but most of it doesn't have to be there."

Doesn't have to be there, but it is. So when Crew, in his second week, took over sixteen schools that were among the worst in the city, he was generally applauded, but there was also the predictable uproar from some quarters about why these schools and not others. It happens that seven were in the Bronx, and many of those schools served largely Latino neighborhoods.

That brew produced what is probably Crew's most resolute moment in New York so far. On November 17, he appeared before the City Council Education Committee, expecting a touchy-feely meet-and-greet. And that's what it was, until Bronx councilman Israel Ruiz tried to mau-mau the chancellor about why he fired one principal, a Hispanic, and retained another, who was white. Crew sat silent for a moment, percolating, then exploded in fury with a ten-minute speech, telling Ruiz that "you know better than I do where all the skeletons are in this system, but I'm going to find them, and there are going to be chips that will fall where they may." When Ruiz went on to challenge him about having seen chancellors come and go—and why should anyone believe that he'd be different?—Crew shot back again, addressing the various committee members: "You need to really come to terms with what this means in your world, in your world, in your world, in your world." For several pregnant seconds, there was dead silence, finally broken by Councilwoman Priscilla Wooten's breathy accolade: "I'm so excited, I don't know what to do."

"What happened that day," Crew said later in an interview in the chancellor's Brooklyn Heights townhouse, "was, they just got a chance to look inside me. . . . I just wanted to say to them, you know, that isn't even the right question to ask *me*." For Crew, the line of questioning symbolized not only a brand of ethnic politics he has trouble buying into—Sacramento and Tacoma, you will not be surprised to learn, are not so racially charged—but a politicization of the system that makes the kids the losers: "I think that has been what's let this city become neglectful of its children. That's exactly the part of the culture that I hate. Everybody else's coffer got filled with something, whether it was actual resources or whatever. Every-fuckin'-body else's coffer got filled. They left these goddamn kids on the riverbank is what they did."

As to the ethnic politics, Crew is treading lightly. Presumably, no one has to tell a man who was one of the first black students at a private college about racism. And Crew's wife, Kathy, whom he met in Sacramento at a school-board meeting and married in 1992, is white (they have seven children between them from previous marriages, but none together). He will inevitably have plenty of racial politics to deal with, but he may just be the sort of person who can transcend it; having both the mayor and the black political establishment on his side is a good start toward that end.

Ultimately, however, Crew will have to make decisions that will upset one side or the other. He must deal, and immediately, with several pressing issues: Special education takes in 130,000 students, many of whom should be in regular classes, and is wildly expensive; the bureaucracy at 110 Livingston still numbers more than 4,000, and he'll have to chop that, especially if he's serious about the raises; he'll need to make his presence felt on governance, not just in terms of board structure but with respect to the 32 community school districts, so often repositories of corruption and nepotism; and there's the schools' miserable physical conditions. Add to these more strictly pedagogic concerns—classroom overcrowding, how to wire rooms for computers (in those old crumbling buildings), and, of course, implementing higher standards and producing higher test scores—and you begin to see the job's daunting scale.

He has shown, with respect to the teachers' contract, strong abilities as a negotiator, winning language providing for more direct contact between teachers and students, eliminating travel sabbaticals, a few other things. Of course, that the teachers voted down the contract means it's back to the drawing board, but the contract wasn't refused on the basis of the above items (it was voted down because of the two-year wage freeze; if the teachers want that changed, they will probably have to accept layoffs in return).

His future battles with Giuliani will probably be over budget questions, given the mayor's history of cutting and Crew's need for resources. Also, school security and school governance, the two issues that drove the chancellor search, loom as potential areas of dispute. Crew's clear nods toward the mayor so far—on the contract, workfare, and condom issues—show a person with enough political acumen to know that he has to have the mayor on his side if he doesn't want the system held hostage again, as Giuliani was willing to do when Cortines was at the helm (although, with respect to condom instruction, his position was simply a function of belief). "We get along," Crew says of the mayor. "Maybe it's the driving-personality thing."

Right now, both pro- and anti-Giuliani forces are trying to claim him as their own. Even Luis Reyes, the Manhattan board member and the only one who has publicly sparred with Crew so far, over the workfare issue, says that after a few conversations with Crew and his staff, he's mollified. Reyes supported Crew on the takeover of the failing schools, and with respect to workfare says the chancellor "has fashioned a draft program [on implementation] that is much more comprehensive" than anything that came from the mayor's office.

But if there's one thing Crew does not want, it's to be caught in the middle of politics. He doesn't talk much about his own. He says he admires Nelson Mandela. One gets the impression that even though he was of the right age, he was no campus radical. He uses few of the buzzwords that typically connote that certain breed of sixties radical seeking to institutionalize now what didn't happen in the streets then. Speaking to the group of students at Harlem's Frederick Douglass Academy, for example, he gives a hint of how he as a young man met the tumult of those times. "I was in high school after the death of Martin Luther King," he told the students. "A friend said, 'We can learn from this, or we can fight about it.' I have taken the course to learn from it."

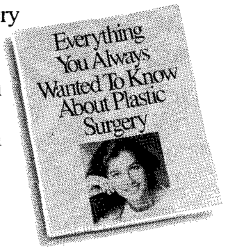
"I'm politically minded, but I am not politically driven," he says. "What I am is, I am driven by a desire to change a system that will improve children's lives. That's what I'm here for. So I want better facilities for these children? I've got to have a relationship with the mayor to do that. Now, I give less than a rat's ass who likes me having it, who doesn't like me having it, what they write about me having it; that will come and go. . . . I will not get sucked into a mind-set in which the first call on my thinking has to be what's the best political move. I don't want to get used to thinking like that."

CREW WILL INDEED FIND that he needs the mayor—and the city's other politicians, and the board, and the parents, and the unions, and Albany, and business leaders . . . Everyone needs to be onboard if the revolution he has in mind is to take hold. A politician, when all is said and done, can afford to alienate precisely 49 percent of the people, but a chancellor with as big a job ahead of him as Crew can't risk that much.

And this, finally, is Crew's central challenge: re-creating the consensus for the schools to excel. There was a time, hard as it is to believe now, when New York City's public schools were the best in America. But all that changed through the fifties and sixties. The kids changed—changed color, to be precise—and no one knew how to handle it, except that over time, a system designed in 1900 became more and more obsolete, and upper-middle-class people began sending their kids to private schools. The public schools, without a politically powerful constituency, suffocated. "The will is not there because nobody knows what to do," says NYU education scholar Diane Ravitch. "There's a consensus that there's a huge problem, but there's absolutely no consensus on what to do about it."

Crew knows this, and it's why so many of his early meetings have been with business leaders: to get them interested again. Can he do it? "Maybe, maybe, maybe," says NYU's Norm Fruchter, the resolve in his voice lessening with each repetition. "I think a mayor can do that. But I don't know if a chancellor can make the larger connection between the schools and civic life."

Rudy Crew does not want to settle for doing less. He may have to—this city has swallowed up a lot of good people, after all. He knows it's a war that needs fighting, and he knows he's got a lot of convincing to do. "So it becomes a campaign," he says. "It's an onward march. They'll change the culture. Once you get people encouraged and believing, they will eradicate the old culture because they won't be able to stomach the possibility that things don't work." ■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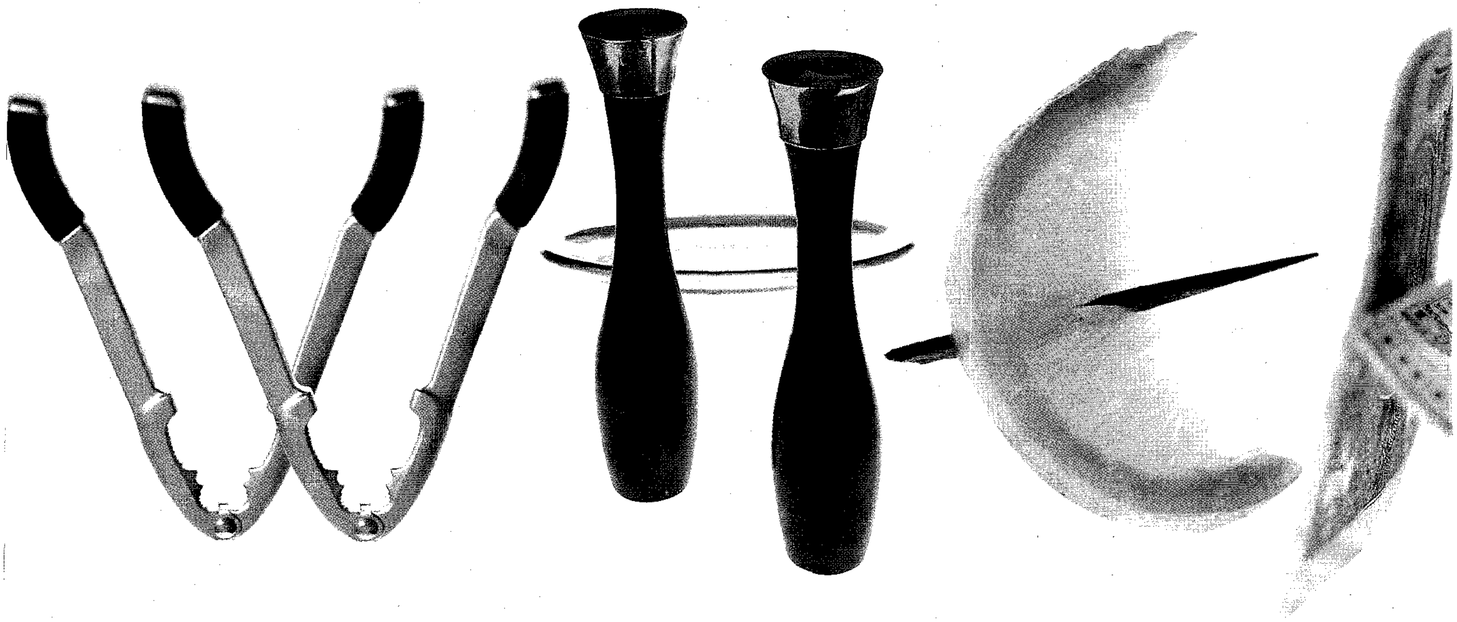

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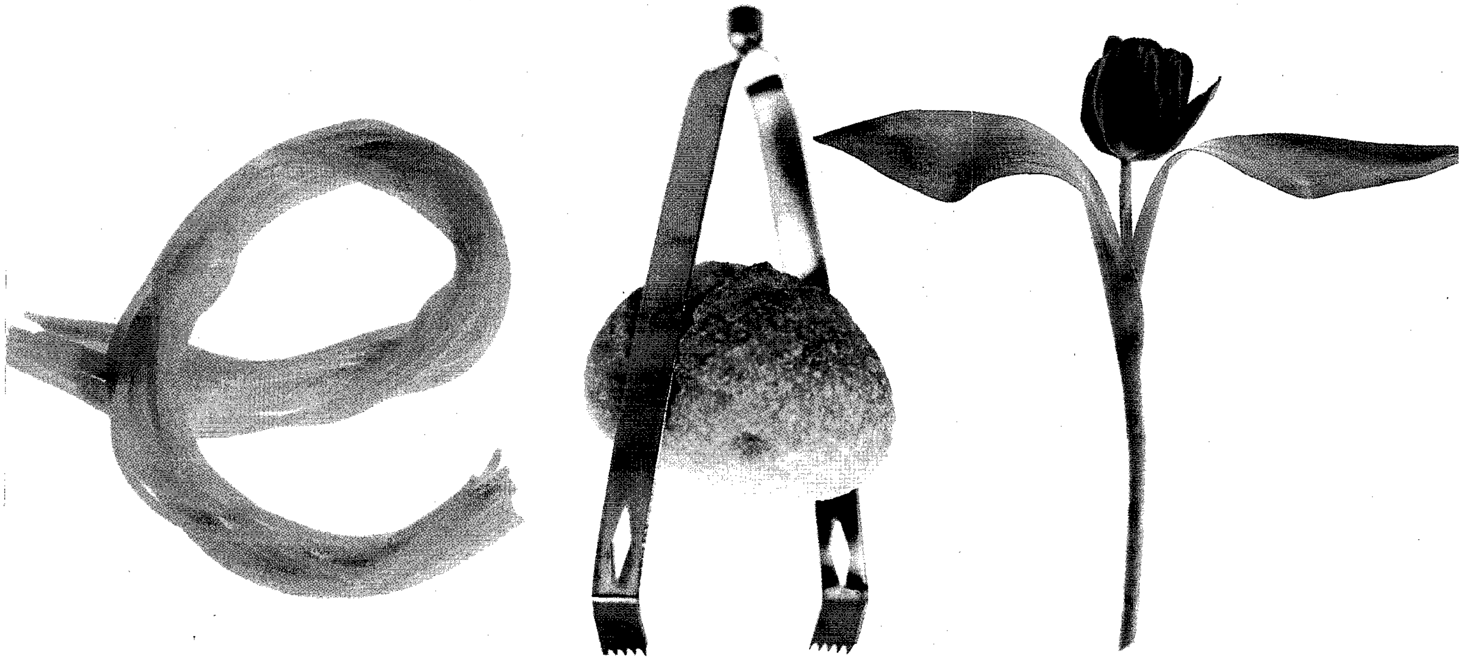
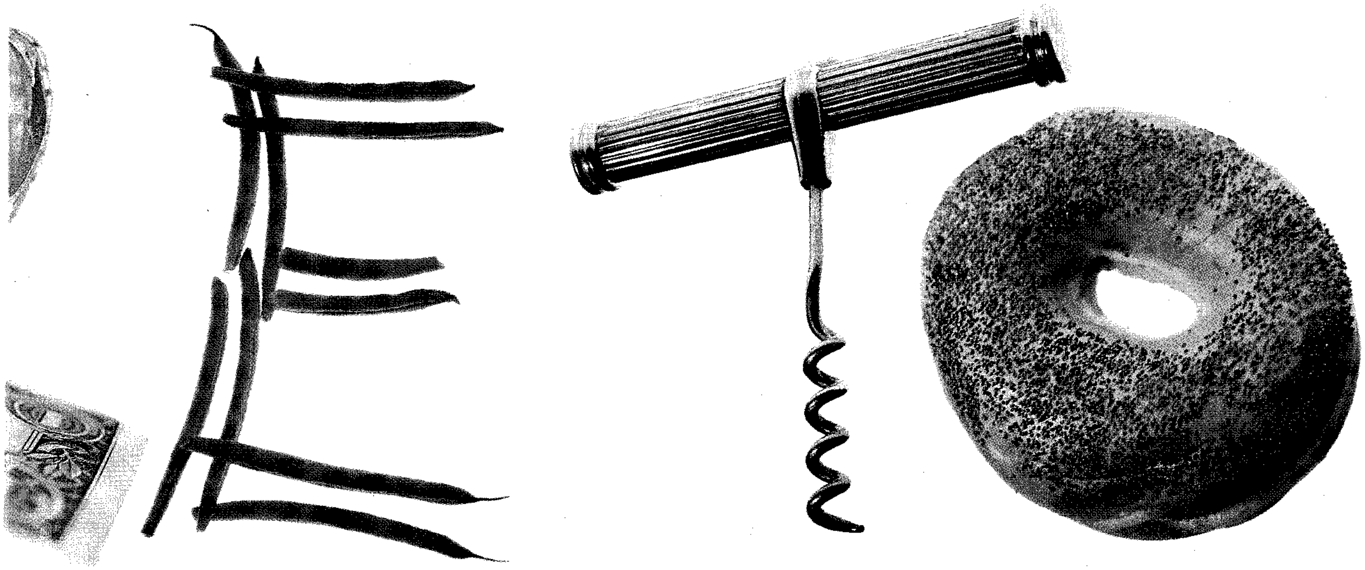
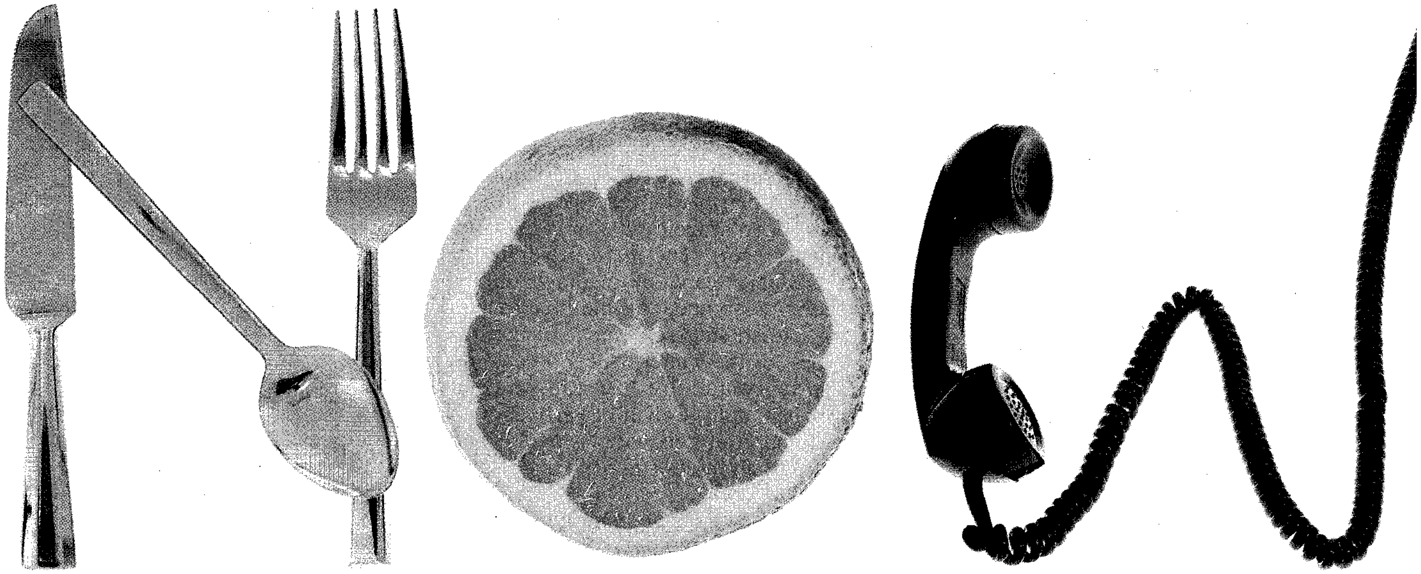


It's beginning to feel like the let-them-eat-cake eighties all over again. Sirio Maccioni papers a one-ring circus with $2.5 million as a coming-of-age gift to his sons: Osteria Del Circo, the new family ristorante. Drew Nieporent has morphed into a mini-conglomerate with a little help from his investor friends. Dreams of empire spur accomplished restaurateurs to gamble anew. With so many openings,

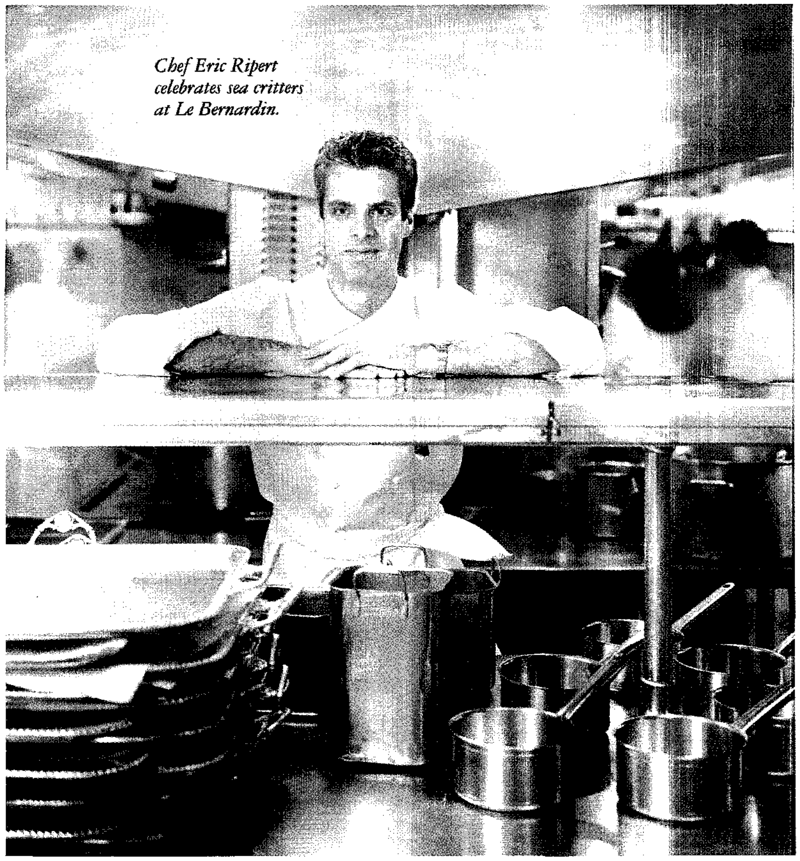
PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN
FOR *NEW YORK*

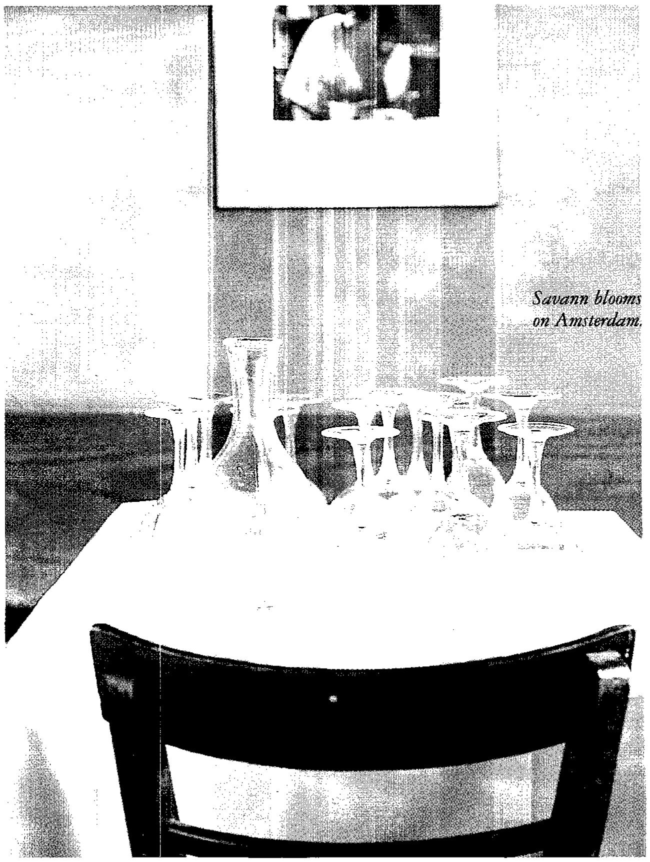


own on the 1996 restaurant scene.



it's a challenge to keep up with what's just launched and wonderful and actually worth the insult of having to beg for a table. Readers write of plans to celebrate. Theater-bound friends phone needing a canteen nearby. The thrifty want to eat as if they were rolling in dough. Congenital neophiliacs demand instant reconnaissance of the latest arrivals. Here's what I tell them when they call.


Chef Eric Ripert celebrates sea critters at Le Bernardin.


Savann blooms on Amsterdam.

Le Bernardin still crackles with the electricity of theater and unmatched profe

Now that Bouley is closing, where can I go for abuse?

Everyone gets jostled and bruised a bit in the lunchtime frenzy at **Harry Cipriani.** How refreshing! True, Masters of the Universe like Ronald Perelman get shoehorned into the same kindergarten play tables more promptly than you and I and, like Barbara Walters, may rate a somewhat sheltered corner far from the chain-smoking zone. We get parked at the bar for 35 minutes of dodging sweat-streaked waiters as they plant new tables in the aisle for Jack Kemp and company. Everyone looks like money. Serene in the chaos—"I can get away from the telephone here"—a solo Richard Lewis whips a comedy script into shape.

Peripatetic Euros and trophy blondes cocooned in sable claim the turf as Perelman's cigar hits the exit. Ah, seated at last, with my knees tucked under my chin, I surrender to the care of a waiter on automatic. What's not to love in the homey baked tagliolini ($22.95) and crusty veal Milanese oozing grease ($35.95)? Salt, fat, and humiliation, our three favorite food groups. Odd how we get charged à la carte when we order the discounted prix fixe. But isn't that what masochism is all about?

Where does the glam set gather on Sunday?

If you're looking for Anna Wintour, Mary Boone, and perhaps a commuting luminary like Robert Shapiro, try **Da Silvano.** Before Tuscany took root all over town, this was it—sometimes hot, sometimes not. Plain as can be, it survives despite a notoriously erratic kitchen and some fairly aggressive prices. We are wowed by the powerful anchovy-edged vinaigrette of one night's imported puntarelle, a crisp bitter green, and by rigatoni focaccia (a toss of smoky bacon, sage, and garlic in wine-touched cream). The mere proximity of David Mamet can't quite make up for pedestrian osso buco, insipid bread salad, and a loutish steak on shameful mashed potatoes, or the waiter's sneer when I insist on tap water. But how can we complain when, golly, Calvin has arrived with Bianca and Fran Lebowitz in tow? A better finale than tirami su.

Am I going to hate the new Lundy's if it fails to live up to childhood memories?

Come hungry to Brooklyn. Come for old-fashioned biscuits and the $22.95 deluxe dinner with chowder, steamers, and lobster or the better-than-retro fried-seafood platter with enough oysters, shrimp, scallops, fish, and calamari to feed Tony 'n' Tina's wedding party. Of course, it's not the rowdy **Lundy's** that closed sixteen years ago, the landmark fortress of low-rent gourmandise and insult on Sheepshead Bay—Brooklyn's biggest loss since the Dodgers. Not-necessarily-loving clans once stalked these aisles in the mock-Gothic gymnasium on a seat-yourself basis, hovering like vultures till their chosen victims were forced to vacate the table.

Now there's a fancy maître d'; only 800 seats, not 2,650; a lobster tank; and a modish open kitchen, so slow at first. Though folks in red fox and toe-to-clavicle black leather are not exactly immersed to the elbows in melted butter tonight, the food—once it hits the table—can be surprisingly good. Fresh from reviving the Boathouse in Central Park, the new owners tried to imagine how the place would be if Irving Lundy were still kicking. He'd want wood-oven pizza, they decided. And focaccia. And delicious bow-tie pasta with seafood that is—get this, Irving—not overcooked. Let's hope the bridge-and-tunnel crowd from Manhattan doesn't ruin the place.

Bouterin would pass muster with any French grand-mère.

Do you ever eat at home?

Home for me is **Home,** that sweet, small, mythical chunk of transplanted heartland in the Village where chef David Page makes his own salami in the wine cellar. And ketchup, too—essential for his greasy, spicy onion rings. The salami platter with cheese, herbed olives, and greens is a starter to share. This is how we should eat on the road and almost never do—savory stews like tonight's flavor-rich shrimp and hominy. Roasted carrots, beets, and turnips in a thatch of fine greens. Salmon seared but pink at the heart and perfumed with smoked shiitakes on potato-celery-root mash. And everything quite smartly priced. Too bad the kitchen didn't take us seriously when we asked for the cumin-crusted pork chop "pink." Save room for Mommy desserts: chocolate pudding, marvelous apple Bundt cake, and cookies so buttery they crumble in your fingers.

Give me a break—my pocket is leaking money.

Along with such boring virtues as fiscal prudence and chastity, the nineties have witnessed an explosion of serious cooking at discount prices. A linebacker could fuel all night at **Riodizio** for just $21.95 (no sharing, no doggie bags). Start with a bowl of chopped salad and a platter of sides big enough to drown in—collards, plantains, black beans and rice. Just turn the disk on your table to green for "go," and the full-scale attack begins. Relays of waiters swirl by, wielding saberlike skewers of food, stopping to slice off chunks of sausage, flank steak, short ribs. A chicken leg and a wing. Undercooked turkey and overcooked pork. If only the flavors were deeper, the roasting more precise. Even so, the clever Brazilian exercise in excess is drawing ravenous, less-critical hordes to this vast, noisy, colorful cavern just steps away from the Public Theater.

nalism. A linebacker could fuel all night at Riodizio for just $21.95.

At **13 Barrow St.,** John Tesar promises to keep the gentle prices—entrées mostly in the teens—even though his lively cross-cultural noodlings have fans vying for tables in the dimly romantic room. Terminal tightwads can share a pizza or the savory hacked-chicken salad for just pennies while the rest of us tuck into the immense pork chop, juicy and sweetly caramelized, served with the chef's play on mu-shu pancake. And tangy Granny Smith apples under a flying saucer of oatmeal cookie are worth the trek.

Blooming on Amsterdam in a field of pastarias, **Savann** looks like just another dark, tricked-out-on-a-shoestring storefront. But Danforth Houle has Quilted Giraffe–honed ambitions. If you're in luck, it's a night for his wild-mushroom risotto with vin santo and shards of Reggiano. He might do cornmeal-crusted oysters on celery-root purée, and wild-mushroom strudel with a crunch of wheat berries, but avoid pumpkin soup so sweet it could be dessert.

Where can you find a real blintz?

The only surviving **Ratner's,** on Delancey Street, is not what it used to be, if ever it was. The waiters seem less surly. Maybe ours was too young to be fully soured. I ask for pickles. "This is not a deli," he scolds. Sad to say, most everything has declined over time—the potato soup, the lumpen stuffed cabbage, the clunky potato pancakes. But the blintzes, ah, yes, the blintzes—one cheese, one apple, one cherry—are wonderful.

I'm negotiating my $80 million severance package, and I want to keep up appearances.

Do what Michael Fuchs did. Book all your lunches at **The Four Seasons.** But don't keep Barry Diller waiting so by the time you rush in, he's wandered off to chat with Howard Stringer and David Frost. The restaurant's recent change of junta hasn't made a flicker in the power surge. The Rudin brothers are head-to-head with the city's new schoolmaster, Rudy Crew (erstwhile mayor David Dinkins presiding). Prudent businessmen favor the lamb-and-barley soup and the turkey paillard with roasted peppers, artichokes, and radicchio in balsamic vinegar.

How about a less self-important hangout for suits?

Hearst brass and other media and movie big shots are drawn to the tranquillity of **San Domenico NY,** where the service can be a tad too nonchalant if boss Tony May is away. When he's flush, my roller-coaster-riding pal might foot the bill for a baby shower here. When he's broke, he gets chef Theo Schoenegger to do a tasting: snails in a complex brown sauce, risotto with white truffles, imported orata in a powerful vegetable stock. "It makes me feel rich again," he explains.

When the full shock of Time Warner troops and nomadic power brokers hits **JUdson Grill** at noon, the room fairly vibrates. Forced to sit upstairs for the first time, my usually pampered pal grumbles. But over his inevitable swordfish club with bacon and tomato, he discovers he's quite content.

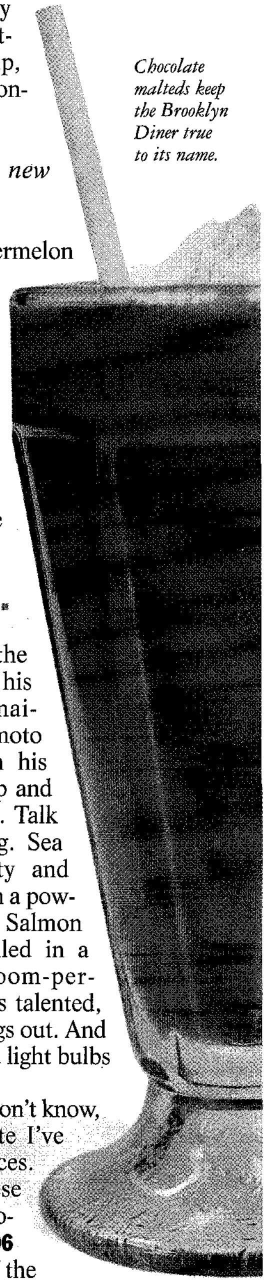
An eclectic force of midtown executives have elected **Café Centro,** with its sleekly handsome brasserie look, their noontime canteen. And chef Philippe Feret shows his strength in shrimp bouillabaisse, Provençal fish soup, and the smart acid balance of a cauliflower-apple soup. A voguish cilantro accent can't hurt old-fashioned duck as good as his. And we're wild for the overkill of crème brûlée in a chocolate tart with caramel sauce. Ruttish young traders sardine into the adjacent **Beer Bar** when the whistle blows.

Power-breakfast fans like the I. M. Pei sweep and luxe of **FiftySeven FiftySeven,** the dining room at the Four Seasons Hotel. And for the emotionally needy: lemon-ricotta hotcakes with maple syrup, butter, and too much confectioners' sugar.

I'd go anywhere for a new taste sensation.

Calamari salad with watermelon and a cilantro emulsion? Spare me, *puh-leeze.* Yet even in the murk and gloom of **Dava** early last fall, Rocco DiSpirito's flavor bravura knocked me out. Having had time to steady his crew, and with votive-candle lamps feebly lighting the way, DiSpirito flaunts his daring. Opal-basil vinaigrette transforms Kumamoto oysters. Spoon through his redolent mushroom soup and you could be in a forest. Talk about precision cooking. Sea creatures emerge crusty and rare: Charred mackerel in a powerful ginger-lime broth. Salmon tournedos delicately jelled in a clam-sake-and-mushroom-perfumed broth. The chef is talented, fearless, still sorting things out. And a few thoughtfully placed light bulbs would help.

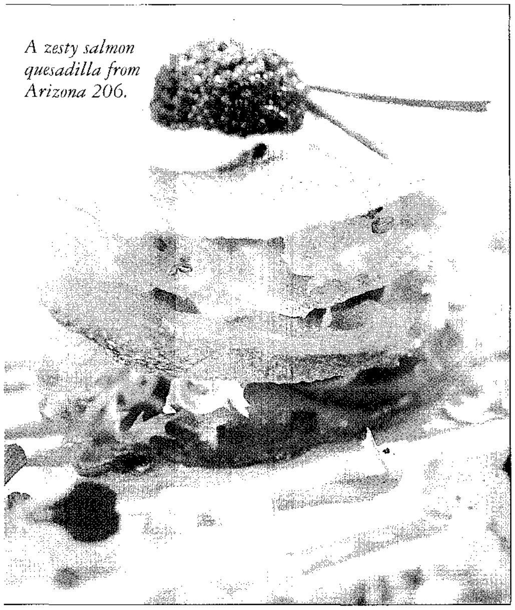
When I find a word I don't know, a new ingredient, a taste I've never met, my pulse races. Amazing, after all these years. So there was a two-star alarm at **Arizona 206** for ostrich, the special of the night, followed by a heated debate: Would you? Could you? Well, if you're going to eat Bambi and Mary's little lamb . . . So now I've discovered I love ostrich, lean and exquisitely rare, lighter than venison, more like quail. Just one of the astonishments from a new chef in town, Miles Angelo. Potato crisps layered with cured salmon, crème fraîche, and caviar on a puddle of mango-epazote sauce is about as uptown as a quesadilla can get. Diced jala-



Chocolate malteds keep the Brooklyn Diner true to its name.

Restaurants on cover: clockwise from top left, Fresco by Scotto; Harry Cipriani; Osteria Del Circo; Savann.

MeKong
etnamese Restaurant & Ba


A zesty salmon quesadilla from Arizona 206.

Sirio Maccioni and his brood at Osteria Del Circo.

peño and fiery habaneros with mayonnaise ignite the shiso-wrapped scallop. Pale wasabi-tobikko (flying-fish roe) crowns tuna tartare in tacos made out of wonton wrappers ringed by a tropical salsa. Jícama adds a cooling crunch to the feverish chili-rubbed quail. Even humble vegetable rolls have an unforgettable citric intensity. As for the "Zozobra stir-fry" atop Angelo's lamb chops with an humitas, it's a reference to Sante Fe's annual bonfire to drive away evil. And the humitas is a Chilean-style tamale.

How do you navigate through the maze of Italiana?

I like San Domenico NY for the northern richness of chef Theo Schoenegger's cucina, **Trattoria Dell'Arte** for antipasto and crackling thin pizzas. I send friends to **Campagna,** though my last outing there disappointed except for the zuppa di grana di farro and the herb-grilled tuna with pesto on grains, lentils, and beans.

The incurable fan in me can always hope to see Sinatra or Julio at **Coco Pazzo.** True, I eat especially well because Cesare Casella, the chef with the herbs popping out of his pocket, does handstands for me. First might come his shrimp sautéed with a touch of chestnut honey. The zucchini-and-asparagus fritto misto with deep-fried herbs. Or even fried wild mushrooms and parsley with a hit of lemongrass (see what can happen when you take the kid out of Tuscany?). Not to sneer at the menu, I order ribollita, that thick bread-and-cabbage soup, followed by branzino, rarish, painted with olive oil, or the Road Food Warrior's favorite, bistecca Fiorentina.

Nothing can disarm me at **Mad.61** more quickly than today's starter, focaccia split and filled with robiola and drizzled with truffle oil. So I'm making an effort not to be a pushover. But chef Marta Pulini seems to have found her stride with this memorable lunch: Deftly seasoned cavatelli with sausage and bitterest broccoli rabe. Beef stewed in Barolo till it shreds, then spooned on buttery, perfect risotto. Spice-painted cod, a paradigm of freshness and flavor served with eggplant stew. It's impossible to stop eating the plump house-dried raisins scattered around warm apple pie. And pieces of preserved ginger on the pear tarte Tatin sear the tongue sweetly.

Everyone gets jostled and bruised a bit in the lunchtime frenzy at Harry Cipriani.

At Fresco by Scotto.

Parked in a quiet cul-de-sac in front of the bar at **Da Vittorio,** beside a table of wiseguys, we are sharing the kind of special attention Vittorio Assante learned at his father's knee a few blocks away at Da Umberto. The new Tuscan arrival at the range does crackling porchetta, penne in a vibrant meat sauce (strasciate), rabbit stew on polenta. And one of the best veal chops in recent months. Who could have guessed the torture waiting up front? Saturday night, near the open kitchen, we're screaming to be heard. Still, we are happy enough sharing baked radicchio and smoked mozzarella, salty with anchovy, and too-rich gnocchi in rosemary cream, followed by juicy baby pheasant, Florentine steak, and homey desserts.

Fresco by Scotto is a home-away-from-home for a loyal troop of powermongers and dabblers, judges and wags. I hear that even when he eats at The Four Seasons, city booster Lew Rudin drops by to work the room. We spy a mountain of fried chips on the next table and ask for some, too—potato and zucchini crisps smudged with melted Gorgonzola, instantly addictive. Chef Vincent Scotto keeps the kitchen steady, sending out a fine sausage-leek-Fontina tart and sprightly chopped tricolore salad with roasted-garlic vinaigrette, then cavatelli with broccoli rabe and sausage ragù and the ravioli of the day. Tonight they're filled with cheese but elegantly thin, glossed with butter and sprinkled with chopped walnuts.

Can a mere mortal get into the Bowery Bar?

Yes. Yes. Yes. It's suddenly mere-mortal season at the **Bowery Bar.** But do you really want to go somewhere that wants you? If it's a brushfire you're seeking, get to **The Lemon** fast. Cafe Tabac's Roy Leibenthal and Frederick Lesort from Jour et Nuit—supposedly humbled by the cruel whims of chic—are saying they want you (early for dinner, maybe, before the trendetti vogue in). But brace yourself for sudden lashings of the velvet rope if the early caboodle is any sign: posses of restaurateurs, match-thin cover girls and their lemmings (thank you, investors Katie Ford and André Balazs), Nicole Miller among the shakers at a birthday-do. So far the mood is benign—soft music, good manners, mostly edible food in a dimmish, handsome space with an amber glow.

Is this the Big Apple, or is this Disneyland?

There's no business like Chow Business. As long as they aren't threatening to turn Le Bernardin into Poseidon's Aquarium and Bait Shop, I say, let them eat T-shirts. At the **Official All-Star Cafe,** guys who don't eat quiche and can't afford Knicks season passes can console themselves with giant burgers, outsize onion rings (pretty impressive, even on opening night), and videos of the greatest moments in sports unreeling right next to the jersey each hero wore.

Jekyll and Hyde is worth at least one drop-in for laughs, even if you have to borrow a child for camouflage. If you're old enough,

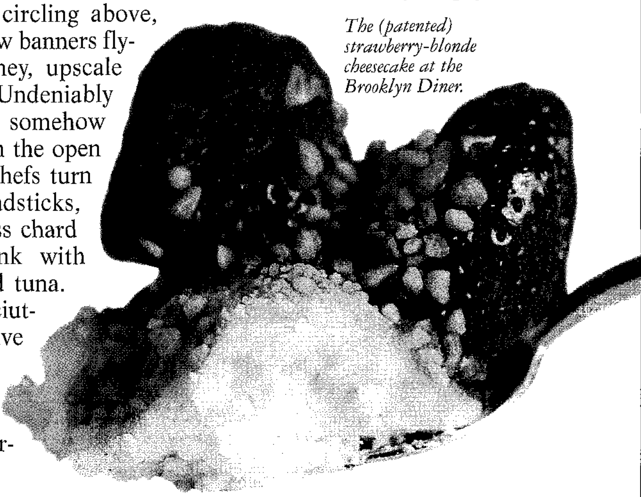
Photographs: top to bottom, Kenneth Chen; Melanie Acevedo (2); Kenneth Chen.

sixties hits sung live at the **Motown Cafe** with the barbecue-brisket sandwich and a platter of sweet-potato fries could cure the January blues.

And don't let the **Brooklyn Diner USA** neon fool you. It's not about fun. It's about food, an ethnic trip to that fabled borough. First-rate oversize hot dogs. Chicken soup you could pass off as your own if you needed to impress a Jewish mother-in-law. An outrageously huge chicken potpie in a buttery crust. Delicious baked ziti so rich you'll want to report it to the IRS. Not everything works here. But desserts are irresistible. Lemon meringue so pleasingly pungent you won't mind the failed meringue. Toasted-Georgia-pecan tart. The patented strawberry-blonde cheesecake. (Just don't let the waitress drown it in chocolate sauce.) Photos of Brooklyn just went up on the walls—one by Weegee, one by my mate.

What's the hottest ticket in town?

Le Cirque's ringmaster, Sirio Maccioni, is betting on his sons' **Osteria Del Circo.** Did he ever promise this would be a modest family trattoria? Forget that. Designer Adam Tihany's elegant circus ring—with an aerialist ladder swooping down over the gleaming mahogany bar, a clown-and-drunken-monkey mobile circling above, and brilliant red-and-yellow banners flying high—speaks of money, upscale games, uptown prices. Undeniably clever and beautiful, it's somehow still surprisingly sedate. In the open kitchen, a trio of young chefs turn out pizza, polenta breadsticks, baked crespelle with Swiss chard and Fontina, lamb shank with roasted celery, and seared tuna. Chicken, squab, and prosciutto-wrapped scallops revolve on the rotisserie. One ring for three acrobats: Mario, Marco, and Mauro Maccioni. With Papa perhaps pulling the strings.


The (patented) strawberry-blonde cheesecake at the Brooklyn Diner.

an't wait to get back to the delicious hodgepodge cuisine at SoHo's Eat and Drink.

Does anyone still do cuisine de grand-mère?

Homesick Gauls and Francophiles will embrace **L'Absinthe** at once because it looks so much like its ancestor, Le Comptoir. With chef Jean-Michel Bergougnoux as partner here, regulars get dandified nouvelleties. Roasted rack of lamb with an apricot tart. Baba au rhum with piña colada sauce. But a small, special menu offers cuisine bourgeois—fillets of mackerel Dieppe-style, melting-calf's-head salad with leeks in a sauce gribiche, boeuf mode Parisien aux carottes, and tripes à la Leon de Lyons.

I can never resist the sublime crunch of pig's feet and calf's tail with endive, mustard, and shallots in red-wine-vinegar sauce at **Le Cirque,** where Grandmother's cooking is still cherished. Braised veal shank with sautéed Swiss chard in a peppery vinegar sauce delivers old-world indulgence for two.

The upper-crust crowd at **Daniel** come for refined innovation and chef Daniel Boulud's devotion to the seasons. A chilled vegetable soup with pesto, guacamole, lobster, and black olives in late summer, when tomatoes are prime. And Boulud's winter duo of braised beef short rib and hanger steak with truffled mashed potatoes. But this son of Lyons, more in command than ever, honors tradition with a daily "plat classique." Tripe gratinée with melting potatoes, cranberry beans, and Swiss chard. Navarin of lamb with fennel and tomato confit. And recently, a miracle of braised pork breast studded with truffles on mustardy lentils, possibly the best thing I've eaten all year. Says Boulud, "It reminds me of home."

Name the chef of the year.

On his own for more than a year now (and out of the shadow of his mentor, the late Gilbert LeCoze), Eric Ripert continues to grow and astonish. **Le Bernardin** crackles with the electricity of theater and unmatched professionalism. Driven by Maguy LeCoze's desire to pay homage to her brother's memory, the place actually feels like a Michelin three-star in France. Gilbert's signature seviche and pounded raw fish remain, but the talented Ripert plays with intoxicating nuance: Osetra-topped mackerel tartare surrounded by small puddles of sauce gribiche. A puff-pastry "pizza" of shrimp just lightly jelled on the broiler. Foie-gras-and-lobster pot au feu. Roasted monkfish with chorizo, garlic, tomato, and mushroom in a lemon-parsley jus.

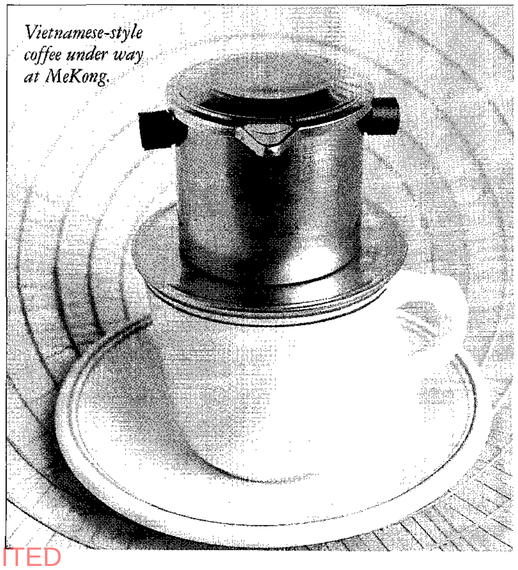
What's new and worth a second visit?

Chef David Walzog's fantasy of cowboy cooking—hot and swank—meshes with de-

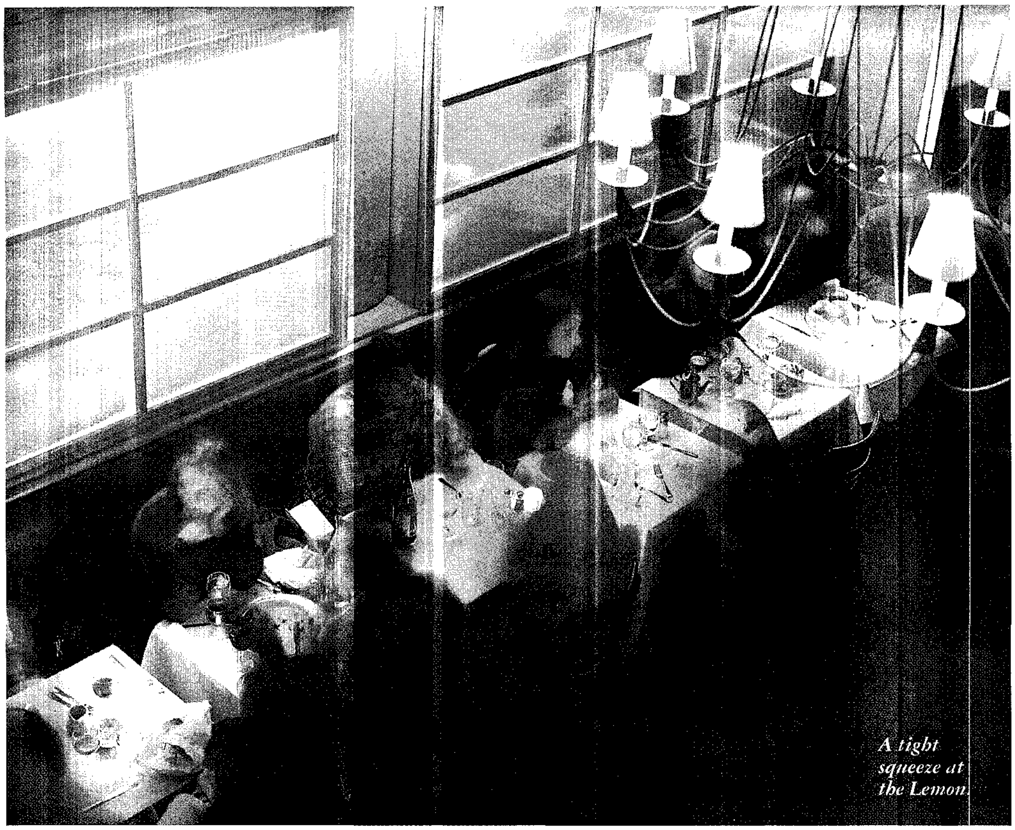
A real-life Seinfeld episode unfolds at Harry Cipriani.

Rocco DiSpirito brings bravura to Dava's kitchen.

Ratner's
Est. 1905


Vietnamese-style coffee under way at MeKong.

Photographs: top to bottom, Andrew Garn (2); Kenneth Chen (3).


A tight squeeze at the Lemon.

The Lemon's owners claim they want you (early for dinner, maybe, before the trendetti vogue in)

signer David Rockwell's vision of home-on-the-range at **Tapika.**

Antoine Bouterin has built himself a sweet and funky Provençal cottage at **Bouterin,** the better to show off the herb-tendril-tossed cooking of his St. Rémy home. Drew Nieporent has another smash at **Layla,** with its charmingly silly sequined collages, a shimmering belly dancer, and very good Middle Eastern–esque cooking. Matthew Kenney has a winsome new stand for his delicious and modestly priced Mediterranean borrowings at **Bar Anise.** The whimsy of Anne Rosenzweig's **Lobster Club** has already scored with its savvy uptown clientele. **Zucca, Chelsea Bistro & Bar,** and **Luma** add a sheen to booming Chelsea. Charles Palmer, bursting with entrepreneurial energy, has created two winners: warm and welcoming **Alva** in the Flatiron district and the popular **Lenox Room** for the 10021 crowd.

I can't wait to go back to **Eat and Drink** (upstairs), with its delicious hodgepodge cuisine of Korean, Japanese, and French heritage (duck salad with pancake, kimchi dumplings, spicy skate salad, grilled quail with green papaya). **MeKong** is a plain little storefront turning out Vietnamese food at discount that I like better than Indochine's or Le Colonial's. And Hugh Hardy's smartly civilized **Bryant Park Grill** for Ark Restaurants was the best news of the year.

If you could eat anywhere tonight . . . ?

On my own for the night, I'd head for **Mesa Grill,** because I'm wild about Bobby Flay's bold and complex flavors. One margarita and a fabulous corn muffin to the wind a few weeks ago, our happy quartet is oohing over his new barbecued pork in white-corn taco, spectacular pumpkin soup, and the night's special, beef tostada with black-bean salad. Eggplant, red onion, and goat cheese make a zesty quesadilla. As always, there's spicy Caesar for the table. And maple-glazed pork chops with a blue-corn-sweet-potato taco are the season's triumph. Don't miss the spicy Southwestern fries or pastry hand Wayne Brachman's three-ice-cream sandwiches. Flay is also deliciously rude with Spanish tradition. That and his garlicky lamb shank with toasted orzo keep me also coming back to **Bolo.** My friend, co-owner Jerry Kretchmer, sure can pick the winners.

What are your favorite favorites?

The great chefs keep getting better. That's how I feel about Alfred Portale at the **Gotham Bar and Grill,** where I send everyone celebrating anything. Jean-Georges Vongerichten always has new astonishments at **Vong.** An omakase dinner at **Nobu** is a unique sensory adventure, especially if Nobu Matsuhisa is on the case. For its look of vintage urban glamour and John Schenk's flavor-rich and good-looking food, I send friends to the **Monkey Bar.** The service at **C.T.** is finally functional, and Claude Troisgros exercises his French sensibility to weave the flavors of Brazil.

I know chef Douglas Rodriguez is a wild man, but I forgive his trespasses at **Patria** because when he's good, he's a wizard at jazzing up Latin American cooking. Terrance Brennan's class act at **Picholine** is constantly being refined. Great cheese is his newest obsession. Winter brings back my favorite, wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto with butternut squash and white-truffle essence. **Cascabel** is a smart and romantic setting for the gutsy cooking of Tom Valenti. Rick Moonen's splendid seafood brings luster to **Oceana.** On the Upper West Side, I can walk to my local hangout, **Rain,** to satisfy a constant craving for the top-notch pan-Asian, mostly Thai cooking, only slightly tamed for the timid. Sushi at Mr. Yasuda's station in **Hatsuhana** on East 48th Street still cannot be matched, even at Nobu. That the nori is toast-crisp, the rice precisely warm, the sea critters gleamingly fresh, goes without saying. A dash of Japanese lemon, a touch of couturier wasabi, and uni sushi made without a seaweed belt—those are his trademarks.

Don't you ever get jaded?

Impossible. Especially when Gray Kunz keeps reinventing the rules in his dream kitchen at **Lespinasse.** We whirl right into nirvana by starting lunch with a beluga tasting for two—one oyster each, one delightful potato pancake, a lineup of garnishes in silver. Then heaven: truffle-and-leek cassolette for me, truffle risotto for him. (How can it be that a Swiss makes the best risotto I've eaten this year?) Delicate steamed bass swims in a Thai bouillon with a chili-powder-dabbed popcorn sprout propped on the plate's edge. Each serving dish is different, as in a kaiseki dinner. Horseradish sticks, chestnuts, and fresh juniper berries flavor the salmis sauce of tenderest rare venison. Giggling like wicked co-conspirators after four desserts, we agree to taste just one chocolate each, then devour them all. ■

Just a spoonful of beluga at Lespinasse.

Directory Assistance

ALVA
36 East 22nd Street
(228-4399)

ARIZONA 206
209 East 60th Street
(838-0440)

BAR ANISE
1022 Third Avenue,
near 61st Street
(355-1112)

BOLO
23 East 22nd Street
(228-2200)

BOUTERIN
420 East 59th Street
(758-0323)

The Lobster Club's Anne Rosenzweig.

BOWERY BAR
40 East 4th Street
(475-2220)

BROOKLYN DINER USA
212 West 57th Street
(977-1957)

BRYANT PARK GRILL
212 West 42nd Street
(977-1957)

CAFÉ CENTRO AND BEER BAR
200 Park Avenue, at
45th Street
(818-1222)

CAMPAGNA
24 East 21st Street
(460-0900)

CASCABEL
218 Lafayette Street,
near Spring Street
(431-7300)

CHELSEA BISTRO & BAR
358 West 23rd
Street
(727-2026)

COCO PAZZO
23 East 74th Street
(794-0205)

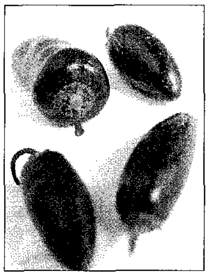
C.T.
111 East 22nd Street
(995-8500)

DANIEL
20 East 76th Street
(288-0033)

DA SILVANO
260 Sixth
Avenue, near
Houston Street
(982-2343)

DAVA
340 Lexington
Avenue, near
39th Street
(953-3282)

DA VITTORIO
43 East 20th
Street
(979-6532)



At Arizona 206.

EAT AND DRINK
148 Mercer Street,
near Houston Street
(925-2477)

FIFTYSEVEN FIFTYSEVEN
Four Seasons Hotel,
57 East 57th Street
(758-5757)

THE FOUR SEASONS
99 East 52nd Street
(754-9494)

FRESCO BY SCOTTO
34 East 52nd Street
(935-3434)

GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL
12 East 12th Street
(620-4020)

HARRY CIPRIANI
781 Fifth Avenue, near
59th Street
(753-5566)

HATSUHANA
17 East 48th Street
(355-3345)

Carnivores love Riodizio.

HOME
20 Cornelia Street, near
Bleecker Street
(243-9579)

JEKYLL AND HYDE
1409 Sixth Avenue,
near 57th Street
(541-9517)

JUDSON GRILL
152 West 52nd Street
(582-5252)

L'ABSINTHE
227 East 67th Street
(794-4950)

LAYLA
211 West Broadway
(431-0700)

LE BERNARDIN
155 West 51st Street
(489-1515)

LE CIRQUE
58 East 65th Street
(794-9292)

THE LEMON
230 Park Avenue South,
near 18th Street
(614-1200)

LENOX ROOM
1278 Third Avenue,
near 73rd Street
(772-0404)

LESPINASSE
2 East 55th Street
(339-6719)

THE LOBSTER CLUB
24 East 80th Street
(249-6500)

LUMA
200 Ninth Avenue,
near 22nd Street
(633-8033)

LUNDY BROS. RESTAURANT
1901 Emmons Avenue,
Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn
(718-743-0022)

Chef Daniel Boulud.

MAD.61
10 East 61st Street
(833-2200)

MEKONG
44 Prince Street,
near Mulberry Street
(343-8169)

MESA GRILL
102 Fifth Avenue,
near 15th Street
(807-7400)

MONKEY BAR
60 East 54th Street
(838-2600)

MOTOWN CAFE
104 West 57th Street
(489-0097)

NOBU
105 Hudson Street,
at Franklin Street
(219-0500)

OCEANA
55 East 54th Street
(759-5941)

Club Med: Bar Anise.

OFFICIAL ALL-STAR CAFE
1540 Broadway, at
45th Street
(840-8326)

OSTERIA DEL CIRCO
120 West 55th Street
(265-3636)

PATRIA
250 Park Avenue South, at
20th Street
(777-6211)

PICHOLINE
35 West 64th Street
(724-8585)

RAIN
100 West 82nd Street
(501-0776)

RATNER'S
138 Delancey Street,
near Norfolk Street
(677-5588)

RIODIZIO
417 Lafayette Street,
near Astor Place
(529-1313)

SAN DOMENICO NY
240 Central Park South
(265-5959)

SAVANN
414 Amsterdam Avenue,
near 80th Street
(580-0202)

TAPIKA
950 Eighth Avenue,
at 56th Street
(397-3737)

13 BARROW ST.
13 Barrow Street, near
West 4th Street
(727-1300)

TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE
900 Seventh Avenue,
near 57th Street
(245-9800)

VONG
200 East 45th Street
(486-9592)

ZUCCA
227 Tenth Avenue,
near 23rd Street
(741-1970)

Nothing has changed; they're still the same. The Ramones (from left, Johnny, Marky, Joey, and C.J.) made a career of not evolving; now they're going out at the top of their game.

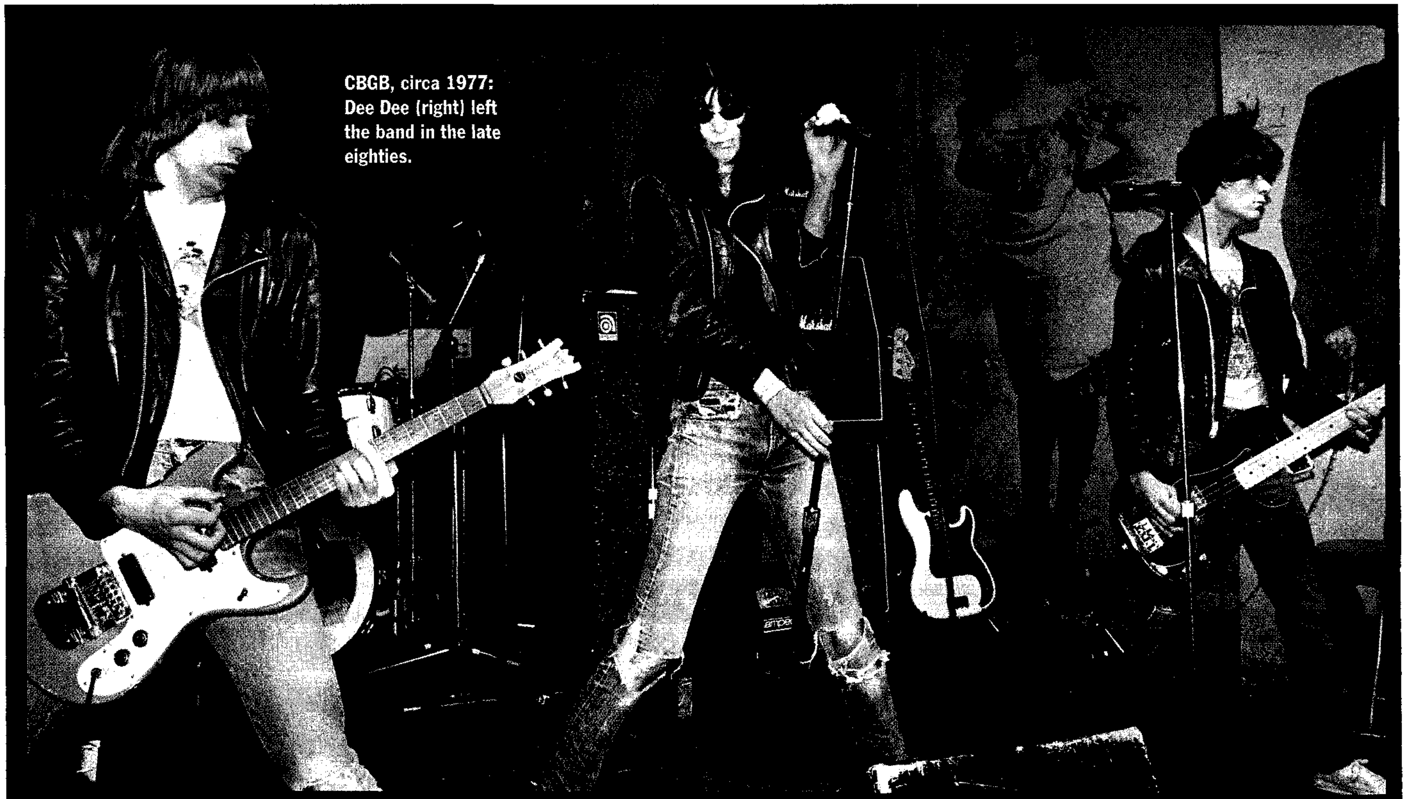
LIKE DIMAGGIO AND GEHRIG, THE RAMONES, INVENTORS OF PUNK ROCK, PROGENITORS OF BART SIMPSON AND NIRVANA, PERHAPS NEW YORK'S GREATEST ROCK BAND, ARE BOWING OUT GRACEFULLY AFTER 22 YEARS. BUT BEFORE THE FAT LADY SINGS, THEY HAVE SOME THOUGHTS THEY'D LIKE TO SHARE. BY CHRIS NORRIS

HEY, HO, LET'S GO HOME

IT'S A BREEZY, SUNNY DAY IN MANHATTAN, AND FOUR BROTHERS—JOHNNY, JOEY, MARKY, AND C.J.—ARE going for a drive. Each sits in a separate row of a Ford Econoline: Johnny in the front, squinting under a gray-flecked bowl cut. Marky behind him, in a black shag and shades. Joey next, serene in black tresses and burgundy specs. C.J. last, long chestnut hair covering most of his face.

As the van turns off 9th Street and down Broadway, it passes a group of youngsters in dyed hair and pierced appendages, who look over. The passengers—Johnny in his KILL A COMMIE FOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL HALSBAND



CBGB, circa 1977: Dee Dee (right) left the band in the late eighties.

MOMMY T-shirt, Marky placidly chewing dried bananas—must look something like a retired motorcycle gang, something like a school bus for the developmentally challenged. What they are is not so far from either. They are, in fact, the Ramones.

As we cross Houston Street, the Monkees' "Last Train to Clarksville" comes on the radio. "We put it on oldies," says Johnny. "You get more good songs per hour." Mickey Dolenz's plaintive entreaty accompanies our trip down the island, en route to what Johnny estimates will be the Ramones' 2,130th show. It will also be, the band has reported, among the very last of its career. The godfathers of punk rock are finally calling it quits.

His legs stretching the length of the van's seat, singer Joey, 44, ponders the ironies of the pop life. "It's cool that things have come back to the so-called punk thing," he says in thick Queens-ese. "It's great that younga kids are into, like, Green Day and the Offspring, because it—"

"Hey, Richard," Johnny yells to the relief driver, two rows behind Joey. "Ya watcha game last night?"

"—because, like, it reawakens an interest in the good stuff," Joey continues. "Ya know, like the New Yawk Dolls, the Sex Pistols—"

"Great game," shouts Johnny. "See what a difference Darryl made? Twelve thousand people over the normal Monday-night crowd."

"—and the Ramones," Joey continues, a bit quieter. "I mean, when we started out, it was us and it was REO Speedwagon, Boston, Journey, Foreignah, Toto, Kansas, Styx, C. W. McCall, "Disco Duck," Donna Summahs. Now everyone sounds like the Ramones. There's a lotta life to us still, but at the same time, we wanna kinda . . . move on with our lives."

"They struck Darryl out on three pitches," Johnny yells, four feet from Joey's face. "And Mussina gets three unearned runs."

"Tears of a Clown" plays as we climb the FDR on-ramp.

IT IS INDEED THE END OF THE CENTURY. AFTER 22 YEARS, THE RAmones, a perpetually touring circus of mosh pits, leather jackets, scowls, and three-chord anthems—the Grateful Dead of punk—are packing it in. Their final record is called *Adios Amigos.* This is the last mile of their road to ruin.

It's a little hard to believe. Two decades of almost pathological consistency has lent the band an aura of timelessness; to fans, the Ramones seem about as likely to fold as the Sanitation Department. Today, their strange shadow looms over America's entire rock, and even cultural, landscape. In many ways, they're our true answer to the Beatles, replacing British craftsmanship with the American knack for low-cost, high-yield mass production. They have aged into the role of rock's Ray Kroc, serving millions with reliable, assembly-line songs about dysfunction and a distinctly dystopian New York More than any other band, they made alienation fun.

The band's genesis is as random as it is momentous. Four miscreants from Queens's Forest Hills High School form a band. They play originals because covers are too hard. In 1974, they appear at CBGB, strumming their thunderous, minimalist anthems to howls of laughter, shouts of joy, looks of deep concern. They cut a fourteen-song, 30-minute album of bubblegum "hits" for $6,400—inspiring a generation of misanthropic Brits to don safety pins and not learn how to play guitar. They begin punk rock.

Hegel said that all revolutions produce a Great Man, an individual who acts, perhaps unwillingly, as a vessel for History. No one Ramone is such a man, but together they come close. The Ramones are either the conceptual geniuses or the idiots savants who saved rock and roll.

JOHNNY, 44, FROWNS OVER A LIST OF MOVIE TITLES HE'S got propped on the dashboard: *Revenge of the Creature. It Came From Outer Space*—it's an inventory of film posters. Johnny is a prodigious collector. "I got most of the sci-fi from the fifties," he reports. "Then I started working on the forties stuff." Baseball photos, however, are Johnny's real triumph. "I've been working on that collection for fourteen years. It's the biggest one in the country."

He does not collect records ("I'm not really that interested in music"), but he has started purchasing Elvis memorabilia. He did visit Graceland, but he didn't enter. "I didn't really care

Photograph by Ebet Roberts.

about going in. I only care about the products."

Despite his encyclopedic knowledge of B-movies, Johnny almost never sees anything current. I recommend *Crumb,* figuring he might enjoy the tale of the cartoonist's freakish family, a favorite leitmotiv in the Ramones' oeuvre.

I mention the brother who cleans his system out by eating and passing a long rag.

"Really?" Marky, 39, asks from the back seat, perking up. "Wow. That's weird."

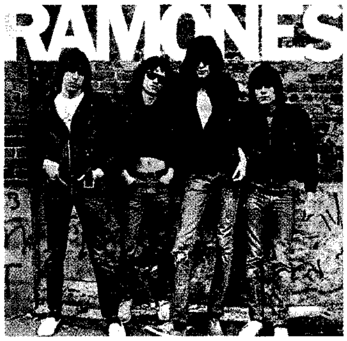
"Ya like that, Mark?" John asks.

"Well, I mean, I give myself enemas in the bathtub, but I never go that far. Wow . . . That's outrageous.

"Hey, didja see *Babe*?" asks Marky, changing the subject. "The duck's really good in it."

"THE RAMONES ARE A ONE-JOKE BAND GONE STALE," reads a review in the New York *Times*. "In today's post-punk scene, the Ramones' music not only seems anachronistic but unnecessary." The review is from 1981, testament to the Ramones' curiously durable apotheosis of retard rock. It also asks the question—to this date unanswered—just how much the members themselves get the joke.

JOEY RAMONE IS SITTING ALONE AT A TABLE FOR TWO. "OMIGAWD," SAYS A KID, SENSING CELEBRITY. "IT'S HOWARD STERN."



The Ramones' first record changed rock forever; but it didn't even go gold.

The priceless song "We're a Happy Family" suggests what CBGB regulars saw each time the band members stopped the set to fight each other: Rather than Ramone, the band might well have chosen the surname Bunker. Johnny would be the cantankerous patriarch, Archie; Joey, the cowed but openhearted Edith; original bassist Dee Dee, the glamorous but troubled Gloria. And Marky, who replaced founding drummer Tommy in 1978, would be, well, Meathead. They were a working-class family, struggling against changing times and, often, a deeply felt mutual dislike.

Or they were clueless street punks. Or self-taught art-school provocateurs. Whatever their degree of complicity, the Ramones' comedic influence cannot be overestimated. Their deadpan embrace of girl-group shtick, Cold War shoot-'em-ups, and juvenile delinquency set the stage for everything from Nirvana to *Wayne's World* to Beavis. This may seem to some a questionable cultural achievement. But it was, and is, the sad, funny truth.

And truth, according to the Ramones, is timeless. "I don't see a point in changing just for the sake of change," says Johnny. The group's only modifications have been in slightly varied tactics to court pop radio—hiring Phil Spector to produce a record in 1979, for instance—or changes forced upon them by circumstance.

The most potentially lethal one came eight years ago when Dee Dee, "the cute one" and arguably chief architect of the band's sound and ethos, suddenly quit to pursue, of all things, a rap career. It was then that the Ramones proved they weren't just a bunch of glue-sniffing wastrels who had become a band by accident. The Ramones were now possessed of a highly efficient pop factory: minimum overhead, low production costs, able to give the people what they want at an unbeatable average of 36 songs per hour. So they did what any corporation would do. They interviewed replacements.

The auditions weren't easy. "One guy didn't know any of the songs," Johnny recalls. "But he said, 'Let's just jam.' Jam? I knew he was wrong immediately."

"Remember the Oriental guy?" he asks Marky. "He was one a the betta ones. But he was Oriental. . . .

"He did have bangs, though."

In the end, they took the first guy who auditioned: C.J. (Christopher Joseph Ward), a lifelong Ramones fan who had gone AWOL from the Marines (and shortly thereafter to jail). "I knew he was right immediately," says Johnny. "Even before we started playing."

"HEY, MAWK, YA GONNA GET A FISH FILLET?"

The Ramones ponder the menu at a New Jersey Burger King.

"Yeah," says Marky. "I'm getting more opposed to eating animals."

"I had a steak yesterday," Johnny counters. "It was great. Tasted great, felt great."

"I mean, I like all kinds of food," says Marky. "And if I see a porterhouse steak on a plate in front of me, I'll definitely want some."

"Yeah, he will if he sees it on a plate in front of *you*, too."

Joey sits away from the others, alone at a table for two. Soon, though, someone recognizes him.

"Hey, you know who that is?" a woman asks her 11-year-old.

"Omigawd!" the kid whispers, sensing celebrity. "It's *Howard Stern*!"

At another end of the tiled floor, three late-teens sit at a table, two acne-ridden guys and a pale, porcine girl. "You like those guys, the Ramones?" a guy asks. "Nah," says the girl, in blue eyeliner and a McDonald's uniform. "I only listen to ghetto music."

WHILE THE RAMONES' PROGENY bask in platinum sales and launch high-profile campaigns against Ticketmaster, the Ramones themselves tour out of financial necessity. In one year, neo-punks Green Day sold more records than the Ramones have in their entire career. In a year of million-dollar megatours, the Ramones were not signed to a single one, though there were offers. One was a slot opening for Soul Asylum, whose leader, Dave Pirner, reportedly demurred out of respect. "He said he couldn't ask us to go on before them because it's degrading," says Joey. "I said, 'You could've *asked* us.' "

Johnny, though, is unfazed. Holding court from a thronelike chair in tonight's dressing room—a small, harshly lit back room made festive with fruit, Snapples, and Almond Joys—he has his eyes on the horizon. "Once it's over, it's over," he says. "I'm stopping sometime around February, give or take a month."

So, I ask, you're finally going to hang up your leather jacket?

"Probably sell it," says Johnny.

The four jackets travel show-to-show in a gray upright footlocker—not unlike the sequined jumpsuit of the late-period Elvis—the front stenciled with the Ramones' version of the great seal of the United States. I ask Johnny how long he's been wearing motorcycle jackets, who came up with the look.

"Me. I've had mine since at least 1967."

"Yeah?" Marky challenges. "Well, I wore mine in high school."

"You probably saw me walking down the block with it."

"No, I wore it in high school, in *Brooklyn*."

"Yeah, and the leather chaps, right? With the ass stickin' out. Yeah, we know about Brooklyn."

"Queens is a nothing borough," says Marky, unconcernedly teasing his hair in the mirror. "Brooklyn has a lot more history."

JOEY SITS AT THE OTHER END OF THE LITTLE ROOM SIPping chamomile tea before beginning his ritual of preparation. "I got this warm-up exercise I do now," he says. "It's really cool. It really gets ya into yourself, ya know? It's like a . . . state." This is part of the new Joey, a clean-and-sober artiste who meditates and sees a vocal coach. "I got turned on to him by Sebastian Bach, from Skid Row," he says of his voice guru. "I was seeing this other vocal coach, who was into seventeenth-century chamber music, but I just couldn't relate to her. This guy's great."

Shrouds of myth encircle Joey—that he's a closet albino, a hydroencephalite, part amphibian. At roughly ten feet tall and about 100 pounds, the young Joey Ramone (né Jeff Hyman) gave the world a new rock-singer prototype: entwined around the microphone stand, hair in face, crooning songs of angst, pinheads, and heartbreak—supposedly representing Everyman, but resembling absolutely no other human at all. "I grew up in Forest Hills, but I nevah related to the place," he says. "I was always kinda like an outcast, a lonah."

Even though rock-stardom has granted him membership among the beautiful people, Joey remains a humble and gentle soul. He campaigns against censorship, writes columns for the new online music magazine *Addicted to Noise*. He occupies a pleasant one-bedroom in a surprisingly sterile carpeted co-op building near Astor Place. It still seems to surprise him when he's recognized on the street.

On the road, circa [illegible] days, Joey and Johnny hardly [illegible]

"I saw that guy from the Lemonheads recently, that guy Evan," he says. "He seemed real pleasant. Then he told me he just moved to the Village. I told him about this great Japanese restaurant, Hasaki, on Stuyvesant Place. I'm kind of a regular there. They don't take reservations, but they told me I can make 'em. A-ha-ha-ha." His eyes bug out slightly behind his glasses as he laughs.

Then he lopes out of the dressing room, searching for a quiet place to begin his mantra.

There are ten minutes to showtime. Johnny changes into a T-shirt with Santa Claus wielding a decapitated head. Marky relieves himself in a cup by the wall—semipublic urination apparently a group tradition. Then the trio forms a semicircle, and with a practice drum set and unplugged guitars, runs through some songs.

Joey re-enters the room. Eyes front. Jackets on. They head downstairs to the outdoor stage.

THE SHOW—UNDER A FULL MOON IN ALLENTOWN—IS characteristically ferocious, unrelenting, executed with military precision. The Ramones' lack of Pearl Jam–size popularity actually works to the fans' advantage, offering arena-level decibels in a club setting. Kids fling themselves about with summer-camp glee in what Kelly, a 16-year-old girl with a nose ring and Doc Martens, assured me is the best mosh pit going. Having made it to a Budweiser commercial, the "Hey, ho/Let's go" chorus of "Blitzkrieg Bop" definitely plays in Peoria. Kids pump their fists as Joey hoists the mike stand, raising his arm in a quasi-fascist salute.

LATER, IN THE VAN, THE RAMONES HAVE REVERTED TO ORDINARY JOES from Queens. Johnny rides shotgun, as always. And as always, Marky sits behind him and in front of Joey. "There's always, like, a buffa between 'em," Marky confides.

For a while, talk is of the old neighborhood. I ask if Johnny ever got involved in politics back then—if, say, he protested the Vietnam War. "Nah," he says. "I was a construction worker. I was up there on the scaffolding when they were throwing the sacks of Sakrete onto the protesters. I woulda, too, but I couldn't lift 'em."

Then they're on to the glory days, when the Ramones played London on July 4, 1976—the Bicentennial—with future members of the Clash, the Sex Pistols, and other bands of a High Punk pedigree in the audience, Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious among them.

"Yeah, I knew Sid," Johnny remembers. "He was real nice."

"I toured with the Clash for seven weeks in the Voidoids," says Marky. "And the only thing Joe Strummer had in his cassette player was the third Ramones album and a Bob Marley album. They'd ask me questions about the Ramones. "They'd go, 'What's Dee Dee like?' 'What's Johnny like?' "

The last is a question that still commands—and maybe always will—a sort of conspiracy-level speculation. As the sun sets on the family, it is Johnny (né John Cummings) who will remain the biggest mystery.

"People recognize me every couple of blocks," says Johnny. "They just say hello. Or the police'll yell, like, 'Hey, ho' over the loudspeakers. That, or they'll go, 'Hi, howya doin'?' But I never know why. I never know whether they know me or they're just being friendly."

As we switch from Route 22 to Interstate 78, Manhattan's lights loom on the horizon. It's somehow perfect that the guitarist for New York's greatest band hates the city that formed him. I ask him what he hates most.

"Probably everything," he says, looking toward the skyline. "The urine, the bums in the street. No American cabdrivers. Every block, you pass somebody who's nuts—people talking to themselves.

"Midtown's too crowded. East Village is too busy. All the punks ask me for change." ■

Photograph by Kees Tabak/Retna.

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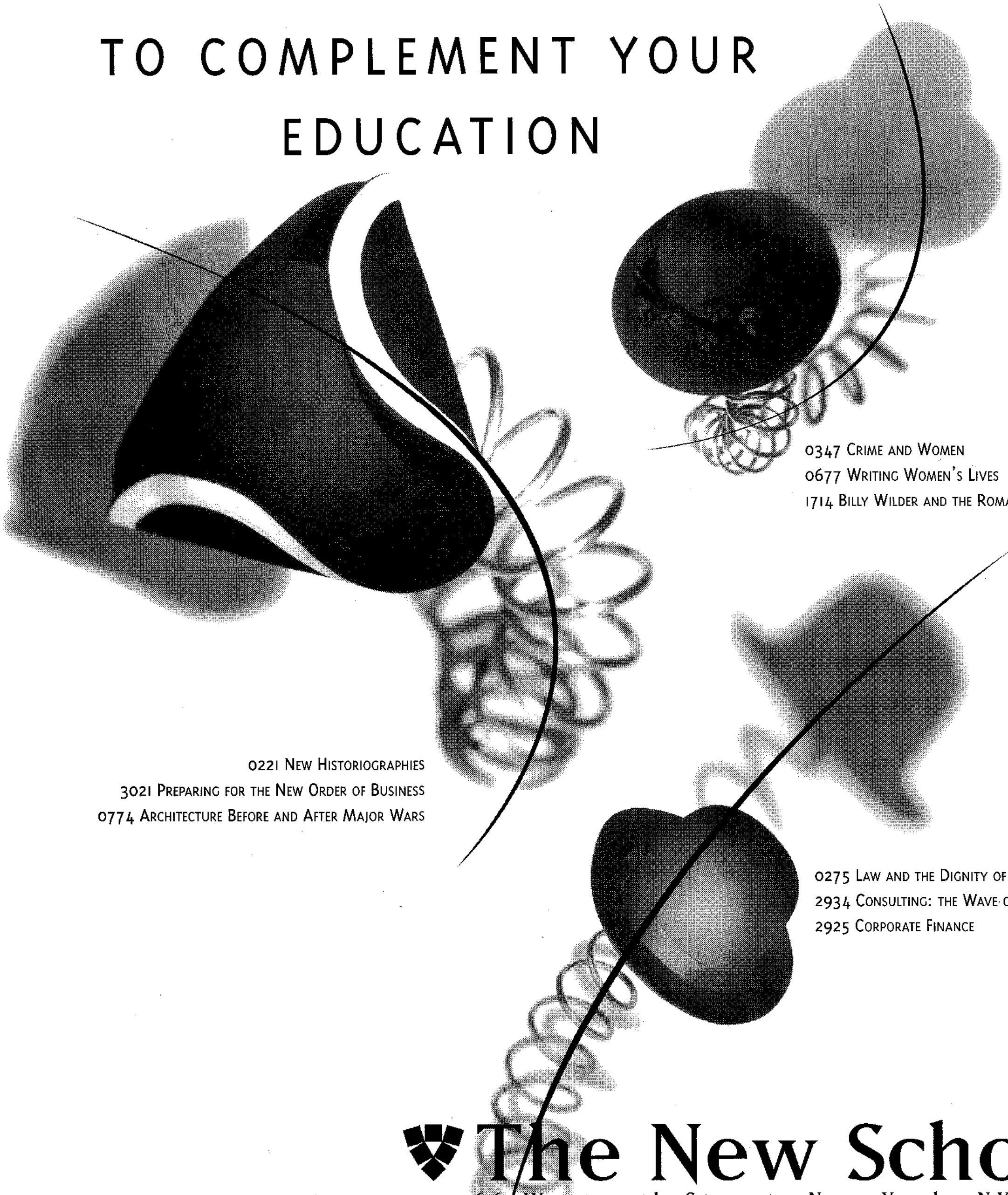

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BY CORKY POLLAN

Head Over Heels

Shoe designers Kari Sigerson and Miranda Morrison have managed to cram a lot more than footwear into their spare, closet-size new store. Nearly as noteworthy as the Italian shoes are the pillows made in Milan by an Englishwoman named Michelle Jarvis. She stitches them from "off cut" fabrics reclaimed from the Cappellini furniture factory, so they're mainly one-of-a-kind. They come in square, bolster, and "Tuscan bean" shapes ($120 to $210).

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Pipe Dreams

Exposed pipes, drop-cross handles, humongous showerheads, and faucets with handmade porcelain faces—they're all part of Waterworks's new Etoile collection. Based in Connecticut, this bath-and-kitchen-fixtures company looks to France and England—and the Victorian and Edwardian eras—for inspiration. The Etoile fittings and faucets are made in France's Somme region and come in nickel or unlacquered brass (from $159 for a robe hook to $318 for a glass towel bar to $1,195 for a cross-handled basin set).

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Toying With an Idea

You won't find Micro Machines, Spider-Man, or Barbie at Geppetto's Toy Box. In fact, there are no TV-advertised toys at all in Jerry Eaderesto's new store. Eaderesto has applied his photographer's eye to the selection of playthings. His mostly handmade, whimsical menagerie includes fashion designer Nathalie Ferrier-Cohen's funky critters, Sigikid's exquisitely costumed dolls, and comical and musical bears from Cousin Janet's Kids (from $4.95 for a rubber duck to $89.95 for Roy Braeger's handmade wooden lamps to $495 for Sigikid's Emely).

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How to Carry a Tune

While others search for yet more ingenious, generally dorky ways to store CDs, the Metropolitan Opera turns to old-fashioned simplicity: wooden valises. But the Met's carrying cases are far from dull. They're hand-painted by Blue Studio, then decoupaged with assorted opera memorabilia, such as a photo of Caruso in full regalia as Canio in *Pagliacci* ($200).

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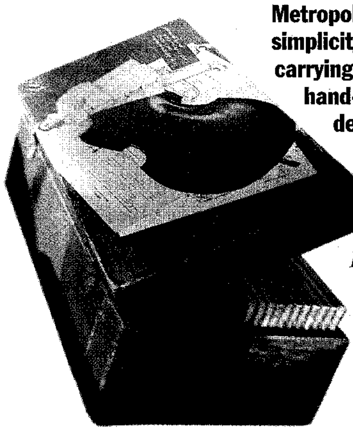
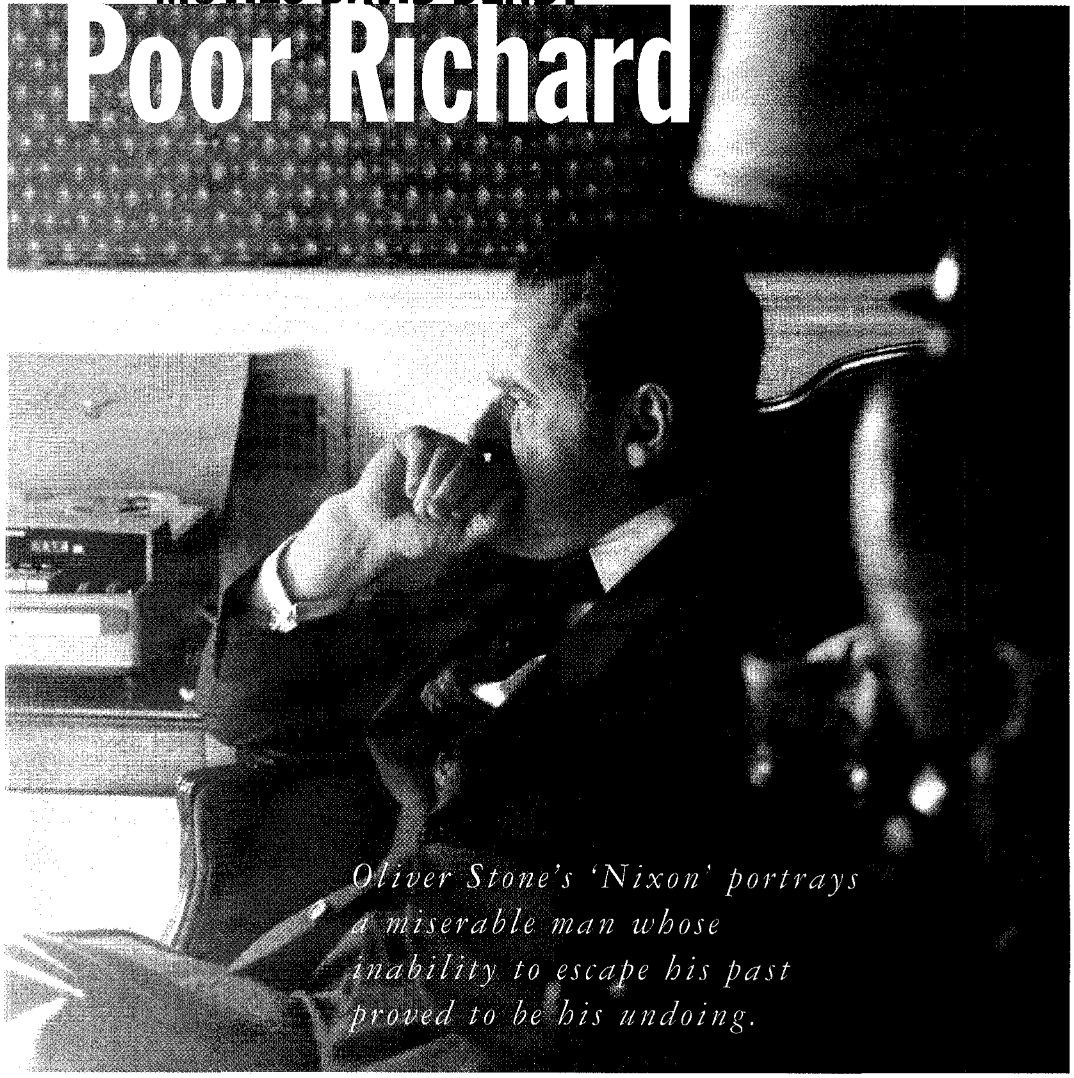


MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Poor Richard



Oliver Stone's 'Nixon' portrays a miserable man whose inability to escape his past proved to be his undoing.

Anthony Hopkins doing his best Richard Nixon.

ANGUISH IS NOT AN EMOTION THAT OLIVER Stone has ever shied away from—or that he has allowed his audience to escape. Stone put us through hell in his three Vietnam films, hectoring us again and again for not sufficiently sharing the troubles of the GIs and the Vietnamese. But tenderness is a new emotion for Stone, and the most surprising thing about **Nixon,** his obsessional, painful, fascinating new movie, is how much warmth the director extends to the unlikely figure of Richard Milhous Nixon (Anthony Hopkins). For here is a portrait of the most wretched man who ever lived. Clumsy and trapped, a bear carrying his own zoo bars around with him—even into his bedroom—the president is a harsh and fraudulent personality, deaf to others but far too intelligent not to notice how many people loathe him. For Nixon-haters, the movie is the moment of truth: Will they give up enough of their distaste to accept a complex view of their lifelong nemesis? Intellectuals in particular have always favored a satirical treatment—Nixon as malevolent clown and self-pitying opportunist. Two dimensions are enough for such a man! But now we get more. Two and a half, perhaps. We are asked to see Nixon as monstrous but afflicted, tough but infinitely troubled—a typical Stone character caught in perpetual anguish.

Stone has attempted Shakespearean tragedy within the form of a whirling, cyclical montage structure; the movie is an open homage to *Citizen Kane,* and that doesn't always work. As always, Stone overloads the medium, surrounding us with *film*. There are newsreels of the real Nixon, mock newsreels with Hopkins morphed into scenes with Kennedy or Khrushchev, childhood miseries from long-ago California. Color, black-and-white, and sepia footage clamor for attention, sometimes all three in the same sequence. The movie is exhaustingly expressive, as if Stone were afraid we wouldn't *get* it somehow. Just before Nixon's resignation in 1974, as the president falls into drunkenness and despair, an entire lifetime plays through his head with increasing violence. Stone also cuts back to earlier moments in Nixon's career—the 1960 presidential and 1962 gubernatorial elections, the assassination of Kennedy—and those events set off memories as well. Poor Nixon! He can't ever escape the tragic Oliver Stone movie pounding inside his head. He gets dissolved into a hundred fragments and then reassembled as a man intolerably burdened by his past. *Nixon* is bullying and redundant—aesthetic terrorism, a friend calls the style. Yet there's a generous soulfulness here, an intimacy with defeat and rage, and a strain of shocked pity, particularly in the scenes between Dick and Pat. I was often moved.

It appears necessary to say that *Nixon* is an interpretation—necessary because some very distinguished journalists cannot understand this commonplace idea. Drawing on archival and biographical materials, Stone and his screenwriters, Stephen J. Rivele and Christopher Wilkinson, combine, condense, recast, and rewrite. So does every maker of narrative nonfiction, from Mailer to movie-of-the-week. For instance, the filmmakers reworked the dead, cold, all but impenetrable language of the Watergate tapes into scenes that crackle with conflict and dark hints. The mad, circumlocutory evasiveness of the originals is gone, replaced by something more simply and plainly evil. Is this falsification? Can there be drama without something like it?

In all, *Nixon* sticks much closer to ascertainable fact than did *JFK* (which was, I admit, entirely reckless on

Photograph by Sidney Baldwin/Hollywood Pictures.

the subject of Lyndon Johnson and the assassination of John F. Kennedy). Stone offers only one major speculative line—Nixon's alleged involvement as vice-president in CIA plots to assassinate Castro. The plots failed, and the plotters, including Mafia gangsters and Cuban émigrés who became furious at Kennedy after the Bay of Pigs, connived in JFK's assassination. (Or so Stone's Nixon thinks.) Years later, even though he had nothing personally to do with Kennedy's death, Nixon muses incoherently over the old conspiracies and secrets. Veiled references fall into his conversation, baffling his closest adviser, Bob Haldeman (James Woods). The obsession becomes a figure in the thick carpet of Nixonian guilt, where it mixes with memories of the two brothers who died young of TB years earlier in rural California. In Nixon's mind, both pairs of dead brothers—Arthur and Harold Nixon, Jack and Bobby Kennedy—sacrificed themselves so that Nixon could be president. He carries his unhappiness with him and, according to Stone, guiltily undoes himself by first making the tapes and then choosing not to destroy them. At some level, he wants to be found out.

Now, it's fine for journalists to point out factual errors and inventions, but the implication that Oliver Stone is merely lying is ludicrous and philistine. Stone, after all, does not write newspaper articles. Such things as dramatic shaping, acting, pace, mood, counter-mood, and so on are not just dressing but the substance of whatever it is a director wants to say. Stone's journalistic critics won't, or can't, take notice of such complex moments as that eerie scene on the presidential yacht, when, after the Kent State killings, Nixon thinks of his brother Harold, who died at roughly the same age as the students. Depressed as he is by Kent State, Nixon cannot offer condolences to the students' families—"Nixon can't do that," he says, unconsciously switching to the third person so the public figure, rather than himself, refuses sympathy and grief. Regret, rage, and contempt pass through the moment like shifts in the wind. Now, if *Nixon* isn't a good movie, it's because scenes like these don't work, not because they diverge from the historical record. The journalists who hate Stone clearly want him off their turf, but they aren't always convincing about what his films "say," which is never something simple like "LBJ had JFK killed." The journalists belittle whatever they can't simply paraphrase.

I have mixed feelings about Anthony Hopkins's work. Despite sedulous imitation of the Nixon manner—sudden smile, flung-up arms, a tendency to top-heaviness—he doesn't much look or sound like Nixon. But that's not really the point. Hopkins gets some things dead right—the impersonality, the bluff, unconscious

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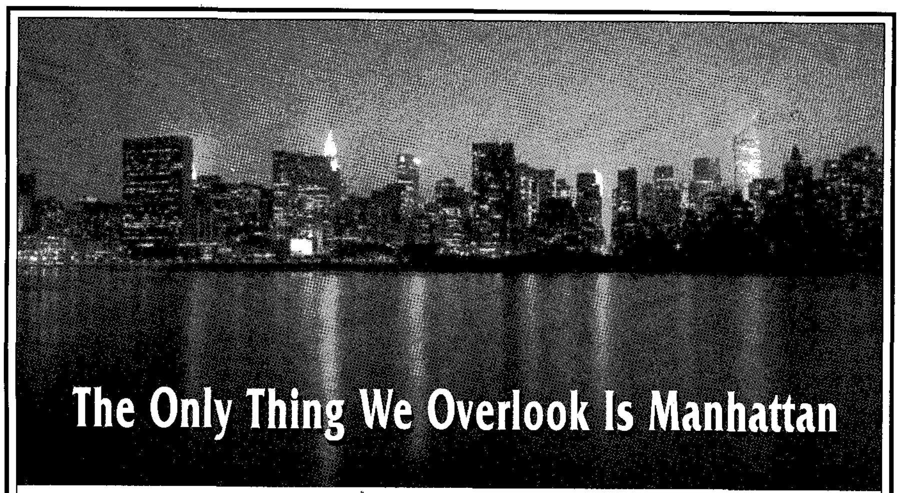

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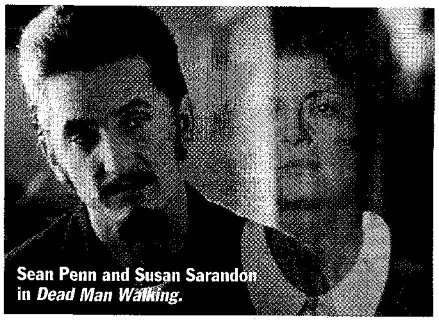
rudeness. The trouble is that Hopkins is too busy. He acts like crazy—cringing, cowering—and it's too much. Presidents are generally cold bastards, and none colder than Richard Nixon, but Hopkins responds emotionally to everything and hides nothing. A man this vulnerable could not have come close to the White House. Hopkins, who has often played remote ordinary men, bizarrely forgets the remoteness of power.


Sean Penn and Susan Sarandon in *Dead Man Walking*.

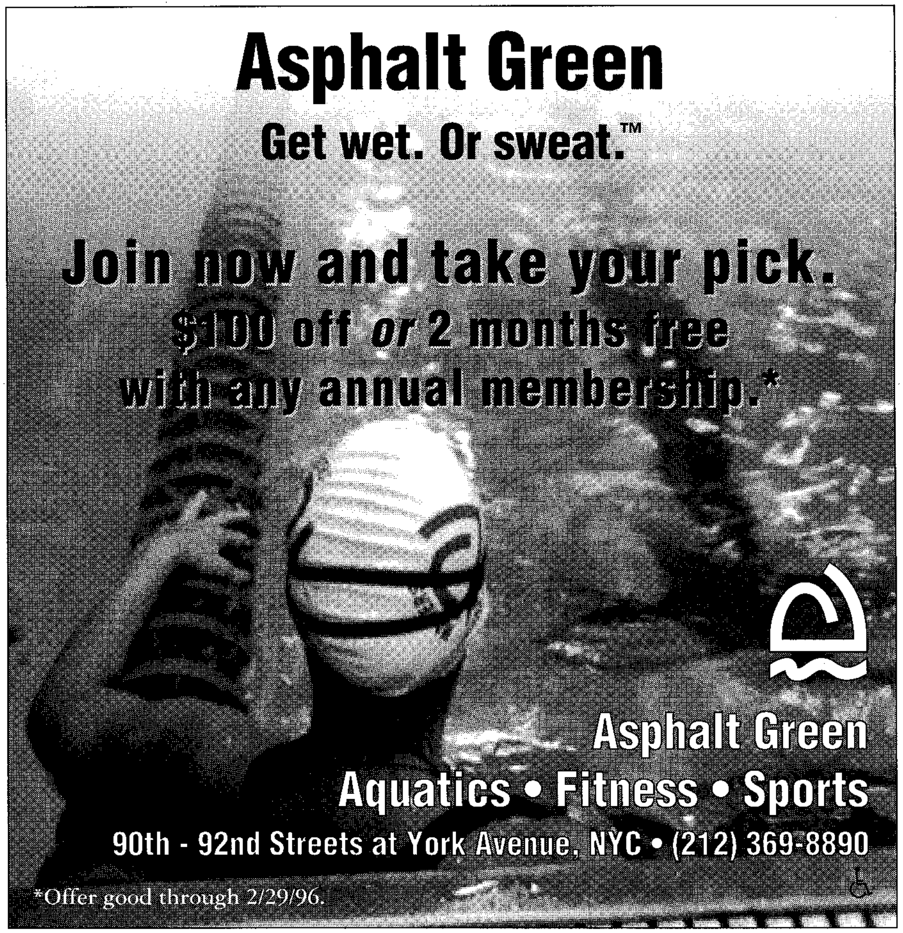
The fault is Stone's, perhaps, more than Hopkins's. If we had seen more of Nixon the executive, Nixon the masterful strategist, the president's fall into bathos and incoherence would have been more striking. But *Nixon* begins with the president at the end of his tether, in 1974, and the flashbacks don't offer much contrast. Nixon is always a seething, resentful mess. Hopkins gives us a theater actor's overwrought projection of inner states of feeling. It works best in the scenes with Pat (Joan Allen), in which Nixon, gruff and clumsy, finds himself overmatched by a woman whose candor and whose sexuality intimidate him. Yes, this is Pat Nixon we are talking about. Joan Allen is a revelation, and Oliver Stone should be proud—he has gotten a whole woman on the screen at last.

Setting up Richard Nixon as the heir to soulless, power-mad Charles Foster Kane makes a kind of sense: the same public success and personal emptiness, the same tendency to fraud and cynicism. But does imitating the structural shape and expressive devices (the Gothic atmosphere, the multiple voices) of *Citizen Kane* also make sense? *Kane* is an extraordinarily entertaining masterpiece. The doomy, heavily shadowed, movieish quality of the atmosphere consorts well with its overall spirit, which is satirical and mischievous. But in *Nixon,* which shares the same atmosphere (the White House as a Gothic castle), the almost campy doominess is made to consort with grief and paranoia, and the two don't fit together. If Nixon is a tragic figure, Stone should have portrayed him with a simpler, more dignified technique. In all, I wish to God Oliver Stone would lighten up a bit. But this punishing, lugubrious yet oddly tender movie is at least a step in a new direction. Stone, 49, hasn't finished making himself yet. There may be a whole new range of expression within his grasp.

DANDIFIED GOATEE AND FULL, RICH HEAD OF hair; tattoos and prison-house rant; a rapid, furtive way of speaking, as if designed to conceal meaning—a few minutes of Sean Penn's performance in **Dead Man Walking,** and you know that he's got the role of the Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. Penn, narrowing his eyes, looks more like the photographs of actual criminals than any Hollywood actor I can think of. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon), who takes an interest in his case; and when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her, seeking friendship and finally someone to confess to. *Dead Man Walking,* directed by Tim Robbins, and based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death.

The movie leaves me a little nonplussed. For long stretches, I admired Robbins's steady, sober decency and his willingness to look painful facts in the face. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, evenly, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. Unadorned, her voice low and steady, Sarandon gives a solid (though unexciting) performance as a woman determined to take risks and break through to one of God's more unsavory creatures.

But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, I began to get queasy. I don't question Sister Helen's commitment. But I can't help noticing that she seems to be doing ever so much more for herself than she is for Matthew Poncelet; and I can't help wondering if his death does not conveniently bring to an end (and on a very high-minded note) an attraction that would have proved troublesome in the extreme. The movie's high-mindedness goes askew. The filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and the unredeemed alike. Robbins wants to horrify us, and he shows the execution in detail; the final scene mixes exaltation and death-pornography in a combination that left me almost ill. Matthew Poncelet, spread out like Jesus, goes to Heaven before our eyes. But in my religion, you see, dead men don't walk. They just die. The problem is to make something of yourself in life. ▬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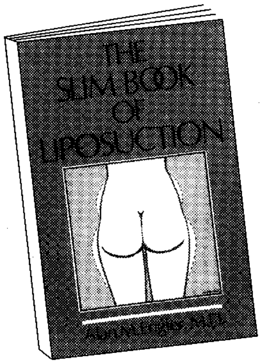

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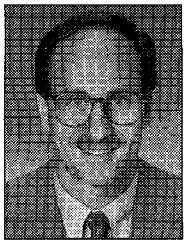

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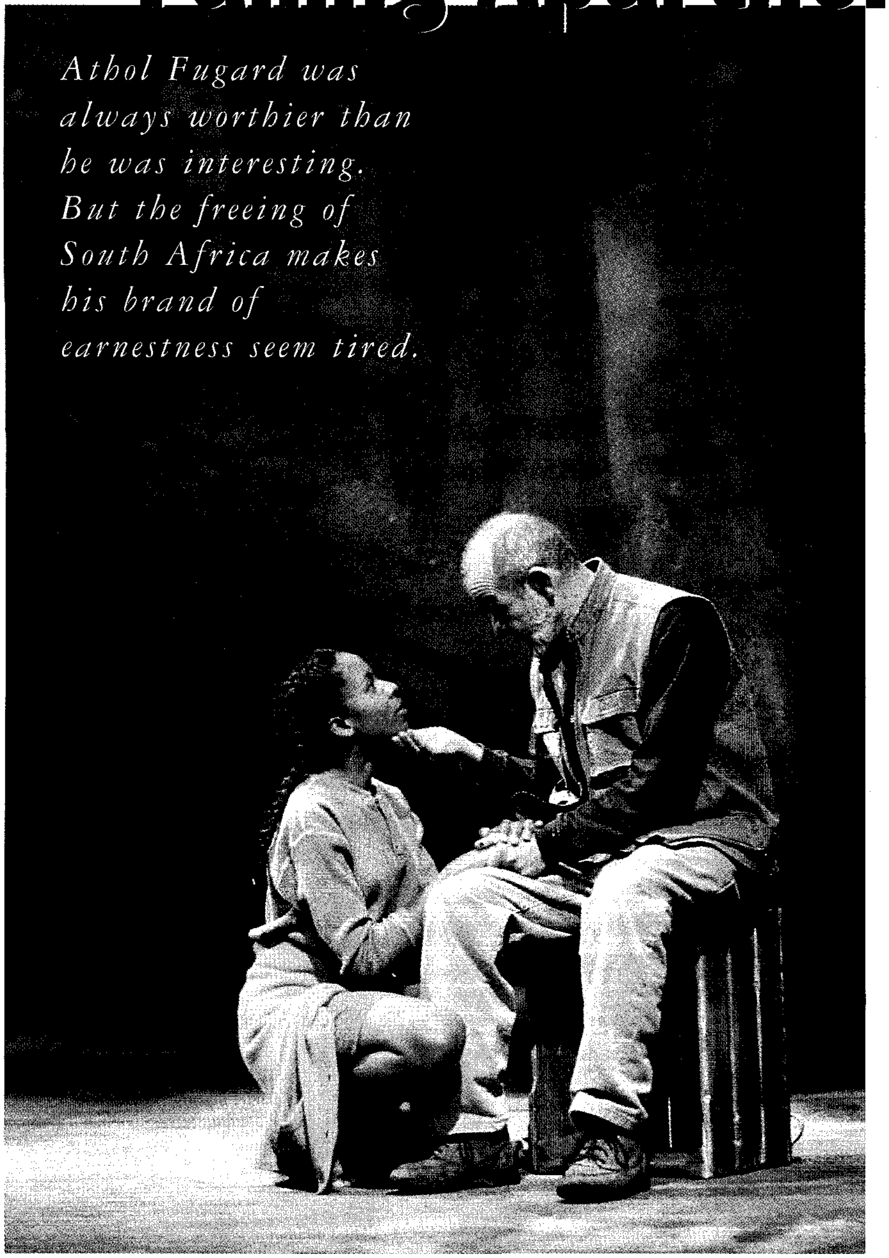

Athol Fugard was always worthier than he was interesting. But the freeing of South Africa makes his brand of earnestness seem tired.

Athol Fugard dispenses uplifting wisdom to Lisa Gay Hamilton.

THE WORTHY ATHOL FUGARD COMES A COLOSSAL cropper with **Valley Song.** In all of Fugard's previous plays, worthiness outweighed worth. These works of a solitary, embattled playwright exuded honesty, humanitarianism, and courage. Every aspect of Boer inhumanity and its dehumanizing effect on all concerned was truthfully and fearlessly scrutinized. There was, of course, dramatic value, too—how could there not have been, coming from one who bore witness in both the secular and the spiritual sense?

It was thus easy to overlook a certain poverty of language and invention. An innate sense of propriety protected Fugard from stooping to the agitprop level, and the characters managed, by and large, to be emblematic without becoming synthetic. But with *Valley Song* comes a different dispensation: The old injustices are no longer there, but there is new injustice, new violence brewing, what with a population unable to cope with emancipation and turning anarchic in new, often internecine ways. But Fugard, like a good liberal, doesn't have the stomach to lay bare the failure of those he helped liberate. Instead, he gives us a fuzzy, sentimental fable or allegory suffused with a naïve optimism and lacking all dramatic interest. So a simpleminded metaphor of pumpkin seeds is worked into the ground, so to speak. So both the new and old South Africa behave with rueful nobility of soul, self-realization and self-sacrifice going peaceably hand in hand. Newspaper accounts tell us otherwise.

Lisa Gay Hamilton gives an impassioned yet finely shaded performance as a young Coloured leaving the Karroo to seek her fortune in the city, and there isn't a false note in her traversal of this demanding role. She touches all extremes and most points in between. Unfortunately, Fugard, a not very subtle actor, has given himself not one but two parts, which he does not even differentiate convincingly. *Valley Song* is almost totally bereft of action and groans under a load of high-minded homiletics and righteous platitudes heavy enough to crush and flatten Africa's entire elephant population.

COMEDIANS TURNED PLAYWRIGHTS TEND TO HAVE more success with short pieces, which run about the length of a stand-up monologue. Hence I expected Steve Martin to do better with the four one-acters subsumed under the title of the longest, **WASP,** than he did with his rather uneven full-length *Picasso at the Lapin Agile.* Sure enough, the three skits that form the first part of the bill are easy listening. Martin's ability to contrive endlessly oddball tropes that flash across the stage like shooting stars mingles sweetly with his gift for loopy conceits (a man buying a guillotine for his home for an odd reason, a fellow levitating his girlfriend in the vain hope of making her respect him).

Two of these three amicably anodyne arabesques deal with magic. Clearly, the stand-up comic and the magician have much in common: Both depend largely on patter—in the former's case to divert the spectators, in the latter's to divert their attention. As the magician enhances his tricks with spiel, this comic playwright enhances his vignettes with extremely clever magic acts, rather more interesting than the writing (he used to mix the two in his old comedy routines). It is slight but sightly stuff.

After intermission, however, *WASP* proves agonizing. Martin's Wasps are not even A. R. Gurney's colorful New England upper-crust variety but sorry middle-American nonentities. The observation here is unoriginal, the humor stale and forced, and no point of fresh interest is made. Leave at the interval, and you'll come out ahead.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

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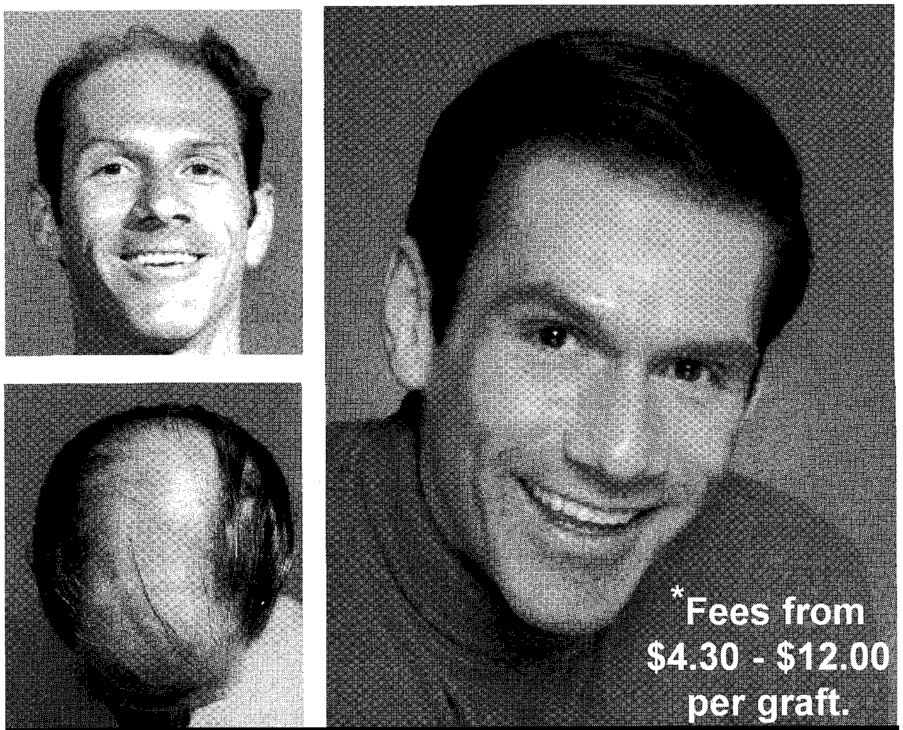

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Patient P.H. before and seven months after one session of 1745 grafts

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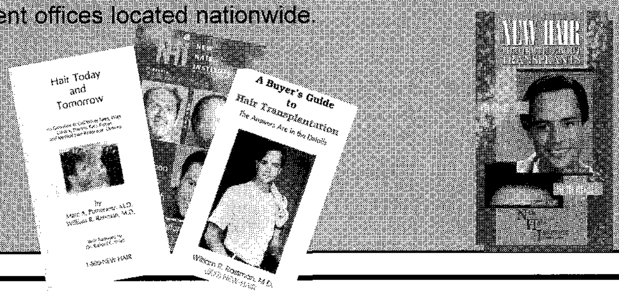

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I DISLIKED THE MOVIE *Philadelphia* intensely, not least for Ron Nyswaner's sentimental and simplistic screenplay. So I was surprised that much of his play **Oblivion Postponed,** about the interaction of a homosexual couple and a heterosexual couple during an abortive dinner party on a Rome terrace, is amusing and, at times, even incisive. There is still a certain amount of claptrap, of flashy theatrics without sound psychological foundation, and a great deal of oversimplification. But there are also heartfelt characters (the homosexuals more than the heterosexuals) who are quirkily believable and instances where the unexpected takes over compellingly rather than contrivedly.

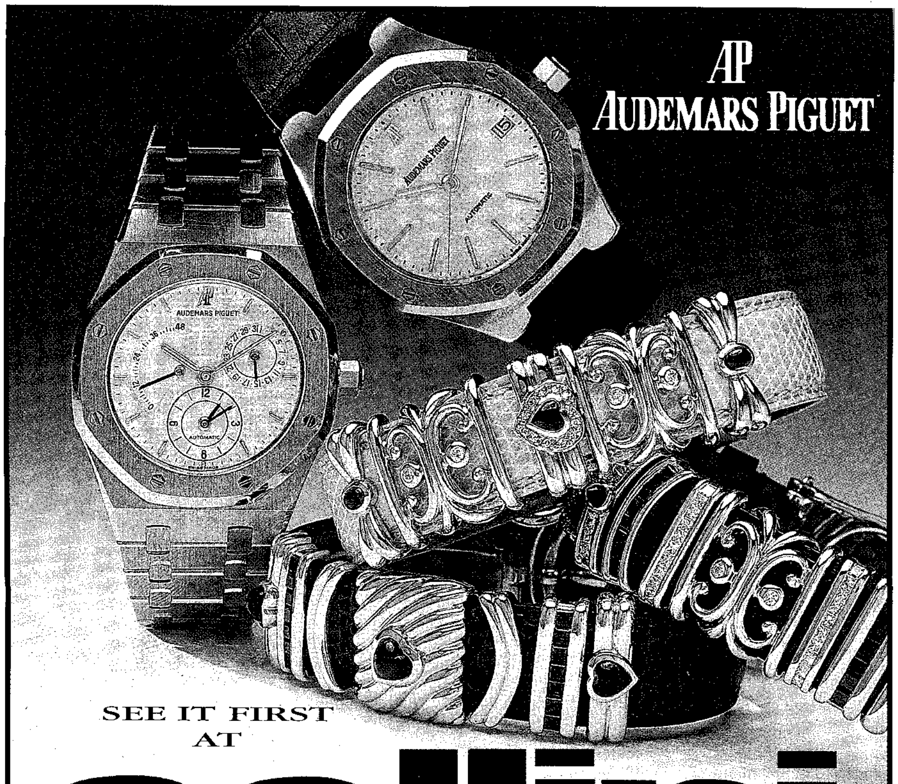
Although one of the homosexuals is HIV-positive, AIDS is not sentimentalized or trivialized. The straight couple, with the memory of a dead child haunting and mutually embittering them, is a bit pat by comparison, especially the husband, with his drunkenness and homophobia. But here, too, there is some truth. And the character of a young Italian hustler is delineated with tart merriment. Above all, the Second Stage production is a marvel of savvy artistry.

Nicholas Martin, following up his splendid direction of *Full Gallop,* evinces even greater finesse and versatility here. And Allen Moyer has provided a Roman terrace overlooking idiomatic rooftops and conveying, in sharp and witty detail, all that is seen while miraculously adumbrating even the unseen. I could have contentedly watched this set for the play's duration even if there had been no play.

THERE IS NO SNEAKIER EVIL IN THE WORLD of drama than "director's theater," whereby an arrogant director, often in cahoots with a designer who is a close companion, dreams up a sublime way of reducing a masterpiece to mincemeat. Such was the case of Cheek by Jowl's touring production of **The Duchess of Malfi,** which the British director Declan Donnellan and his designer, Nick Ormerod, jointly transmogrified into a piece of pointless and pretentious mockery.

First Ormerod came up with the idea of turning the floor into a chessboard, but a chessboard at a diagonal, so that at curtain rise, and for quite a bit thereafter, the entire cast could be displayed as oblique chess pieces. There were black drapes, easy to pack up and travel with but not good for distinguishing between a palace and a prison. For a couple of scenes, the cast just stood there, with individual members detaching themselves from formation, saying their pieces, and re-entering the lineup. Later, this arrangement was abandoned, but the participants in two very different scenes were often onstage together.

Next came the deconstruction of the



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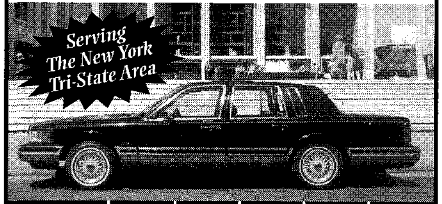

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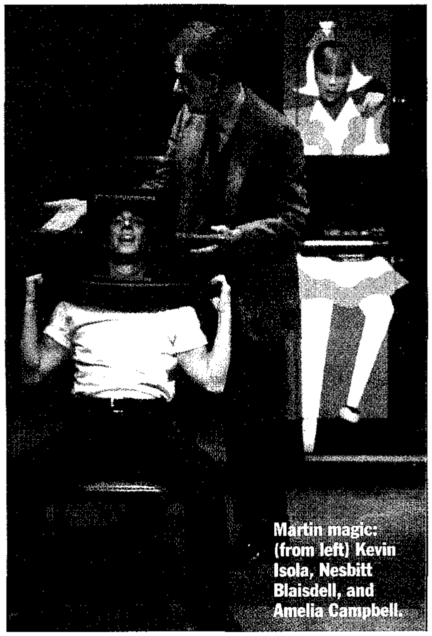


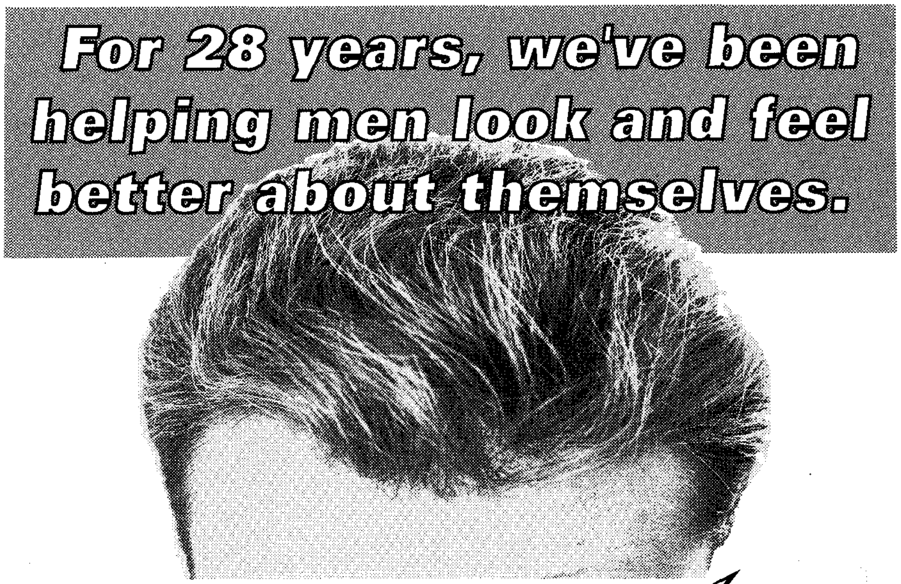
Martin magic: (from left) Kevin Isola, Nesbitt Blaisdell, and Amelia Campbell.

characters. If the duchess was written as a beautiful and noble woman showing heroic endurance under barbarous maltreatment and even torture by, or at the behest of, her brothers, Duke Ferdinand and the Cardinal, let her be misogynistically directed into a wacky socialite (the scene is laid in the Fascist thirties) and a neurotic chain-smoker. Thus from the bottom of her misery she delivered the proud line "I am Duchess of Malfi still!" with a smirk, a cigarette trailing from her dangling right hand, and her left hip thrown out sluttishly as far as it would go.

Antonio, her steward and clandestine husband (Matthew Macfadyen), was callow and unappealing but not quite so wet behind the ears as Ferdinand (Scott Handy), an Oxbridge undergrad impersonating Lord Alfred Douglas on a bad-hair day. As the Cardinal, Paul Brennen seemed to be doing a poorer man's version of Steven Berkoff, if you can imagine such a thing. The great, poetic role of Bosola fell, or rather crumbled, to George Anton, who played him as a loutish nonentity; Shaun Parkes's Delio was a mealymouthed four-flusher. The women were better: Anastasia Hille (Duchess), Avril Clark (Cariola), and Nicola Redmond (Julia) at least managed to signal that under a different director they could have been effective. One more example: Ferdinand's exclamation on seeing the corpse of his murdered sister—"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: She died young"—is one of the supreme lines of English poetry. As delivered by Handy in a monotone chopped up by one long and one even longer caesura, it thudded straight into oblivion.

It may be that in England, where you see several productions of this classic in a lifetime, such campy trumpery can pass for a diversion, though I rather doubt it. Here, where audiences are likely to form a lifetime impression of the play based on Cheek by Jowl's cheek, the offense is rank. ■

Photograph by Michal Daniel.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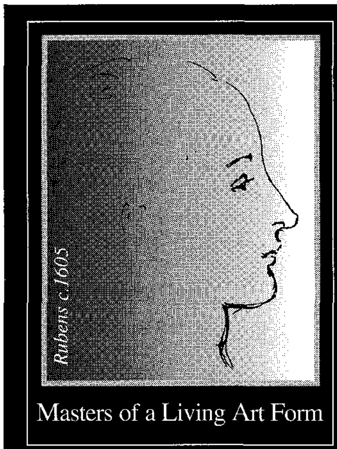

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As three new books (in one case, unwittingly) reveal, last year's celebrated capture of hacker Kevin Mitnick was no 'High Noon' in cyberspace.

Takedown

BY TSUTOMU SHIMOMURA WITH JOHN MARKOFF

Hyperion; 324 pages; $24.95

The Fugitive Game

BY JONATHAN LITTMAN

Little, Brown and Company; 384 pages; $23.95

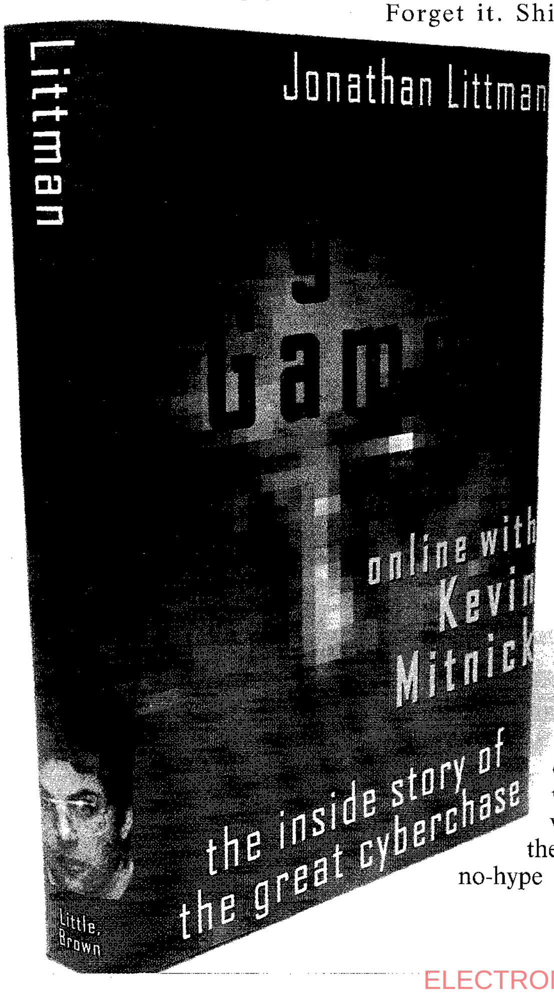
The Cyberthief and the Samurai

BY JEFF GOODELL

Dell Publishing (paperback); 352 pages; $5.99

How wonderful it would be to sit with John Wayne and watch him spit whiskey all over the floor at the strange story of Kevin Mitnick, the FBI's most wanted computer hacker, run to ground last February by a computational physicist named Tsutomu Shimomura. *Takedown,* Shimomura's story, as told to the reporter who broke it in the New York *Times,* is meant to be the digital equivalent of a cherished American myth: the Noble Lawman vs. the Creepy Outlaw. Elliot Ness hunts Al Capone. Gary Cooper, abandoned by the entire town, faces the bad guys. In this version, Silicon Valley meets *High Noon.*

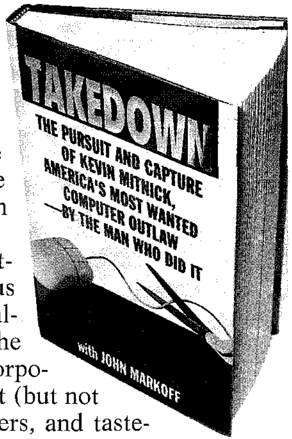
Littman suggests that Markoff had plenty to gain by painting Mitnick as a major outlaw rather than the two-bit loser he is.


Littman
Jonathan Littman
online with Kevin Mitnick
the inside story of the great cyberchase
Little, Brown

Forget it. Shimomura is no Elliot Ness. And Mitnick is no Al Capone.

Takedown shows that *Geraldo* has nothing on "serious" journalists when it comes to hyping a yarn. As conceived by the *Times*'s John Markoff, this was the War of the Nerds, a battle fought with cell phones, tracking software, laptops, and switching devices.

The Mitnick arrest—he was charged with 23 counts of computer and communications fraud, most of which have since been dropped—had particular resonance both inside and outside the computer world. It coincided almost precisely with the intersection of new and old information cultures—when fascination with computers, the Net, the Web, and all the techno-hype they have spawned was taking off. It was also a time when growing cyber-commerce—digital cash, money transfers, online corporate record keeping—meant there was suddenly lots of money in computer crime.


TAKEDOWN
THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF KEVIN MITNICK, AMERICA'S MOST WANTED COMPUTER OUTLAW —BY THE MAN WHO DID IT
with JOHN MARKOFF

At the time of his arrest, Mitnick, now 32, was a noxious computer hacker who specialized in digital harassment, the penetration of private and corporate security systems, the theft (but not the use) of credit-card numbers, and tasteless pranks. He damaged files at the influential computer-conferencing system the WELL. He taunted law-enforcement officials who bumbled around for years trying to catch him.

Although Markoff calls Mitnick "America's Most Wanted Computer Outlaw"—and the FBI put up wanted posters—it's fairly easy to see why the bureau never bothered to make much of an effort to catch him. The Mitnick we meet in these books is more like Bart Simpson than like Billy the Kid. Although Mitnick made many enemies, it was Markoff, who covers Silicon Valley, who was the primary architect of Mitnick's reputation as an outlaw. Mitnick had accessed and read Markoff's private e-mail, and Markoff had written about him in several *Times* articles and in *Cyberpunk,* the book he co-wrote with Katie Hafner in 1991.

On Christmas Day, 1994, Mitnick broke into the system of computer-security wizard Shimomura, a researcher at the San Diego Supercomputer Center and a friend of Markoff's. Shimomura had close ties to the government, including the supersecret National Security Agency (NSA), which made it particularly ominous that Mitnick stole a number of his personal files.

Offended by Mitnick's invasion and asked by the WELL to help protect it from further harassment, Shimomura marshaled enough electronic equipment to power a small suburb and led the counterattack. He recounts in meticulous detail how he led authorities to Mitnick, holed up in a garden-apartment complex in Raleigh, North Carolina.

While the chase is fun, it is neither heroic nor particularly dramatic. The central problem is that there's nobody to root for in this tale, no ravaged victims to empathize with nor villains to hate, no sense of real danger.

It's clear that Shimomura is brilliant, but it's very hard to like someone who seems so thoughtless, remote, and socially inept. Every inch a California computer geek, he munches couscous amandine and soaks in hot tubs. There's a cellular scanner in one hand, a

Photographs by Wayne Simpson.

palmtop computer in the other, and his SPARCstation portable—the "Dirty Harry of laptops"—back at the hotel. Wherever he goes, he dresses in uniform: a T-shirt, sandals, and shorts, even in the cold East.

Shimomura, as described by an admiring Markoff, evidently believes everyone he encounters is dumber than he is, and he sneers at colleagues, reporters, the police. In non-hero-like fashion, he humiliates his hapless, long-suffering assistant, whose every mistake is chronicled in pointlessly cruel detail. When a special code to alert Shimomura to Mitnick's digital presence is triggered prematurely, Tsutomu is exasperated. "Andrew," he muses to himself, "that's why I'm the professor, and you're the graduate student."

Shimomura also derides Mitnick's skills as a hacker, which has the inadvertent effect of undercutting Mitnick's menace. If Shimomura has any broader or more analytic thoughts about the drama he found himself in, he never shares them. At the end, he concedes that he has no idea what drives Mitnick or what should be done with him.

For his part, Mitnick mostly seems sad, a lost soul almost reflexively *nyaah-nyaah*ing authority, making racist slurs, invading and stealing, gossiping, and being annoying. He seems oblivious to the moral implications of his thievery. In all three of these books, Mitnick seems to need a shrink more than a jail cell.

JEFF GOODELL'S *The Cyberthief and the Samurai* is the most objective of the three Mitnick books. It adds much to Mitnick's unhappy early life in California, including details about his troubled family—an uncle who pleaded guilty to manslaughter—and police reports indicating that Mitnick was abused as a child. Because Goodell is a friend of mine, it would be inappropriate to review his book in more detail.

If *Takedown* is Shimomura's book and Goodell's is neutral, *The Fugitive Game* is Mitnick's. Author Jonathan Littman, a San Francisco investigative reporter, talked extensively with Mitnick; many of the hacker's conversations—too many—are reprinted here. They're disjointed, but also revealing: Mitnick appears alternately funny, fearful, vengeful, oblivious, and disturbed, and it becomes more and more clear that what we are dealing with isn't a dangerous outlaw. Littman convincingly challenges many of the Mitnick myths—including the widely reported rumor that the hacker once broke into Air Defense Command computers. Littman is refreshingly allergic to the hype that smothered this story from the first. The lines between the good and bad guys and between morality and criminality in cy-

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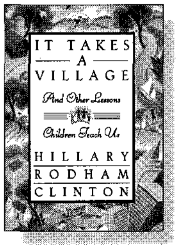

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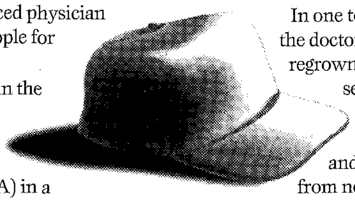

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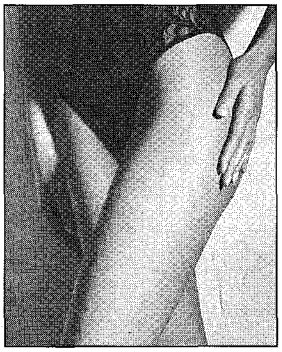

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berspace, Littman suggests, are a lot blurrier than *Takedown* acknowledges. Hackers have a rich history of breaking through boundaries wherever they find them. But unlike traditional villains, these latter-day Robin Hoods steal more for principle than for personal gain.

More significantly, Littman challenges the sorry state of journalistic ethics in the age of the megadeal. Unlike Markoff's *Takedown, Fugitive Game* doesn't seem to be written with the movie in mind. Littman suggests that Markoff, one of the country's most respected technology writers, overhyped the Shimomura-Mitnick confrontation to create an atmosphere in which big book and movie deals were likely. In response, Markoff has blusteringly accused Littman of libel and threatened legal action. But neither Markoff nor the *Times* has responded candidly to the valid questions Littman raises. Elsewhere, Littman argues that Markoff and the *Times* should have disclosed that Markoff actively assisted in the federal investigation of Mitnick (Markoff denies this), and that as both a victim of Mitnick's hacking and a longtime friend of Shimomura's, he could hardly cover the story in a detached way.

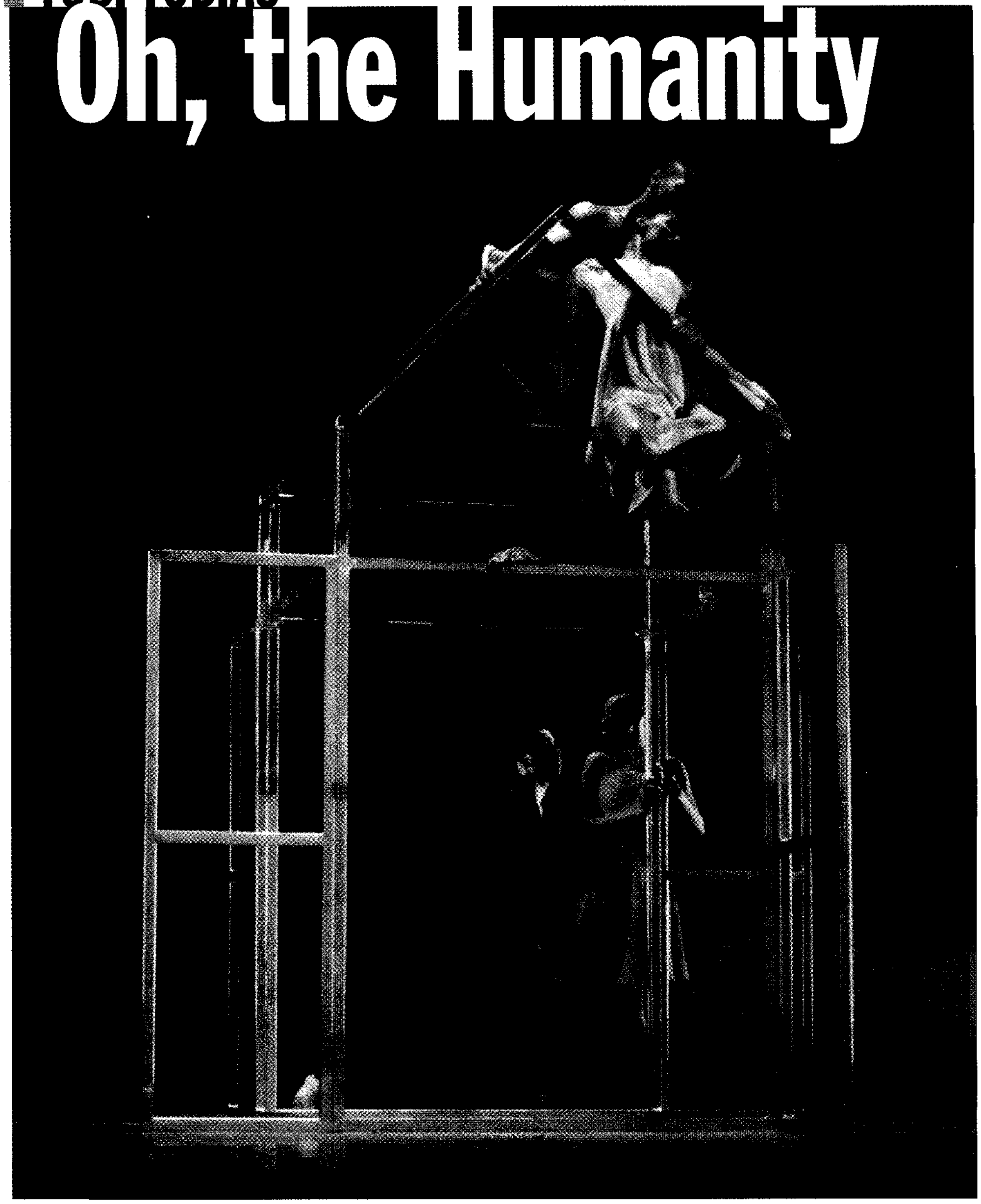
In Markoff's defense, Littman provides no real evidence for his most serious allegation—that Markoff actively participated in Mitnick's capture and crossed the line between reporter and cop. But that still leaves lots unresolved. If a politician, regulator, or judge had as many connections to a bill as Markoff had with this story, the whole press corps would be clamoring about the appearance of impropriety. But journalism's moral clarity about such things works best when it's focused on other professions. The *Times* didn't feel the need to share the story behind the story with its readers, or to reassure its readers that Markoff's extensive financial stake—the hardcover-book deal and movie rights alone reportedly brought him well in excess of a million dollars—didn't influence his coverage.

The Mitnick case transcended normal marketing hype. Mitnick could theoretically face long prison terms, though his lawyers are currently plea-bargaining a variety of remaining charges in Los Angeles and it seems doubtful that he will have to spend much if any time in jail. Still, for no other reason than that some of the most powerful law-enforcement, media, and computer interests in the country were all arrayed against him, journalists had a particular obligation to portray him evenhandedly and with care. It's hard to imagine now how Mitnick, in his cell, could ever pick up the New York *Times* and expect to get a fair shot from the reporter who had so much to gain from helping to put him there. ■

TOBI TOBIAS

Oh, the Humanity

Post-Ailey, the Ailey company impresses with dances on a personal scale; from Mark Morris, a powerful new 'World.'



Family-tree house: The Alvin Ailey company's *Fathers and Sons.*

THE **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater** settled in at the City Center for most of December with a cache of works—old and new—in the humanist tradition. By this I mean choreography that is not content to be abstract but bears some message about human character and human relationships, reflecting and illuminating the viewer's personal experience. Mid-century modern dance excelled at this sort of work, which is considered old-fashioned today. The husband-and-wife team of Danial Shapiro and Joanie Smith has made a persuasive new piece for the Ailey troupe that proves the genre is far from extinct.

Called *Fathers and Sons,* Shapiro & Smith's ballet is about just that—one generation fondly nurturing the next through the familiar phases of development and then fading away into history. The population of the piece includes a chief father and son, three subsidiary father-son pairs that allow for some peer-group action, and two women who do double duty as daughter-sweetheart, mother-lover. Yes, this makes the dance slightly too busy and occasionally confusing. I'm willing to overlook these flaws because of the deftness and affection with which the choreographers depict aspects of growing up. Intergenerational love laced with conflict, the perennial search for security, burgeoning sexuality, coming into one's own as an adult and leaving home—all are set forth in a golden glow of understanding. The dance makes fine use of Chris Müller's framework house; the central romantic duet, sweetly and ingeniously devised, turns it into an idyllic jungle gym. Naturally, a work of this kind constantly threatens to melt into sentimentality, but Shapiro & Smith keep a taut rein on the emotion, astutely changing pace before it cloys.

Ulysses Dove, whose fierce, hard-edged choreography has also found favor at the New York City Ballet—it's a cousin to the work of Peter Martins in his chronically angry modernist mode—revised his 1990 *Urban Folk Dance* for the Ailey folks. They brought electrifying energy and a high-gloss glamour, which I am certain Dove intends, to this brief, savage account of domestic ties. On a stage boldly divided down the middle, two pairs of spouses or lovers spew out their mutual rage in a shadowed void furnished only with their respective kitchen tables and chairs. The stark wooden furniture looks worn with invective and physical violence; the dancers make temporary reconciliation or resignation look like a quick breather between bouts of lethal confrontation. The fact that the vitriolic relationships are served up with no explanation, no resolution (or accompanying catharsis), and no alternative—and that they are made to appear erotically attractive—would be disheartening if hearts had not gone out of style. Considered as an isolated phenomenon, *Urban Folk Dance* is stunningly efficient, a small tour de force, but Dove is building a whole repertoire of such items. What does this mean about his aesthetic? What does it mean about *us*?

Riverside, by Judith Jamison, the Ailey's artistic director, was no doubt intended to be the centerpiece of the season. It's long, it's got lots of people in it, and it seems to be offering a comprehensive picture of the world instead of random snapshots of family life. It's so generic, though, that you can predict what's going to happen in

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each section as the piece is unfurling, and when the curtain falls, you either forget the dance on the instant or deposit it in that jumbled memory cupboard of works just like it. It proposes a proud tribe, threatened by dispersal but still tied to the land that birthed it via traditional rites rooted in the mysteries of nature and cosmic spirits. The most likable parts of the dance, however, are not the passages of highly decorative portent but the intimate ones—a bubbly female trio, for example, that shows the bond women feel and the secrets (some about their men) they share. Jamison's problem as a choreographer is that she's remarkably skillful in matters of structure, theatricality, and sheer gorgeousness—has been from her earliest efforts—while her ability to *say* something appears feeble by comparison. *Riverside* benefits from a terrific percussion score by Kimati Dinizulu, which was played live, a rare treat now that the economy of tape prevails.

The company's dancing continues to be spectacular. A steady stream of talent fills the ranks, and even newcomers look like men and women of the world—strong in body and soul, rich in experience, open to big feelings. A few retain some of the shyness and awkwardness of adolescence, but they make these qualities endearing parts of their stage personae, not signals of insufficient confidence. The company is sleeker and swifter under Jamison's rule than it was under Ailey's. As a result, a certain amount of nuance is lost, as well as some of the ragged edges and brave but failed attempts that can make people interesting—and appealing—on- or offstage. Luckily the Ailey dancers have not become mechanical or lost their individuality, as have so many of their peers in other companies, lured by the drive to excel in sheer athleticism. An Ailey dancer always seems to be saying, "This is who I am. Learn my name—you'll be dealing with it."

IN ITS REPERTORY SEASON AT THE BROOKLYN Academy of Music, the **Mark Morris Dance Group** presented nine pieces, eight of them new to New York. Having seen nearly all of these dances out of town (and duly reviewed them in this column), I found further proof of Morris's gift in second and third viewings. All of the work, much of which I'd liked immensely at first sight—*The Office* best among the standouts—looked even better, having been burnished by an ongoing life in the repertory. This is hardly surprising; repeated performance by top-notch dancers can lend even choreographic tin the patina of venerable, butler-tended silver. It was more astonishing to discover that pieces I'd thought expendable—*Lucky Charms,* for example—engaged me, too. Perhaps the reason for this is that a talent as prodigal as Morris's

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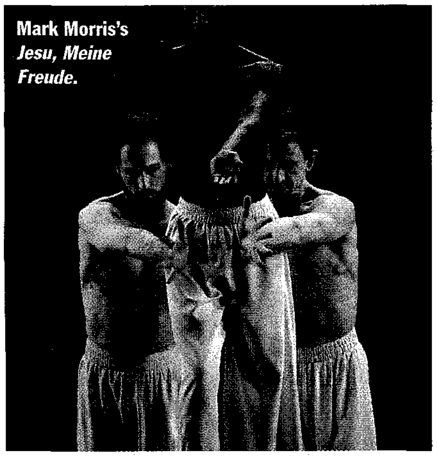

Mark Morris's *Jesu, Meine Freude.*

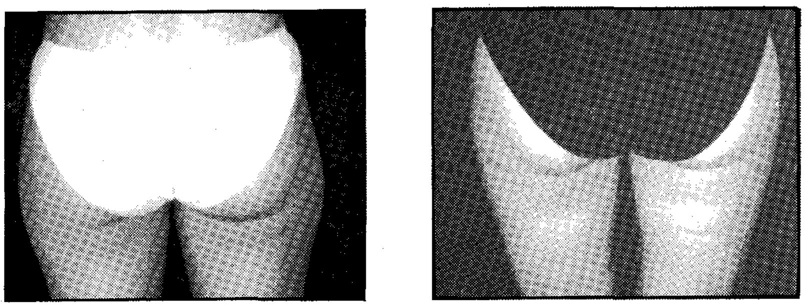
can never be boring; the lesser or failed efforts of a first-rate artist are more compelling than the best product of a mediocre practitioner, because of the infallible craft supporting the work and the singular imagination—forceful and often disturbing—animating it.

The most recently created dance in the BAM season was *World Power,* set to music by Lou Harrison, a composer Morris favors. Drawing on sources outside the classical Western canon, Harrison's work has an aura of ethnicity suited to Morris's we-are-all-one-people politics. The music chosen for this piece is scored for a gamelan ensemble; the choreography complements it with a strong infusion of elements from Indonesian dancing—a bent-legged, flexed-foot stance, hands eloquently angled at the wrist—and from Javanese shadow puppetry. Though it works handsomely as an abstract dance, *World Power* packs its real punch in its ominous dramatic subtext, reinforced by Harrison's incorporating a withering statement by Mark Twain about America's ruthless colonization and destruction of native cultures.

As usual, Morris gives his dance force through structure. Beginning with the visually effective device of linked dancers moving in unison in horizontal lines, he suddenly doubles their number. With this, your vision doubles: You recognize these paper-doll chains as natives dehumanized in the arrogant invaders' view and as an entire village population assembled to confront the crisis that will end in its destruction. Similarly, the motif of falling—bodies crashing onto the stage from the wings and being dragged back into limbo by invisible manipulators—is expanded from the specific to the generic when the entire group enters, frames the dancing ground, pointedly leaving a sharp-edged void at the center, and falls and falls again. Once the device has moved from event to design, it seems as if there is to be no end, and eventually no individual significance, to life's being extinguished. Only the crushing machine remains, doing its job. ▬

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

NOW YOU SEE IT...NOW YOU DON'T



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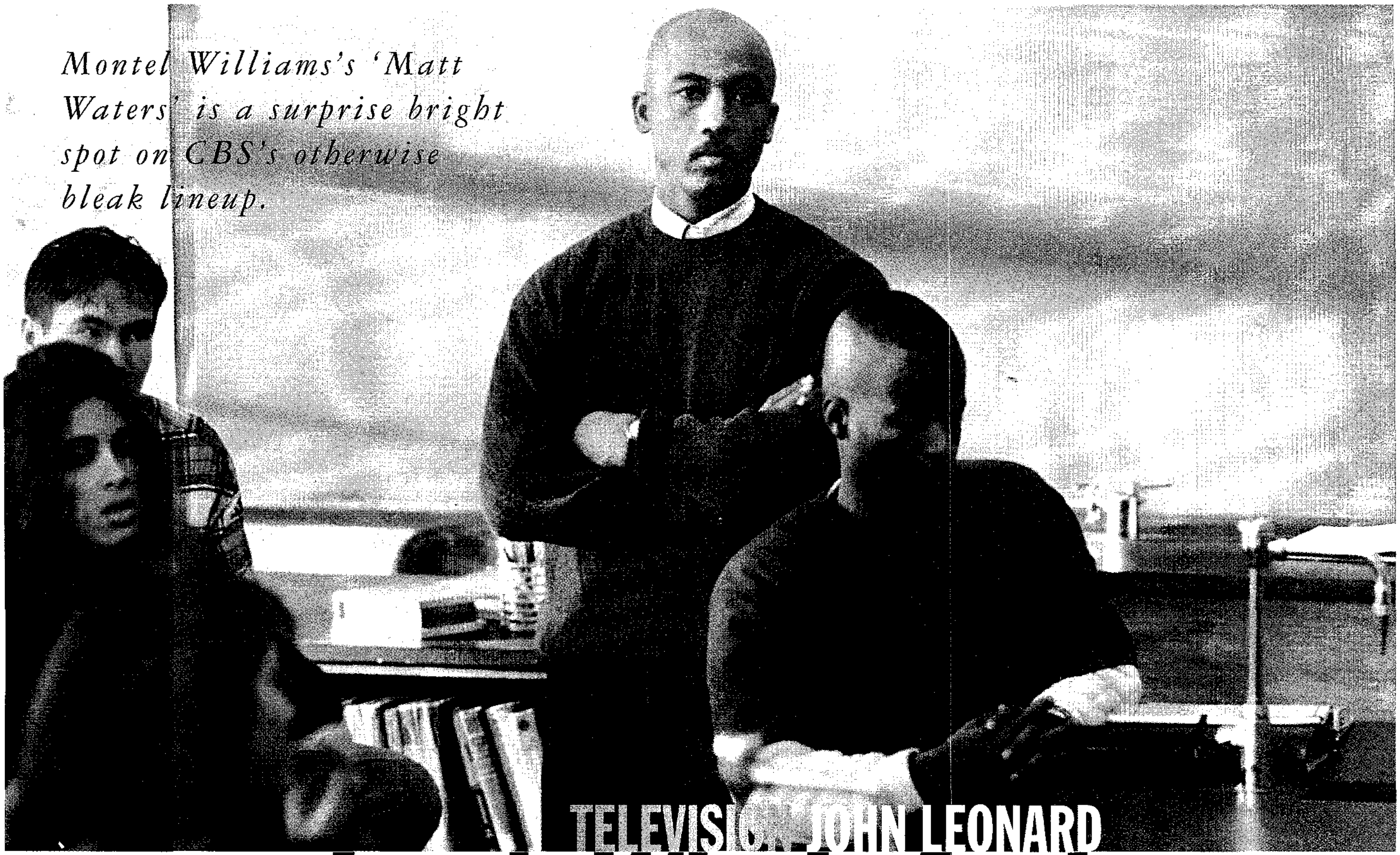
Montel Williams's 'Matt Waters' is a surprise bright spot on CBS's otherwise bleak lineup.



TELEVISION/JOHN LEONARD

Look Who's Acting

Montel Williams goes to the head of the class as a Navy SEAL who returns to his inner-city neighborhood.

OKAY, I ADMIT I'M SURPRISED. MONTEL WILLIAMS IS more interesting as a high-school science teacher than he is as a talk-show host. And **Matt Waters** (Wednesdays, starting January 3; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS), on the evidence of the only two episodes available for preview, is already more compelling than half a season of *New York News,* the series that bumped it from the fall lineup, and that it now replaces on a CBS schedule in desperate need of bypass and transplant surgery. Williams, a real-life ex-Marine and a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy before he got into the motivational-speaking racket, stars as a former Navy SEAL returning to his inner-city neighborhood to wage pedagogic war against gangs, drugs, racism, illiteracy, and sex. Unlike most high-school teachers on television, Matt is actually responsible for more than one class a day, even a homeroom. Unlike most black male role models press-ganged into prime time to shape up a dysfunctional underclass, he actually makes human mistakes. Nor has he so far resorted to kung fu.

Naturally, on the playing fields of Bayview High, along with the security guards and metal detectors, there's a gorgeous teacher of African studies (Kristen Wilson), a good-ol'-white-buddy sports coach (Sam McMurray), and the usual motley of troubled teens: Richard Chevolleau as Flea, bright but pressured by the wrong crowd; Amy Hargreaves as Chloe, wealthy but neglected; Nathaniel Marston as Jack, athletic but abused; Cyndi Cartagena as Angela, who drops out because she can't read; and Felix A. Pire as Russ, who is gay. Which isn't to say the teachers themselves aren't lonely or don't drink too much. But to cope with a curriculum of handguns and babies, this ward of the walking wounded will rouse itself to something approximating a community. It will also prove, on the subject of condoms, to be a lot more intelligent than our own Board of Education.

More to the point, learning goes on in a *Matt Waters* classroom, as it always has in public schools, against the ferocious odds of local politics and sectarian harangue. We were told by the *Times* the day after Christmas that rebuilding those schools would cost $112 billion—a price nobody wants to pay. We'd rather blame the schools for our civil shambles, as we blamed them 40 years ago for the embarrassment of *Sputnik*. We'd rather sing a nostalgic song of the good old days, when we all had cherished teachers in classrooms that weren't impossibly overcrowded, in buildings that weren't falling down in neighborhoods that didn't resemble Beirut, and P.S. 69 was a trampoline from which to bounce into the future instead of a detention camp for refugees. We forget that in those good old segregated days, fewer than half of all students finished high school.

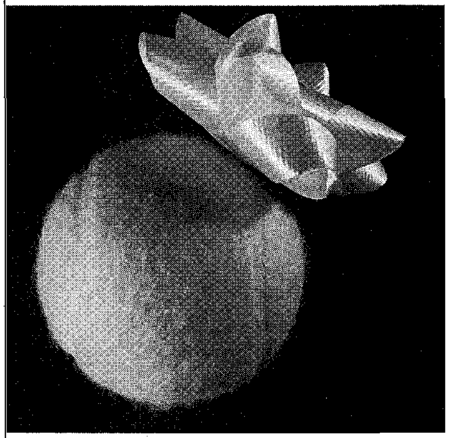
In the beginning, TV tried to be as nice to teachers as it was to cowboys, lawyers, and cops. On *Mr. Peepers, Our Miss Brooks, Mr. Novak,* and *Room 222,* teachers were humorously heroic, while kids were Silly Putty, to be molded into shape. As time passed and Nielsens plummeted, the emphasis changed. Series that spoke to the social problems in a disintegrating culture, like *Fame, The Paper Chase, The Bronx Zoo, TV 101,* and *Class of '96,* were lucky to last a season. Much more successful were programs where everybody was crazy together, like *Welcome Back, Kotter; Head of the Class;* and *A Different World.* Or everybody was a sport, as on *The White Shadow* and *Coach.* There followed those witless romps (*Ferris Bueller, Hull High, Parker Lewis Can't Lose, Fresh*

Photograph by Miles Aronowitz/CBS.

Prince of Bel-Air) in which all the kids were wise guys with hormones and all the teachers were Nazis or nerds. This process reached its appalling culmination in *Beverly Hills 90210*, or *The Acne and the Ecstasy*. From patronizing our children, we came to fear them. From underpaying their teachers, we came to hold them in contempt.

So Montel Williams aspires to a role heretofore reserved in the popular culture for Louis Gossett Jr. May the force be with him. You wouldn't know it from television, but most of us will spend more time in classrooms than in hospitals, courts, or jails. We are reminded by *Matt Waters* that education is about making distinctions and connections; about surprise and wonder and passion and regret; about citizenship and critical intelligence. It's a *promise*.

"I COULD STAND HERE AND CHEW YOUR FAT all day," says John Lithgow to a perplexed earthling in the pilot of **3rd Rock From the Sun** (Tuesdays, starting January 9; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; NBC). On the other hand, when Jane Curtin tells John "I have a red Volvo," he is distinctly embarrassed: "Dr. Albright, we hardly know each other." The new Carsey-Werner sitcom about extraterrestrials on a tour of inspection, arbitrarily assigned bodies and sexes, depends almost entirely on malapropism, non sequitur, slapstick, puberty jokes, and Lithgow's heroic willingness to make a fool of himself. Jane is also funny, for an earthling. . . . More problematic is Gary David Goldberg's new sitcom, **Champs** (Tuesdays, starting January 9; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC), the first fallout from the DreamWorks deal, with Timothy Busfield, Kevin Nealon, Ed Marinaro, and Paul McCrane as high-school basketball teammates twenty years after their championship season; Ashley Crow as Tim's wife; and Ron McLarty as the disenfranchised coach. *Champs* wants it both ways: *Home Improvement's* guy-thing yuks *and* a slice of *Hamlet* on wry toast from Updike's *Rabbit* novels. The cast is good enough to make you believe almost anything, except that any of them besides Ed ever won a game of anything. Someone should also remind Goldberg that Rabbit's dead and that what he, like America, died of was the consumption of too much gas, hydrocarbons, carbohydrates, cheap sensations, and disposable ideas. . . . From John Landis, we perhaps deserve a sitcom like **Campus Cops** (Saturdays, starting January 6; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; USA), which spends most of its time playing peekaboo with coeds in shower stalls. . . . But from Edwin Newman an hour later, we expect better than **Weekly World News** (Saturdays, starting January 6; 10:30 to 11 P.M.; USA), Brandon Tartikoff's so-so send-up of TV news-magazine shows. Nor is it a good idea for Ed to come right after *Duckman*, who's funnier than Tartikoff. ■



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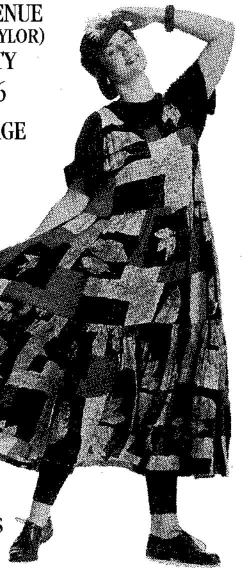

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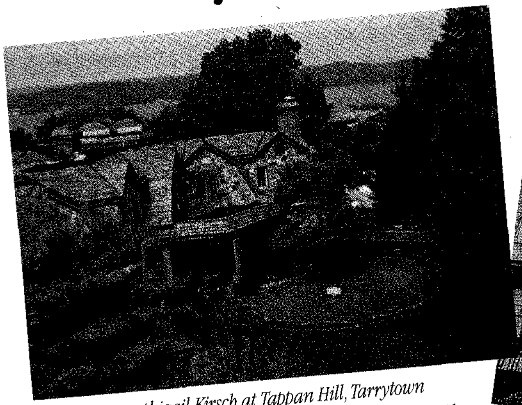

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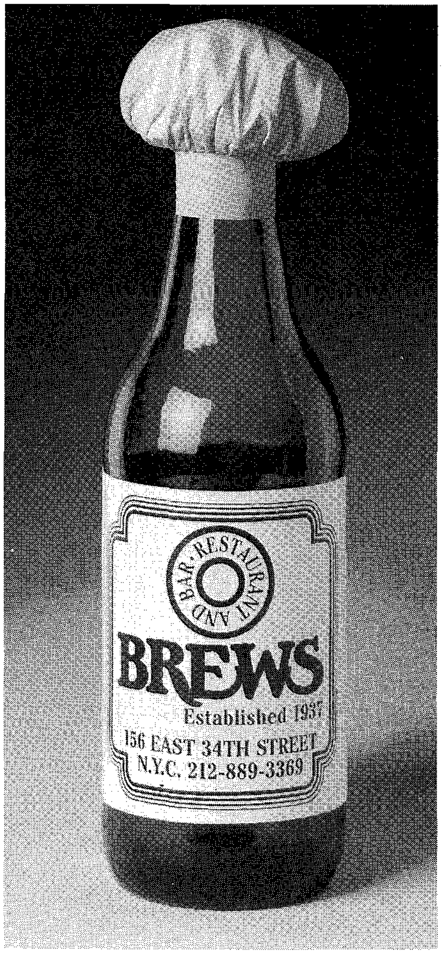

and polished-chrome trim, list $3,500, here $1,750; 5-ft.-by-3-ft. Kohler cast-iron Steeping tub with custom eight-jet 1.5-hp system and heater, list $4,483, here $2,242; American Standard white under-counter lav, list $115, here $58; one floor sample of Sherle Wagner solid-marble hand-carved shell-design white-pedestal lav with 24K-gold pink-onyx faucet, list $10,000, here $1,900; Kohler bidets in many colors and styles, list up to $445 each, here $100; Steamist Steam bath generators with air-switch controls, capable of generating 6 to 9 kw, list $835–$1,010, here $550; Amerec and Helo sauna heaters and rooms, all models and sizes, here 40 percent off list. *All Baths & Spas Warehouse, 159 Saw Mill River Rd., Yonkers, N.Y. (914-965-9272 or 800-875-2600); A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; delivery arranged at additional cost; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4:30 p.m.; through 2/1.*

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FLORIS OF LONDON IS HAVING A SALE ON toiletries and fragrances: 1-oz. size of toilet water in Seringa, Zinnia, and Bouvardia fragrances, now $10; Edwardian Bouquet, Florissa, or Zinnia conditioning shampoo, 6.8-oz. bottle, was $10.50, now two for $10.50; boxes of six bath soaps in Seringa, Rose Geranium, and Stephanotis, were $30 for three, now $30 for six; a selection of three foaming bath and shower gels, were $15 each, now three for $22.50; ½-oz. concentrated bath essences in Edwardian Bouquet, Rose Geranium, Sandalwood, and Stephanotis, were $21.50, now $11.75; gift set of body milk, bath gel, and soap in Seringa, was $36, now $18; round dusting-powder box with puff in Stephanotis, was $32, now $16; 1.7-oz. toilet water in Sandalwood, was $30, now $15; ceramic bowl of potpourri in Oriental Bouquet, was $21, now $10.50; gift box of potpourri in Oriental Bouquet, was $9.50, now $2.35; for men: ceramic shaving mug with No. 89 shaving soap, was $59.50, now $14.85. *Floris of London, 703 Madison Ave., near 63rd St. (935-9100); A.E., D.C., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 1/21.*

I Remember MoMA

A SALE AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART'S Design Store has Christmas cards, gift wrap, ornaments, and calendars, now 25–50 percent off, and such sleekly designed items as a classic silverplate-lined bronze bowl inspired by Chinese an-

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tiques, was $190, now $110; featherlight leather and rubber accessories from Italy include luggage tags and a pen case, were $12 and $16, respectively, now $6 and $8; Clipso, a tailored little French lamp that clips anywhere, was $95, now $64.95; aniline-dyed round blue Bolivar wood picture frame from Italy, was $56, now $39.95; sleek glass 26-oz. carafe with cover that becomes a tumbler, was $24, now $12.95; polished-aluminum pedestal base with two interchangeable candle disks of blue or frosted glass, was $20, now $11.99. *The MoMA Design Store, 44 W. 53rd St. (708-9700); A.E., J.C.B., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Sat.–Wed. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Smoke

PIPES AND PIPE ACCESSORIES AT THIS SHOP include large Oompaul shapes in lightweight carved and smooth finishes, were $75, now $45; one-of-a-kind and custom-made shapes, were $225–$3,500, now 30 percent off; Connoisseur classic shapes such as the Bent Apple, Bent Dublin, Sherlock Holmes, Bell, and Papa, in lightweight carved and smooth finishes, and featherweight pipes in eight different shapes, were $75, now $56.25; vintage straight-grain specimen pieces, were $60–$225, now $45–$168.75; lightly flawed standard shapes, were $27.50, now $22; Connoisseur standard shapes such as the Billiard and the Prince of Wales, were $30–$42.50, now $24–$34; prima-quality genuine block meerschaum, assorted shapes and sizes, were $50–$250, now $40–$200; calabash pipes with meerschaum bowls, now 10 percent off, were $60–$100, now $54–$90; and accessories such as pipe racks, tobacco humidors, and pouches, now 10 percent off. Mail and phone orders filled and free catalogue and price list available on request. *Connoisseur Pipe Shop, Ltd., PaineWebber Bldg., 1285 Sixth Ave., Concourse Level, New York, N.Y. 10019 (247-6054); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 10:15 a.m.–5:45 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Museum Quality

THIS UPPER WEST SIDE ART GALLERY AND gift shop has many signed and framed one-of-a-kind and limited-edition graphics (were $50–$2,000, now $37.50–$1,500), picture frames of all sizes and materials, whimsical items, giftware, educational toys and puzzles, and more, at 25 percent off the already-reduced prices. Colorful animated clocks for children, were $20, now $15; beveled mirrors of all sizes in hand-carved and gilded wood frames, were $125–$750, now $93.75–$562.50; Contempo wooden picture frames, were $5–$30, now $3.75–$22.50; silver-plated picture frames, were $45–$125, now $33–$93.75; children's music boxes and picture frames, were $40–$55, now $30–$41.25; hand-painted ceramic boxes, were $22.50–$60, now $16.87–$45; collectors' hand-painted teapots, some in limited editions, were $95–$165, now $71.25–$123.75. *The Museum Gallery, 410 Columbus Ave., near 80th St. (873-9446); A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 1/31.*

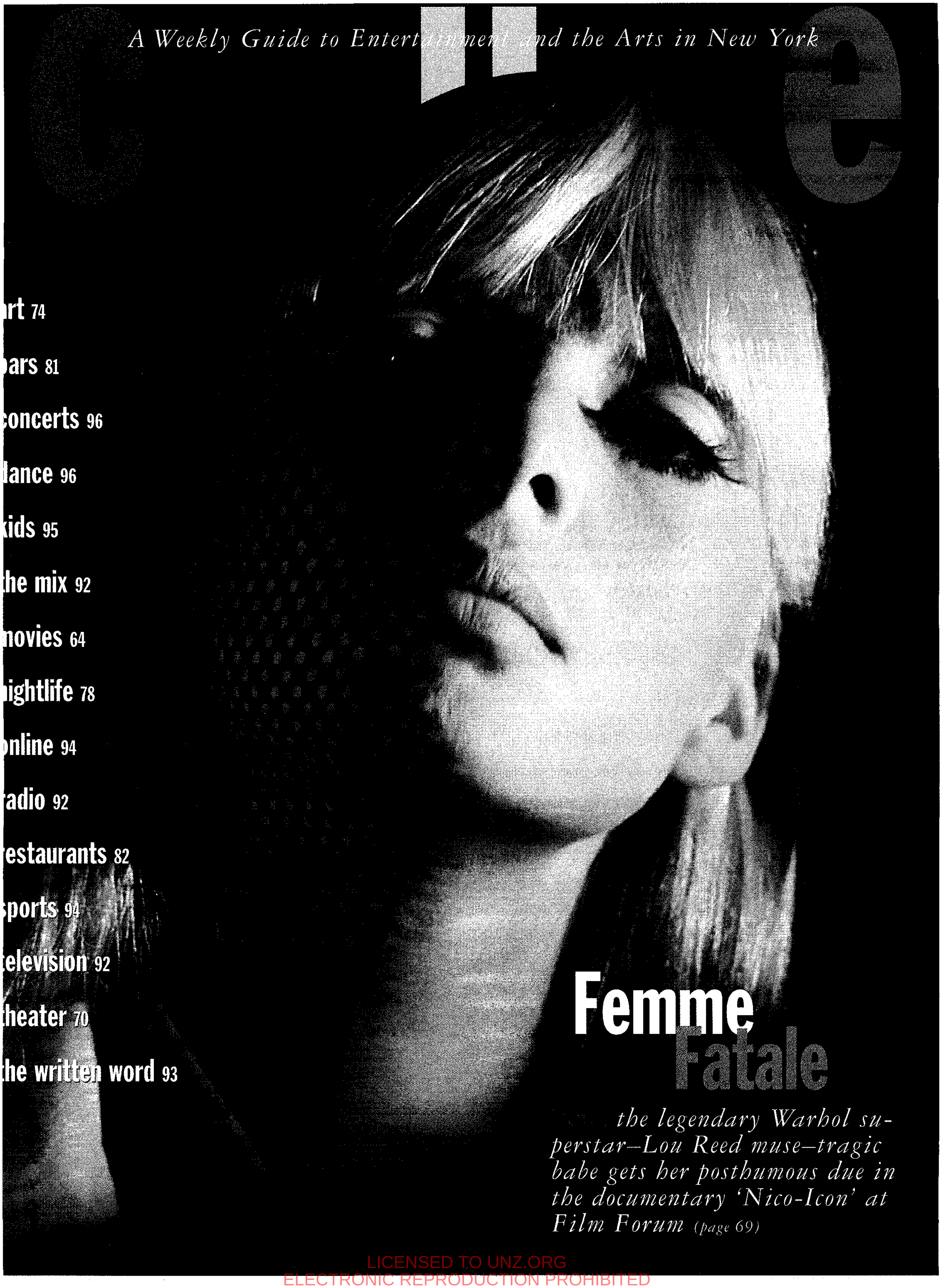
Look Like a Million Bucks

DAVIDE CENCI OFFERS LUXURIOUS CLASSIC clothing from Italy that's priced accordingly, but the boutique's postholiday sale makes the merchandise more affordable for the cost-conscious among us. Cashmere single- and double-breasted suits, sizes 38–44S, 38–48R, 40–48L, are now half-price, were $2,300–$2,450, $1,150–$1,225; navy or vicuña-color cashmere blazers, were $1,100, now $750; four-ply cabled cashmere sweaters, were $695, now $420; shearling jackets, sizes 36–46, in bomber and duffel styles, were $1,295 and $2,200, respectively, now $971.25 and $1,320; classic water-resistant loden coat, in green, gray, or navy, was $795, now $495; pleated-front wool covert or twill trousers, in waist sizes 32–44, were $225, now $135; a group of silk neckties, were $75, now $45. Alterations available at additional cost. *Davide Cenci, 801 Madison Ave., near 68th St. (628-5910); A.E., D.C., Disc., J.C.B., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Thurs. till 7:30 p.m.; through 1/31.*

Up in Arms

THE SHIRT STORE IS PRICING DISCONTINUED fabrics and styles to clear at 20–70 percent off, now $19–$50; irregulars, now $15. Buy three shirts and get an additional 10 percent off. Sizes are 14/32 to 18½/37; fabrics include beefy oxfords, pinpoints, pima broadcloths, and Egyptian broadcloths; and collar styles include classic, spread, tab, button-down, modified or rounded spread, and lots of stripes. *The Shirt Store, 51 E. 44th St. (557-8040); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ▬

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Femme Fatale

the legendary Warhol superstar—Lou Reed muse—tragic babe gets her posthumous due in the documentary 'Nico-Icon' at Film Forum (page 69)

movies

Terry Gilliam . . . *Two if by Sea*

New Films

Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls—Jim Carrey returns as the kooky detective who this time journeys to Africa, where he embarks on a quest to retrieve a tribal mascot. Written and directed by Steve Oedenkerk. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Nova.*

Across the Sea of Time—A 3-D IMAX film about a young Russian boy who wanders New York in search of his relatives, who immigrated years before. The plot is just a device to show the typical New York sights in 3-D; best for kids and tourists. (51 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

The American President—President Andrew Shepherd (Michael Douglas) is a Democrat and a centrist liberal, highly intelligent but with a tendency to waffle. Shepherd has a general "character" issue hanging over his head. He also has a 12-year-old daughter. In other words, he's very much like Bill Clinton—except he's a widower. President Shepherd falls for a liberal environmental lobbyist, Sydney Ellen Wade (Annette Bening), and his principal opponent, a family-values blowhard (Richard Dreyfuss), denounces him as immoral. The suspense builds. Will the president stick with his girl? Will he sell out the environmentalists in order to get his crime bill passed? As the big tuna, Douglas gives an entertaining and self-assured star performance; Bening, however, flutters about like a leaf in a storm. Not only does Shepherd rush her off her feet; Reiner does too. In fact, Reiner never quite finds the rhythm of his story; he's too paralyzed by the awe of the presidency to liberate the material from self-consciousness. (Denby; 11/20/95) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

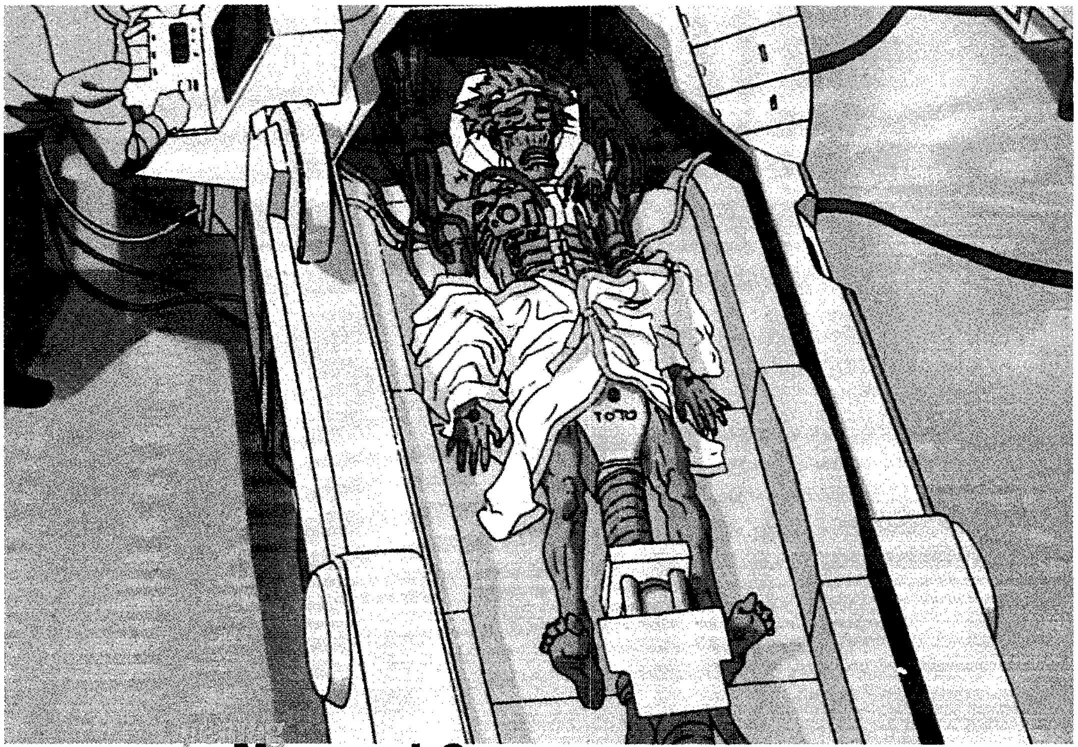
Balto—The animated tale of a dog who battles both an archrival and inclement weather to deliver life-saving medicine to the residents of a small Alaskan town. Based on a true story. With the voices of Kevin Bacon, Bridget Fonda, and Phil Collins. Directed by Simon Wells. (1 hr. 14 mins.; G) *Waverly; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★Carrington—Even those unfamiliar with Lytton Strachey, the author of *Eminent Victorians* and the man who perhaps more than anyone else created the twentieth-century perception of the Victorians as morally overbearing and hypocritical—may be fascinated by Jonathan Pryce's impersonation of him in *Carrington*. Pryce creates what might be called the charisma of diffidence—he is largely silent and hardly asserts himself, yet every word is memorable. However unresponsive physically, Strachey inspired an extraordinary loyalty in the young painter Dora Carrington (Emma Thompson), who set up house with him in 1918 and lived with him until his death in 1932. As the subservient Carrington, Thompson seems unable to decide whether she was a noble free spirit or a self-sacrificing booby. The movie also makes a largely unsuccessful attempt to straighten out the complicated erotic arrangements (both Strachey and Carrington have numerous lovers, and sometimes share the same man). Christopher Hampton, who wrote and directed, wants mainly to celebrate the originality and placid beauty of the long Carrington-Strachey relationship. And while we may be unclear about what either wanted from the other except peace and quiet, it looks like an awfully nice life. (Denby; 12/4/95) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Angelika 57.*

Casino—All day long, Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro), the hero of Martin Scorsese's new gangster film, applies his genius to a very simple problem: how to squeeze more money out of the greatest moneymaking machine ever invented. The mob has bought the Tangiers Hotel in Las Vegas and set up Sam, a longtime mob bookie and gambler, as boss. Sam depends on the muscle of his old friend Nicky (Joe Pesci), who frightens away other gangsters and serves as enforcer of the casino's good health. *Casino* means to be a sorrowful epic: These guys had control of everything, and they blew it. But with Sam and Nicky at the center, the movie never develops much in the way of emotion; both they and the beautiful Vegas hustler (Sharon Stone) they get involved with are limited, obsessed people. What Scorsese has done earlier—discovering the lyrical, even operatic possibilities of gangster life—he can't or won't do this time.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.



Managed Care

Kijyuro (pictured) lies strapped to an Orwellian, computer-controlled bed designed to eliminate the need for human nurses in 'Roujin-Z' (opening January 5 at the Angelika), a Japanese animated film about society's disdain for the elderly. Katsuhiro Otomo, who gained a fanatical following with 'Akira,' wrote the screenplay.

"Cue" cover photograph by Paul Morrissey.

(Denby; 11/27/95) (3 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas.*

The City of Lost Children—A fantasy about a mad scientist named Krank who, aging prematurely because he cannot dream, kidnaps children and taps into their dreams. With Ron Perlman as a circus strongman who fights the diabolical Krank. Photographed by Darius Khondji (*Seven*), with music by Angelo Badalamenti ("Twin Peaks"). Directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Cry, the Beloved Country—In forties Johannesburg, two men (one white, one black) forge a delicate, unlikely bond—the son of one is about to hang for the murder of the other's child. James Earl Jones, as the father of the condemned murderer, does a wonderful job of portraying a proud man who is not permitted to be self-sufficient, and whose subjugation is compounded by his son's guilt. As the father of the slain white activist, Richard Harris is, by contrast, all hollowed-out sorrow. The film's major flaw is that Harris's story seems like a sidebar to the proceedings, rather than an integral piece of the plot; also, director Darrell James Roodt goes a bit heavy-handed on the symbolism and the visual cues. Faithfully adapted from the book by Alan Paton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cutthroat Island—Morgan Adams (Geena Davis), the daughter of a recently deceased pirate, sets out to discover a buried treasure and does battle with some bad guys. With Matthew Modine as Davis's leading man. Directed by Renny Harlin (*Cliffhanger*). (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Dead Man Walking—See David Denby, p. 44. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Dracula: Dead and Loving It—In what seems to be the last of the unusual spate of vampire movies recently, Leslie Nielsen attempts to put his own wacky, campy spin on Dracula, via Mel Brooks. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Father of the Bride Part II—The sequel to the lame 1991 remake of Vincente Minnelli's charming classic. Steve Martin, having weathered the marriage of his only daughter, must now come to grips with a double whammy: his impending father *and* grandfatherhood. Wacky! The curious should rent both the original *Father of the Bride* and its sequel, *Father's Little Dividend*. With Diane Keaton. Directed by Charles Shyer. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Four Rooms—The much-delayed anthology piece by directors Alison Anders, Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, about the bizarre goings-on in four separate hotel suites on New Year's Eve. With Tim Roth as the bellboy who weaves all the stories together. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six.*

Georgia—Sadie Flood (Jennifer Jason Leigh) is a country-rock singer who claws her way through songs, interpreting with such a killer dose of pain that every song turns into an existential crisis; she's Courtney Love without talent. Sadie is also a heroin addict and an alcoholic, a liar, a user, and a hanger-on, traits not uncommon in rock stars but intolerable in one so inept musically. She's madly jealous of her sister Georgia (Mare Winningham), who has become a big star singing exactly the same repertory; Sadie keeps on singing because of Georgia, but what is it that she wants from her sister? Love? Hatred? Recognition of her suffering, perhaps. This is a remarkable and perversely brave movie, but it's also an outrage; the heroine of *Georgia* is not the successful sister but the talentless, bullying monster Sadie. Leigh's technique is astonishing (Sadie is blindly self-involved, and Leigh knows every desperate maneuver), but Leigh is doing to us almost the same thing Sadie is doing to people in the movie—daring us to reject her. She seems to be slipping into a confusion of

THE WAIT IS OVER

"This is one satisfying savvy movie. I wish more films were as intelligent and observant as this one."
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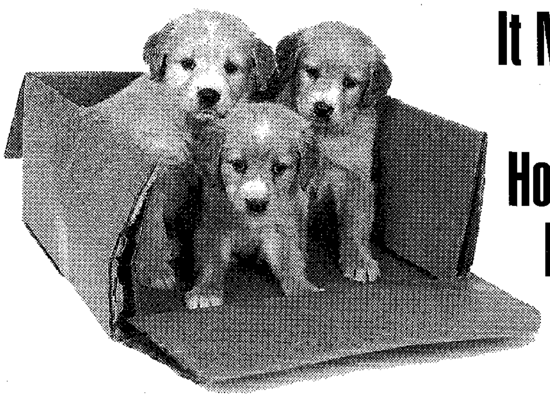

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painfulness with truth, a confusion unworthy of her talent. Misery, after all, is no more true than any other emotion, but Leigh is turning sickness and failure into a mark of integrity. Director Ulu Grosbard and screenwriter Barbara Turner (Leigh's mom) have probably made exactly the movie they wanted to, but Sadie's fascinations are severely limited by her flagrant narcissism—and in her own way, Leigh has become a bullying, even megalomaniacal, performer. (Denby; 12/11/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Get Shorty**—Chili Palmer (John Travolta), a Miami loanshark, goes to Los Angeles to collect a debt; falls in with producers and actors, including the great, diminutive movie star Martin Weir (Danny DeVito), and becomes obsessed with the movie business. Chili winds up producing a true story, a series of events still unfolding as he makes his way about town, and at a certain point, the movie we're watching merges into the movie Chili wants to make. Not unlike *Smoke, Get Shorty* is a playful work about stories and the way storytelling affects life—a reflexive postmodern game. Director Barry Sonnenfeld works in a fluent, light-fingered style, but he's not exactly slick. He's less interested in momentum and tension than in personality and language. As Chili, Travolta is so charming that we simply accept that this sleek-looking shylock carries off everything he tries. In all, this is Travolta's wittiest and most glamorous performance. Adapted from the Elmore Leonard novel. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Metro Cinema.*

GoldenEye—Pierce Brosnan is a lightweight Bond in every sense, without menace, but his dimpling smile can pass for irony, and director Martin Campbell has the right feeling for the comedy of exaggeration. The Bond franchise shows every sign of continuing indefinitely. (Denby; 11/27/95) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

Grumpier Old Men—The sequel to 1993's *Grumpy Old Men.* This time, Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon attempt to keep newcomer Sophia Loren from turning their bait store into a restaurant. With Ann-Margret, Daryl Hannah, Kevin Pollack, and Burgess Meredith. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Heat**—Director Michael Mann has mounted the production on a grand scale. There are not one but two obsessional figures—Neil McCauley (Robert De Niro), the head of a determined and brutal group of thieves, and Vincent Hanna (Al Pacino), a haggard but still potent LAPD detective. The mental duel between the hunter and quarry, redoubled by the implicit rivalry between Pacino and De Niro, holds the film together—at one point, they pause in their furious activities and meet over coffee, exchanging views with ironic politeness, like two rival novelists. Mann has created a mythic moment; Pacino and De Niro have never appeared in the same scene together. But he underdramatizes the meeting, and the double meanings catch up to us slowly. *Heat* is yet another explanation of that perennial movie subject, the male mystique of professionalism and violence, yet it's one of the best—an action film with an intellectual grip that never lets go. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

It Takes Two—Twins Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen play two little girls—one an orphan who longs to be adopted by her unwed case worker, and one the daughter of a single, lonely millionaire—who conspire to get the pair together so they can have the family of all their dreams. Prepare the insulin. With Kirstie Alley and Steve Guttenberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex.*

Jumanji—Robin Williams stars as a man who has been trapped inside a mystical board game called Jumanji (hence the title) for 25 years. Once he's freed, however, the animals who have pursued him throughout the game are also unleashed into the outside world. Astounding special effects. With Bonnie Hunt and Kirsten Dunst. Based on the award-winning children's book by Chris Van Allsburg. Directed by Joe Johnston. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. Figgis accepts them with something like awe: The doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year—the most active visually, the strongest and purest in emotion, and as close as we get to art in the American cinema of the nineties. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Plaza; 62nd and Broadway.*

Mighty Aphrodite—Lenny Weinrib (Woody Allen) and his rather improbable wife (Helena Bonham Carter) adopt a baby, who grows up to be a handsome and brilliant little boy, and then Lenny becomes obsessed with this pointless question: Who are the boy's biological parents? He has to know. The mother, Linda (Mira Sorvino), turns out to be a vulgar, dumb hooker, and though she turns out to be one of Allen's indomitable-force-of-life women, he patronizes her terribly. There's a huge class difference between Lenny and Linda, and we feel Allen's discomfort. Though the movie turns into a pleasant fable, the roots of it are obscure and unproductive. An uneasy experience. Written and directed by Allen. (Denby; 10/30/95) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Money Train—Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson are two transit cops who hatch a plan to rob the train that transports millions of dollars in collected fares. Directed by Joseph Ruben. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *National Twin; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Nico-Icon—A top model of the sixties, Nico (as the young Christa Paffgen was renamed by a photographer) went on to flirt with a film career (she appeared briefly in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*), have affairs with quite a few artists (Jim Morrison and Lou Reed, to name two), seriously pursue music (she sang with the Velvet Underground), and get her son hooked on heroin, among other things. Suzanne Ofteringer's documentary is neither sneering nor too reverential; all she wants to do, it seems, is learn more about this compelling creature. What makes the film so fascinating is that for all Ofteringer's digging, only one thing about Nico is certain: She was most brilliant at being enigmatic. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Nixon—See David Denby, p. 44. (3 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Othello—Adapted from the Shakespearean tragedy. Starring Laurence Fishburne as Othello, Irene Jacob as Desdemona, and Kenneth Branagh as Iago. Directed by Oliver Parker. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

★**Persuasion**—A generally intelligent and moving BBC adaptation of Jane Austen's last completed novel, though as heroine Anne Elliot, Amanda Root has a prim, tight-lipped demeanor (the movie is about delayed passion, not repression), Many of the other British stalwarts, though, are wonderful. (Denby; 10/23/95) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

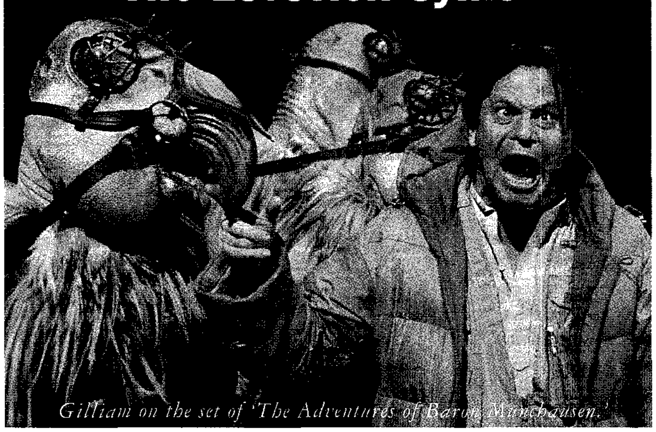
The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema.*

Restoration—Robert Downey Jr. stars as a wayward doctor who much prefers the orgiastic life-style afforded him as King Charles II's private physician to actually tending the violently sick masses stricken by the Black Plague. But when inevitably banished by the king, Downey is forced back into practice, serving the poor, diseased, and unstable, until he restores a sense of purpose within himself (get the parallel?). Overblown and way too long; Downey, as a supposedly tortured man of medicine, bumbles his way through the Plague. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Richard III—An updating of Shakespeare's play; all the treachery and deceit takes place in thirties London. Starring Ian McKellan, Annette Bening, and Robert Downey Jr. Adapted by McKellan and director Richard Loncraine. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Roujin-Z—In this feature-length Japanese animated film, an invalid

Retrospective
The Lovesick Cynic



Gilliam on the set of 'The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.'

"Fairy Tales for Adults: A Terry Gilliam Retrospective" (at the American Museum of the Moving Image, January 6–21) offers a comprehensive look at the eccentric director: the slapsticky extra member of Monty Python and the unabashed romantic whose idea it was to introduce ballroom dancing to Grand Central Terminal (in 1991's 'The Fisher King'). Gilliam himself will inaugurate the series and discuss his latest, 'Twelve Monkeys.' (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

named Kijyuro Takazawa becomes the first patient to be cared for by the Z-001, a computerized bed that tends to the sick and the old by reading the patient's brainwaves. Created by Katsuhiro Otomo (*Akira*) and directed by Hiroyuki Kitabuko. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sabrina—This new version, directed by Sydney Pollack, is a big, slow, heavy valentine to old-fashioned Hollywood filmmaking. Once again, the chauffeur's daughter (Julia Ormond) has to choose between the playboy son (Greg Kinnear) of her father's employer and the playboy's stern older brother (Harrison Ford), who runs the family business. Why this young women should serve as the fountain of youth for either of these two men is of course a question no one raises. *Sabrina* drips the patriarchal attitudes of yesteryear. Yet there's some wit in the screenplay—and the chance to see Harrison Ford doing his peculiarly somber but effective version of a leading man. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, property gets passed along through the male line, and women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Barred from the professions, Austen's impoverished gentlewomen must marry (preferably well), or fall into penury or worse. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then, caught in the money trap themselves (by wealthy, manipulative parents), they turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee (*Eat Drink Man Woman*) understands the strains and stresses of social ritual extremely well; he stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, and the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. The movie concludes with a burst of joy that only the hard-hearted would not be touched by. With Hugh Grant and Greg Wise. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

Shanghai Triad—Director Zhang Yimou (*Ju Dou, Raise the Red Lantern, To Live*) sets this gangster tale in thirties Shanghai, and we experience everything through the eyes of a 14-year-old country boy named Shuisheng (Wang Xiaoxiao), who must faithfully and attentively serve a gang-lord's spoiled, petulant moll. Their relationship becomes the crux of the film, and Yimou craftily avoids clichés in rendering a double coming-of-age tale. With Gong Li. Sumptuously photographed by Lu Yue. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Short Film About Love—A sexually inexperienced, infatuated boy spies on his older neighbor, with humiliating consequences. One of Krzyzstof Kieslowski's made-for-Polish-television series based on the Ten Commandments. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Sudden Death—The latest in action from Jean-Claude van Damme. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Tom and Huck—A retelling of Mark Twain's classic, via Disney. With Jonathan Taylor Thomas and Brad Renfro. Directed by Peter Hewitt. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Toy Story**—In Disney's new animated feature, a group of plastic toys fear is that they will no longer be useful; life as a plaything is not all play. Their master, Andy, a 6-year-old boy, is having a birthday, and disaster strikes: Woody, an old-fashioned pull-string cowboy, gets replaced as Andy's favorite by a smugly confident space action figure, Buzz Lightyear, who has a blinking laser beam and a computer-generated voice. Anguish and tumult tear apart the toy world. As in many of Disney's other cartoons, there's an underlay of anxiety and fear—but this time, there's a new twist. The "parent" figure is himself a child, Andy, who takes his toys for granted, and the villain is another child, Sid, who mutilates toys. The movie has gravity, in both senses of the word. Disney and the specialists as a computer-animation company called Pixar have developed new techniques that give the figures a three-dimensional look, and the postmodernist jokes give the movie a spark. With the voices of Tom Hanks, Tim Allen, and Don Rickles. Directed by John Lasseter. (Denby; 12/4/95) (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

One-shot

Baby Pictures

When he was just another young punk paying his dues, William Wyler (who went on to direct *The Best Years of Our Lives* and *Wuthering Heights*) churned out grade-B westerns and comedies like *The Stolen Ranch* and *Hell's Heroes* (pictured) for his cousin's movie studio, Universal. The Museum of Modern Art screens these rarely seen works—in which his painstaking attention to detail is evident—in "Cut and Print: William Wyler, The Early Years" (January 12–14). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph by Photofest.

Twelve Monkeys—James (Bruce Willis) is a prisoner who is barely living in the future, and his only option for survival is this: travel back in time to 1996, just before the endtimes, and determine the exact cause of the near-annihilation of humans from the face of the earth. With Madeleine Stowe, as the psychiatrist/love interest, and Brad Pitt. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Beekman.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—A labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: Five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. Customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? Director Bryan Singer's got a bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite and Chazz Palminteri) celebrating the ominousness and adding their own bits of perversity. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Waiting to Exhale—Whitney Houston, Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Lela Rochon are four single women who bond over the sorry state of their love affairs. A disjointed narrative is weakened by the incessant blaring of the soundtrack throughout the entire film; the overall effect is quite jarring. Based on Terry McMillan's (over)praised novel. Directed by Forest Whitaker. (2 hrs.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42.*

When Night Is Falling—Camille (Pascale Bussieres) is a Christian scholar, engaged to a theologian (Henry Czerny), whose life rapidly unravels after she meets a performer in a traveling circus and finds herself undeniably attracted to her. With Rachael Crawford. Directed by Patricia Rozema. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center.*

Wild Bill—Why have so many intelligent critics lied about this movie? Apart from some of Jeff Bridges's line readings, this is a pretentious and laborious bore. Avoid. Directed by Walter Hill. (Denby; 12/18/95) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Regency.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Four Rooms; Georgia; L'America; Shanghai Triad; The City of Lost Children; When Night is Falling.* Opening 1/5: *Roujin-Z.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Casino; Cutthroat Island; Sudden Death.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *A Short Film About Love.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Nico-Icon.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) Closed.

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Cry, the Beloved Country; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Nixon; Richard III; Tom and Huck.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Toy Story.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Balto; Waiting to Exhale.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Dead Man Walking; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Copycat; Get Shorty; It Takes Two; Tom and Huck.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The American President.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Cutthroat Island; GoldenEye; Sabrina ; Sudden Death.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Balto; Casino; Grumpier Old Men; Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Toy Story.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Home for the Holidays.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Carrington.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Sabrina .*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Sense and Sensibility; The American President.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *A Month by the Lake; Muriel's Wedding; The City of Lost Children.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *A Month by the Lake.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Toy Story; Nixon.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Cutthroat Island; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Seven; The American President; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Waiting to Exhale.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Cry, the Beloved Country.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Father of the Bride Part II.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Four Rooms; Tom and Huck.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Toy Story.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Cutthroat Island; Sudden Death.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Money Train.* Opening 12/22: *Sudden Death.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Othello.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (505-CINE#587) *Leaving Las Vegas.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Father of the Bride Part II; Tom and Huck.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Copycat; Crumb; Now and Then; The Brothers McMullen; To Die For; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Casino.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Restoration.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Casino.* Opening 12/22: *Sudden Death.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Father of the Bride Part II; Toy Story.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Twelve Monkeys.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Goldeneye; Grumpier Old Men; Richard III.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Four Rooms; Jumanji.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Heat.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Balto; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; The American President; Tom and Huck.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sabrina .*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Sabrina .*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Sudden Death.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Four Rooms; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Cry, the Beloved Country; Georgia; L'America; Mighty Aphrodite; Shanghai Triad.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time; Balto; Dead Man Walking; Heat; Into the Deep; Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sense and Sensibility; The American President; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Sudden Death; Tom and Huck.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Cutthroat Island; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Money Train; Sudden Death; Toy Story.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Jumanji; Money Train; Sudden Death.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Jumanji; Casino.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Wild Bill.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Heat; Jumanji; Money Train; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Grumpier Old Men; Jumanji; Tom and Huck.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Father of the Bride Part II; Nixon.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Balto; Casino; Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Jumanji; Money Train; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Sabrina ; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *The American President; Casino; Sabrina.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Jumanji; Tom and Huck; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Toy Story.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Cutthroat Island; GoldenEye; Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Sabrina .*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Opening Scene-Stealers

The talented, perpetually irate comic Denis Leary—whose curious charms were most nearly served by 1993's black comedy 'The Ref'—attempts to broaden his appeal by (wisely) teaming with America's sweetheart du jour, Sandra Bullock, in 'Two if by Sea' (opening January 12), a comedy about two con artists in love.

Photograph by Kerry Hayes/Morgan Creek Productions.

John Waters on
The Tragically Hip

She was a Warhol superstar—outrageously fabulous rather than actually famous, and quite ahead of her pop-cultural time. The German-born, singularly monikered Nico, who is the posthumous subject of the fascinating documentary Nico-Icon (at Film Forum, January 3–16), was a highly successful model who ditched her career to become an artist—that is, a jet-setting heroin addict with severely limited vocal range who desperately wanted to be a rock star. She's a favorite of one of *our* favorite directors, John Waters, who loves her because "being her fan is a form of masochistic worship. I have all her CDs and I do listen to them . . . sometimes. Thank God for the shuffle button on the CD player." He first heard Nico's funereal vocal stylings as a truant teenager hanging out in clubs on St. Marks Place. "To me, she was very People's Temple," he says. "She should have played when everybody was killing themselves. Nico: Live at Guyana. You either went with it or you were the first person in line to drink the poison." Waters, who avidly followed her downward career trajectory, can barely contain himself over the prospect of the unconverted learning more about his idol—though he's quite aware her inherent appeal is hardly universal. "God knows her fans were beyond cult," says the marginally normal director, who still laments having met Nico but once. "I told her she should play Jonestown," he recalls fondly, "and she said, 'Where is that?' " He pauses, then gently adds, "I didn't push it."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photograph by Paul Morrissey.

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Nixon; Sabrina ; The American President.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Waiting to Exhale.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Balto; Heat; Waiting to Exhale.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Jumanji; Money Train; Toy Story.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls; Casino; Copycat; Get Shorty; GoldenEye; Home for the Holidays; Money Train; Nick of Time; The American President; Toy Story.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Cutthroat Island; Heat; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Father of the Bride Part II; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Cutthroat Island; Heat; Sudden Death; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Balto; Casino; Nixon; Waiting to Exhale.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Father of the Bride Part II; Heat; Sudden Death.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Jumanji; Sabrina ; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Cutthroat Island; Father of the Bride Part II; GoldenEye; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Grumpier Old Men; The American President.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Balto; Casino; Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; The American President.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *GoldenEye; Money Train; Toy Story.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Balto; Casino; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina .*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Heat; Jumanji; Sudden Death.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Balto; Cutthroat Island; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Sabrina ; The American President; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Leaving Las Vegas; Mighty Aphrodite.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *GoldenEye; Jumanji.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Father of the Bride Part II; Sudden Death; Waiting to Exhale.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Jumanji; Father of the Bride Part II.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Balto; Casino; Jumanji; Sabrina ; The American President.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Sabrina .*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Balto; Casino; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Tom and Huck; Toy Story.* Opening 1/5: *Twelve Monkeys.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Dracula: Dead and Loving It; Heat; Jumanji; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Balto; Casino; Cutthroat Island; Father of the Bride Part II; Four Rooms; GoldenEye; Grumpier Old Men; Heat; Jumanji; Nixon; Sabrina ; Sudden Death; The American President; Tom and Huck; Toy Story; Waiting to Exhale.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. Offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. nights. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—1/6–1/21: "Fairy Tales for Adults: A Terry Gilliam Retrospective." 1/6: *Twelve Monkeys* (1995), introduced by Gilliam, followed by a question-and-answer session with the director. 1/7: a special screening of the long version of *Brazil* (1985). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Donnell Media Center—1/2: *Anna and Bella* (1984) and *Camille* (1936). 1/4: *Merce Cunningham* (1980), *Cunningham Dance Technique: Elementary Level* (1985), and "The New York Expo of Short Film and Video." 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—1/3–1/16: *Nico-Icon* (1995). Through 1/25: "Paul Morrissey," the hipster director who managed Andy Warhol, discovered the Velvet Underground and started *Interview* magazine. 1/1: *Flesh for Frankenstein* (1973) in 3-D! 1/2–1/4: *Madame Wang's* (1981). 1/5–1/7: *Trash* (1970). Through 1/16: "The Masterworks of Satyajit Ray." 1/1: *The Middleman* (1975) and *Big City* (1963). 1/1 and 1/2: *The Music Room (aka Jalsaghar)* (1959). 1/2, 1/3, and 1/5–1/7: *Panther Panchall* (1955). 1/2 and 1/4: *Devi* (1960). 1/3 and 1/5–1/7: *Aparajito* (1958) and *World of Apu* (1959). 1/4: *Charulata* (1964) and *Two Daughters* (1961). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 1/11: "Bernardo Bertolucci Retrospective." 1/1 and 1/2: *The Conformist* (1971) and *Last Tango in Paris* (1973). 1/3 and 1/5: *1900* (1977). 1/4, 1/6, and 1/7: *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man* (1981). 1/4, 1/5, and 1/6: *Luna* (1979). 1/7 and 1/8: *The Last Emperor* (1987). 1/8: *The Sheltering Sky* (1990). "Movies for Kids." 1/6 and 1/7: *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (1932). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 1/18: "Strictly Oz: A History of Australian Film." 1/1: *Winter of Our Dreams* (1981). 1/1 and 1/2: *Palace Cafe* (1993) and *Strictly Ballroom* (1992). 1/1 and 1/7: *Backroads* (1977). 1/2 and 1/8: *Only the Brave* (1994) and *Eternity* (1994). 1/4: *Celia* (1989). 1/4 and 1/5: *Proof* (1991). 1/4 and 1/7: *Monkey Grip* (1982). 1/5: *The Night of the Prowler* (1979). 1/5 and 1/6: *Unfinished Business* (1986). 1/6 and 1/8: *Dead to the World* (1991). 1/4: "New Documentaries." *James B. Conant: Harvard/New Hampshire and the Atomic Bomb* (1995) and *Dr. Frank: The Life and Times of Frank Porter Graham* (1994). Through 1/7: "Recent Films from Germany." 1/1 and 1/6: *Bunte Hunde (The Break)* (1995). 1/6 and 1/7: *To Live Now—Jews in Berlin* (1995). 1/5 and 1/6: *Brother of Sleep* (1995). 1/5 and 1/7: *Outside Time* (1995). 1/8: "Cineprobe." An evening with Birgit Hein and a screening of *The Mysterious Women* (1992). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 2/4: "Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." 1/3 and 1/4: *A Moveable Feast: Profiles of Contemporary American Authors—Allen Ginsberg* (1991) and *The Life & Times of Allen Ginsberg* (1993). 1/5–1/7: A series of shorts by Bruce Conner, Stan Van DerBeek and Robert Breer. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

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theater

Foreman...Linney...*Orange* Blossoms

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Father—Written almost a century before *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* August Strindberg's 1887 tale of marital viciousness is modern theater's founding treatment of mind (and power) games between the sexes. Richard Nelson's new adaptation stars Frank Langella as the Captain. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. In previews for an 1/11 opening; through 2/18. Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opening 1/7. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Through 1/7. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Fool Moon—A revival, by master clown Bill Irwin and his somewhat less well known but equally talented colleague David Shiner, of their wordless, magical, and wholly enthralling 1993 Broadway hit. (Silence has rarely been quite this golden.) If you missed it before, don't make the same mistake twice. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/7. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta (*The Bold and the Beautiful*) as bad boy Danny Zuko and, beginning 1/8, Joe Piscopo (*Saturday Night Live*) as the D.J. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

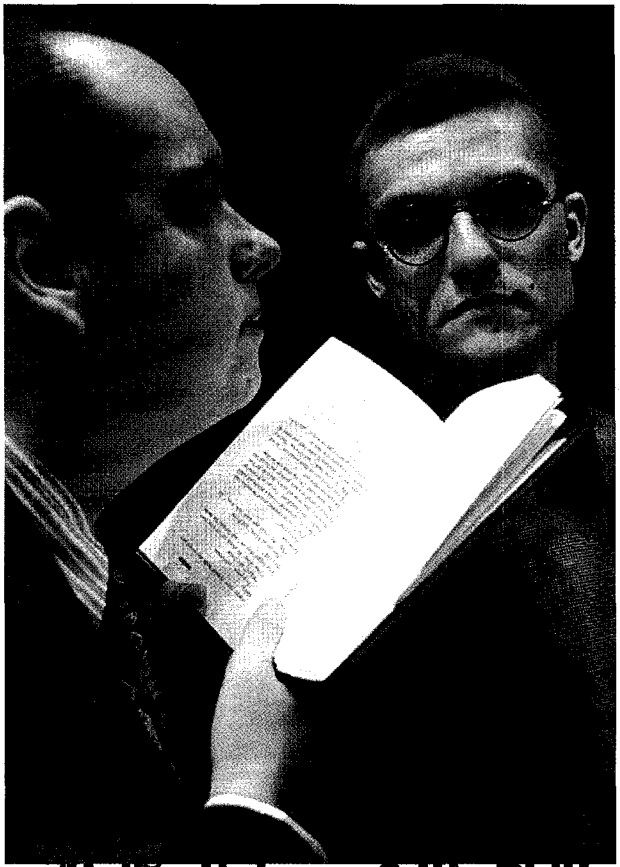
Hello, Dolly!—Over four decades, everybody's played her, from Pearl Bailey and Ethel Merman to Ginger Rogers and Barbra Streisand. But so what? Even now, the role of matchmaker and busybody Dolly Gallagher Levi in Jerry Herman's 1964 *Hello, Dolly!* remains somehow inseparable from the nasal purr and mile-wide grin of Carol Channing, currently having a high old time in the—good heavens—thirty-first-anniversary revival of her signature show. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/7. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (575-9200). 2 hrs 30 mins.*

Holiday—Nobody ever *really* lived a life filled with the exquisite trivialities that furrow the brows of the characters in Philip Barry's plays, but isn't it pleasant to pretend otherwise? This frothy 1929 comedy deals (oh, so lightly) with the conflict between life's pleasures and its duties—a sort of *Peer Gynt* for the tuxedo-and-martini crowd. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/14. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. John Stamos (*Full House*) recently replaced Matthew Broderick in the starring role. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for



Hello, Universe? It's Phil!

Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's The Universe isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. Opening January 4 at St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street (533-4650).

Ground Rules:

During the holiday season, a number of shows add and delete performances from their normal schedules; it's suggested you call ahead to avoid disappointment. Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Photograph by Paula Court.

young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy, Carole Shelley, Rebecca Luker, Hugh Panaro, Michel Bell, Gretha Boston, and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Swinging on a Star—A revue featuring the songs ("Misty,""Pennies From Heaven") of Johnny Burke, perhaps best known as Paramount's in-house lyricist for Bing Crosby. $55–$67.50. Mon–Wed., Fri.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins..*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Grey Zone—A new drama by Tim Blake Nelson about the *Sonderkommando*, the contingent of Jews at Auschwitz who complied with Nazi mandates in order to save their families. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Added performance 1/7 at 8; no show 1/11. Opening 1/5; through 1/27. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Hope Zone—Olympia Dukakis stars as a recovering alcoholic who makes it through all twelve steps of her AA program only to founder on the thirteenth one—reconciling with a no-prize daughter—in Kevin Heelan's new dark comedy. Previews $25–$35; after opening, $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 1/4. *Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (239-6200).*

The Magic Formula—A father and son, reunited after World War II, discover that both are Holocaust survivors. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 1/14. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (330-8904).*

The Universe—$15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Opening 1/4; through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Wonderful Time—A new romantic comedy by Jonathan Marc Sherman (*Sophistry*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 1/11 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Yiddish Trojan Women—$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Extra shows 1/27, 2/3 at 2; no show 1/19, 25, 30. Beginning previews 1/6 for a 1/22 opening. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

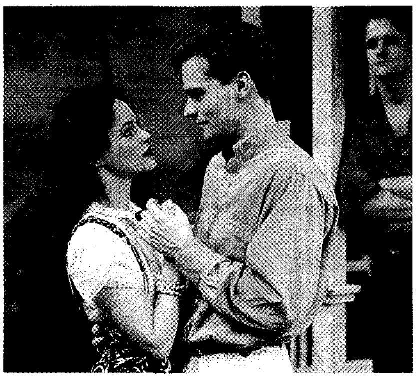
After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan and Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller replacing Barbara Barrie and Larry Keith. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art.

Talent

Stage Presence

To a certain type of Los Angeles agent, live theater presents itself as the mildly eccentric diversion of an occasional—make that extremely occasional—client. Who, they wonder, needs audiences in the fewer-than-a-kazillion range, pocket-change paychecks, or doing the same thing every night even after you got it right once? Robert Sean Leonard's people ("They're used to me by now," he laughs) know better, however. Along with Joanna Going, who can currently be seen in Oliver Stone's *Nixon*, and *Gorillas in the Mist*'s David Lansbury, Leonard is one of a trio of young actors with major film credits—you'll remember him from *Dead Poets Society* and *The Age of Innocence*, among others—who've placed Hollywood temporarily on hold to appear in *The Principality of Sorrows*, a drama by Keith Bunin that's the debut production of the newly formed Pure Orange Productions. (The show runs through January 13 at the Theatre Row Theatre.) Leonard, a native New Yorker most recently seen on the boards here in the Lincoln Center production of Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, is no stranger to the Off Broadway scene: Malaparte, a company he co-founded several years ago with Ethan Hawke, shares a similar dedication to the work of young, emerging playwrights. The reasons for his commitment to live performance, he says, combine self-interest and (not his word) generosity. "As an actor, your craft is rooted on the stage; it's not inherently there in movies. Theater's where I learn the most about timing, structure, rhythm. And when you get a call from a buddy who just read this hot new script and wants you to read it, too—honestly, there's nothing better."



RANDALL SHORT

$30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—A dance-theater piece by Savion Glover, Reg. E. Gaines, and George C. Wolfe that looks for, and finds, common ground in the rhythms of hip-hop and tap dancing. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat, and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 1/14. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. The Latino Theatre Collective's production is returning to the stage after a hiatus of several months following a successful run earlier this year. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Coyote Bleeds—A drama by Tony DiMurro about police misconduct. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. *Worth Street Theater, 173 W. Broadway at Worth St. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Dick Gregory Live—Before satirist and political crusader Dick Gregory appeared on America's TV screens in the early sixties, black comedians aspiring to mainstream status had restricted themselves to bland, unchallenging performing styles. After him, the way was cleared for Richard Pryor and (the early) Eddie Murphy. With 'Dick Gregory Live,' this year's Negro Ensemble Company season opener, the comedian returns to the live stage for the first time in twenty years. $35–$37.50. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (262-1678).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Jam on the Groove—Several months ago, GhettoOriginal, a troupe of first-generation hip-hop performers from pioneering groups like Magnificent Force and Rock Steady Crew, unveiled at P.S. 122 a stage show—a considerable critical and popular success—that used street music and dance in the service of dramatic storytelling, and that was also called GhettoOriginal. This proved confusing. *Jam on the Groove* is (as they say) the Same Thang with a New Name, and exhilarating as ever. And what evolution, really, could be more natural? American musicals have been driven by another dance (tap) with its roots in street-corner improv for 70 years or so, so these guys may be working in a more established tradition than they think. $29.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).*

The Lady from the Sea—The play by Ibsen. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $32.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/14/96. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Murder at Minsing Manor: A Nancy Boys Mystery—Having put Shakespeare, Wagner, and Dashiell Hammett (among others) through the wringer with its patented brand of cross-dressed camp deconstruction, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company finally feels it's ready to take on real cultural icons—Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 1/14. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue South (239-6200).*

Northeast Local—A drama by Tom Donaghy about a blue-collar family struggling to keep itself together as American culture, in the sixties and beyond, collapses about it. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Anthony La Paglia, Eileen Heckart, and Terry Alexander; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/7/96. *Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC-TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—A loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which performers dance, clap, and bang on everything in sight. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:45, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mary Beth Peil, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and comedienne Jan Hooks (*Saturday Night Live*) in the title, or canine, role. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author recreates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Valley Song—Since two springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (the playwright) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her go. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage II, 151 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Waiting For Godot—$24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Wasp and Other Plays—Four one-acts by Steve Martin (yes, *that* Steve Martin). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Martinson Hall at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

When Ladies Battle—A new translation by Michael Feingold of Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouvé's *Bataille de Dames*, featuring high jinks and intrigue

Stage

Old-Time Pulp Fiction

Despite Hannah Arendt's celebrated thesis, banality is only one of the possible faces of evil; lurid obsession can play its part, too. *True Crimes*, a new play by Romulus Linney about a turn-of-the century murder in the Smoky Mountains, explores the mind of a young man driven to kill by his fascination with pulp literature. At Theater for the New City (254-1109).

Photographs: top, Carol Rosegg; bottom, Jonathan Slaff.

Preview

Pity and Terror, *Nu?*

What, you thought that Euripides crowd had it rough? Check out The Yiddish Trojan Women, Carol Braverman's story of four Jewish women braving personal dilemmas, political crises, and the whole Life thing, tateleh. *Beginning previews January 6 for a January 22 opening at the American Jewish Theatre, 307 West 26th Street (633-9797).*

among the French aristocracy from the founding father (Scribe) of the "well-made play" tradition. $16–$21 in previews, $21–$26 after opening. Tues., Thurs.–Fri. at 8., Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 1/27/96. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

Off-Off Broadway

California Suite—$10/$5+TDF; senior citizens $8. 1/5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20 at 8; 1/7, 14, 21 at 2. *26 Willow Place, Brooklyn Heights (718-237-2752).*

Club Hellfire—$15; $12 students/seniors. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. *HomeGrown Theatre Company, 2628 Broadway (961-0962).*

Dark Ride—$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8; opening 1/4. Through 2/3. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

Duelling Bankheads—Tallulah in stereo, rendered during her Late Boozy Period by David Ilku and Clark Render. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 1/13. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Fall of the House of Usher—A new adaptation of the Poe *conte.* $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (532-6719).*

The Impostor—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St., bet. Church St. and Broadway (967-0400).*

Night Watch—$12/TDF+$7; students/seniors $10/TDF+$5. Fri.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/21. *199 14th St., Brooklyn (718-595-0547).*

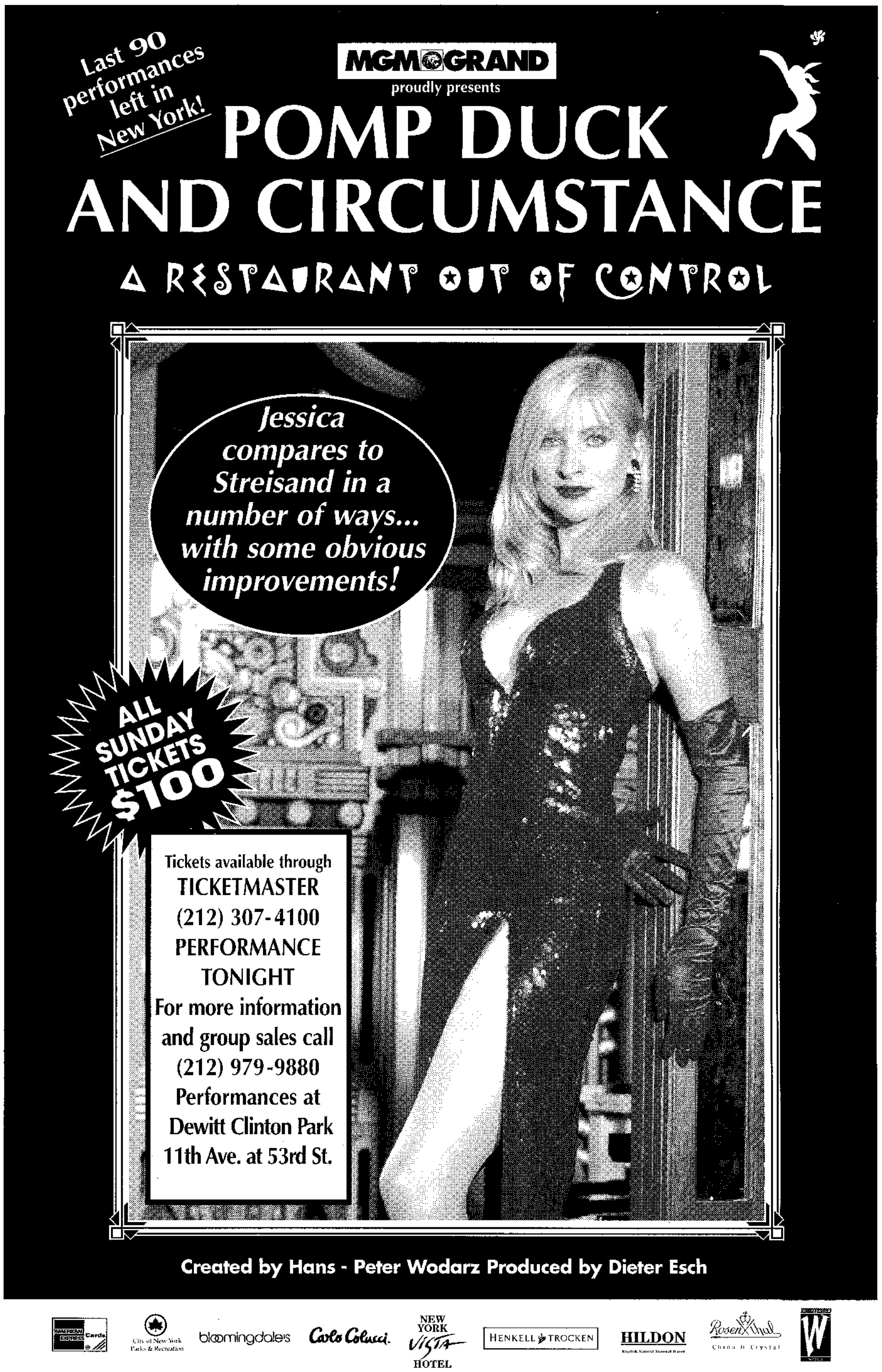
The Principality of Sorrows—$10. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 1/13. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Ruby and Pearl—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

True Crimes —Romulus Linney's latest, about a murder in the Smoky Mountains. $10/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/21. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Turandot—Adapted from the eighteenth-century comedy that also served as the source for Puccini's opera, this multicultural production of Carlo Gozzi's play combines commedia dell'arte and Beijing Opera performance styles. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2:30, Through 1/14. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Two Men/Two Women—Two short plays about, respectively, male and female bonding. $12 each; $20 for both. Call for detailed schedule. Through 1/7. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*



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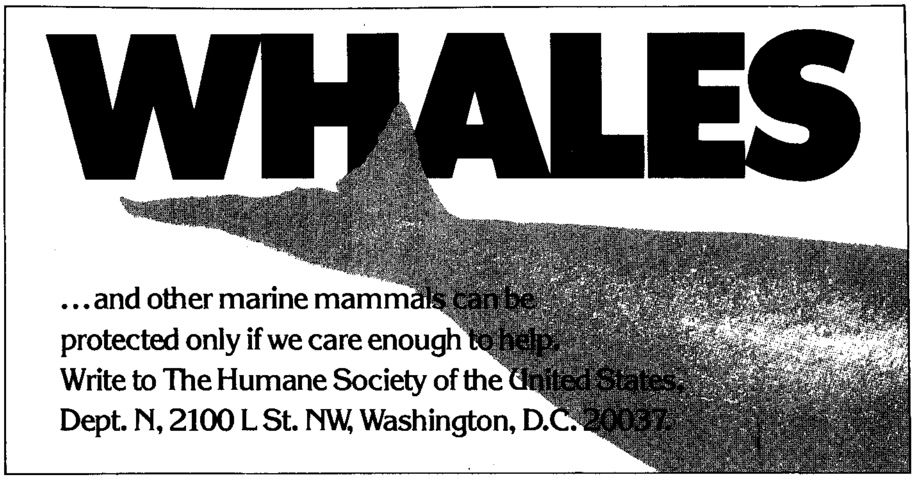

WHALES
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art

Serenissima...Stephen Greene...Edward Weston

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Tony Smith—A retrospective of drawings executed between 1940 and 1980, many of which were produced in series and relate to his sculpture, painting, and architectural work; through 1/13. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Christopher Wilmarth—Seven sculptures dating from 1971 to 1982, including the artist's early, etched-glass-and-steel-cable pieces; his more robust steel-and-glass freestanding works; and a single blown-glass "head" from the "Breath" series of 1979–1981; 1/5–2/10. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Sybil Andrews—Linocuts by the British artist (1898–1992) who participated in the British Linocut Movement of the twenties and thirties; through 1/20. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Bill Barminski—Paintings that juxtapose and subvert advertising images and slogans and a multimedia program titled *Bar-Min-Ski* that allows viewers to interact with a range of the artist's work on CD-ROM, including paintings, underground comics, video art, interviews, music, and writings; through 1/11. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-6761).

Michael Byron—A survey of the artist's works on paper from the past 13 years, including abstract and "automatic" drawings and surreal and symbolic works that bring to mind dreams and the theater; through 1/27. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Gutte Eriksen—Recent works by the Danish potter; through 1/22. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

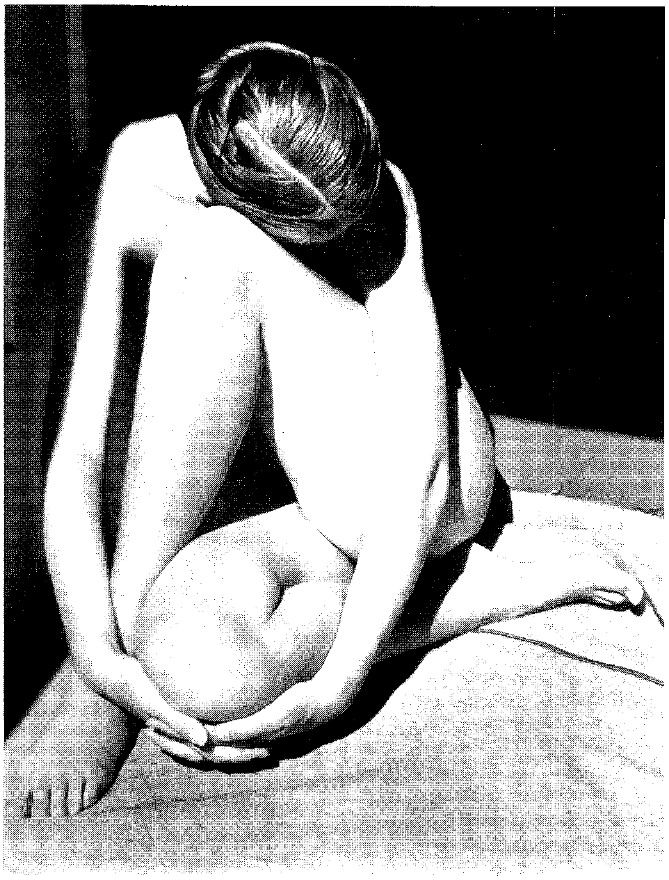
Linden Frederick—Paintings of Maine landscapes at twilight; 1/5–27. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

George Grosz—Paintings, drawings, and watercolors made in Berlin and New York by this artist (1893–1959) who was was best known as a social and political satirist, but also lampooned the styles of many artists, including Pablo Picasso, Salvador Dali, and Jackson Pollock; through 1/20. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Bruce Helander—Recent collages; through 1/20. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



In Print Nearly a quarter of the images in *Edward Weston: Forms of Passion* (Harry N. Abrams; $65) have never before been reproduced in books; even better, the essays on the modernist's art and life—by Gilles Mora, Terence Pitts, Trudy Wilner Stack, Alan Trachtenberg, and Theodore E. Stebbins Jr.—are as fresh and concise as Weston himself.

Hans Hofmann—Landscape, still life, and abstract paintings. Through 1/20. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Lee Krasner—Collages executed between 1953 and 1955 in which the artist redeployed cut and torn sections of paintings that her husband, Jackson Pollock, had made and discarded; through 1/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Andre Masson—Paintings and drawings made by the Surrealist between 1941 and 1945, when he was living in the United States; 1/5–3/2. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Willard Leroy Metcalf—An exhibition of landscape paintings borrowed from private and corporate collections by this American Impressionist (1858-1925) who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, was a member of the Ten (along with his friends William Merritt Chase, Frank Benson, and J.H. Twachtman), and is best known for his late, lyrical paintings of New England; through 1/22. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Jules Olitski—Recent abstract paintings, through 1/20, at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124) and new monotypes, through 1/27, at Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Bill Rice—Recent grid paintings; through 1/20. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. ((586-0110).

Robert Ryman—Recent encaustic paintings on board or paper; through 1/13. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Antoni Tàpies—New paintings on wood made with earth, marble dust, varnish, wire, and collage that contain the artist's familiar imagery of figures and signs; through 1/13. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Lawrence Weiner—More than 80 works by the artist—ranging from matchbooks to train schedules to T-shirts—issued in editions from ten to 900,000 and dating from 1968 to the present; through 1/13. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic—The artist's first New York exhibition in nearly ten years consists of a video installation, *Cleaning the Mirror*, in which she videotaped herself obsessively cleaning a human skeleton from a nineteenth-century ethnographic collection at a museum at Oxford University, and several recent sculptures; through 1/13. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Jo Baer—A survey of paintings dating from the early sixties to the mid-seventies by this American artist who left the United States in 1975 and currently lives in The Netherlands; through 1/13. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Robert Beauchamp—A survey of the late artist's portrait drawings from 1977 to 1993; through 1/20. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Carmen Lomas Garza—Paintings that record the artist's childhood in Kingsville, Texas, in the fifties and sixties; 1/6–2/3. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Francesco Clemente—A retrospective of paintings, frescoes, watercolors, and pastels from 1980 to 1990 by this Italian artist who came to prominence in the early eighties; through 1/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Chuck Close—Recent oil-on-canvas portraits of the artists Paul Cadmus, Roy Lichtenstein, Dorothea Rockburne, and Lorna Simpson and two self-portraits; through 1/13. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Tom Fellner—Paintings from the artist's "Dance of Death" series whose imagery is derived from European fifteenth- and sixteenth-century danse macabre and Totentanz tradition, the Mexican Dia de Muertos celebration, and old anatomical treatises; 1/6–27. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Lucio Fontana—A survey of the Italian artist's slashed and perforated "paintings" from the fifties and sixties; 1/6–2/3. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Photograph courtesy of Abrams.

Johannes Girardoni—Encaustic paintings on constructions of weathered wood; 1/6–30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Woody Gwyn/Jennifer Cross—Recent small-scale paintings of views from the Cloisters/Paintings inspired by seventeenth-century Dutch flower paintings. Through 1/30. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

George Herms—Found object sculptures made in collaboration with the artist's friends Wallace Berman, Bruce Conner, and Dennis Hopper; through 1/27. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Claire Khalil/Bill Richards—Highly-detailed watercolors that depict women engaged in the act of reading books that are important to the artist/Graphite drawings of fernswamps and marshlands. Through 1/17. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Ellen Kozak—Abstracted Hudson River landscapes; 1/4–2/3. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Paul DeMarinis—Among the various multimedia works in this show is an installation based on Alfred Hitchcock's film *Vertigo* that consists of spinning sushi platters decorated with spiraling movie soundtracks that are played by wooden chopsticks scanning laser beams; 1/6–2/10. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Joyce Pensato—Recent drawings; through 1/13. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Stefano Peroli/Charles Clough—Abstract paintings whose gestures and brushstrokes suggest figurative imagery/Recent abstract paintings and a book that includes life-size reproductions of the artist's small paintings and 25 aphorisms based on his studio notes of the past year; 1/5–27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Larry Potter—Abstract paintings from the early sixties by this African-American artist who died in Paris in 1966; 1/4–30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Robert Rauschenberg—Works from the late sixties and early seventies, including "Cardboards" made of cardboard cartons; "Jammers," composed of silk and bamboo poles; and "Carnal Clocks" that use clockwork mechanisms, electric lights, and silkscreened images; 1/6–2/17. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Louis Renzoni/Gene Kraig—Dark, brooding paintings of still life and interiors/Encaustic paintings on coffeemakers and ironing boards; 1/5–2/3. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Bill Schwarz—New sculpture; 1/6-2/3. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Stephen Greene/Aaron Fink—Recent abstract paintings by this artist who studied with Philip Guston/New works on paper; 1/4–2/10. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Hally Thacher—Monochromatic paintings; 1/6–2/24. Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503).

John Tremblay/Ben Kinmont—Recent paintings and sculpture/The archive from a project the artist carried out in Munich last May, in which he handed out texts at demographically different street locations and offered to wash people's dirty dishes in their homes while discussing the art/life dynamic. Through 1/20. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Lutz Bacher—Works that explore the nature of American identity, including wall drawings, photomurals on aluminum, a video- projection tape with sound, and sculpture; through 1/28. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Fernando Canovas/Athos Ongaro—Recent paintings/Recent sculpture. Through 1/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Jacqueline Humphries—New large-scale abstract paintings that depict vertical stripes of red, black, or white; through 1/14. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.-Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6.

Brice Marden—A series of nine paintings that the artist began in 1991 and completed in July 1995 that are characterized by a wide stroke that is often pushed right to the edge of the canvas and mark a return to a bright palette; large-scale drawings on the theme of Aphrodite; and a set of 32 small drawings in ink and gouache; through 1/14. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455); Thurs.-Sun. 12-6.

Tom Otterness—Two outdoor exhibitions of the artist's whimsical bronze sculptures of figures and animals, both of which were organized by the Public Art Fund. At MetroTech Center, Willoughby and Jay Sts., Brooklyn, through 9/30/96, and Doris C. Freedman Plaza, Fifth Ave. and 60th St., through 8/31/96 (980-4575).

Tom Sachs—An installation of "home-made" objects—among them guns, paintings made with duct tape, and a "Knoll" chair and sofa made from NYNEX telephone books—that comment on the proliferation of violence, name brands, and celebrity in contemporary culture; through 1/14. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). Works by American Impressionists who summered in Giverny, among them Karl Anderson, George Biddle, Frederick Frieseke, Edmund Greacen, and Guy Rose; through 2/10.

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). Works by twentieth-century Hungarian artists, including Lajos Gulacsy, Bela Kadar, Laszlo Mednyanszky, Hugo Scheiber, and others; through 1/27.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). Works that express the various meanings of the word "difference," by John Brill, Genevieve Cadieux, Fariba Hajamadi, Jerry Kearns, Ellen Rothenberg, and others; 1/6–2/10.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (879-6606). A survey of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Stanley Boxer; two exhibits presented by Terry Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly Galleries, including "Belief," a group show featuring works by Will Barnet, Arthur Dove, Sidney Goodman, William King, Loren MacIver, and others, and a solo show of recent figurative paintings and drawings by Brett Bigbee; 1/4–2/3.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). A selection of Russian constructivist film posters from the collection of Susan J. Pack, including works by Anatoly Belskii, Alexander Rodchenko, Vladimir and Georgi Stenberg, and others; through 1/20.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). "Voices of Social Conscience: Then and Now," with paintings by Benny Andrews, Judy Chicago, Sue Coe, Stuart Davis, Leon Golub, William Gropper, Alice Neel, Faith Ringgold, and others; through 1/27.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). The clothing and accessories produced in Venice from the thirteenth through the eighteenth century, when Venice's production of silk, shoes, and lace reached its artistic zenith, are the subject of "Serenissima: The Arts of Fashion in Venice," which gathers rare costumes, textiles, paintings, period books, and other works from public and private collections in Venice; through 1/20.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent works by gallery artists, among them Nell Blaine, John Button, Polly Kraft, George Nick, Susan Shatter, Billy Sullivan,

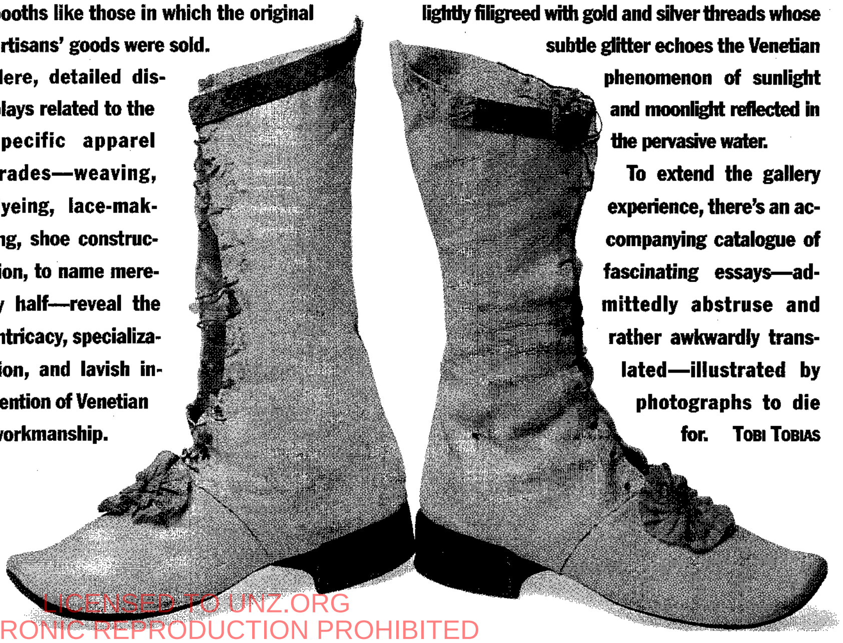
On View

Life in Venice

This bleak winter can be thawed by a visit to the jewel-box exhibition at the Equitable Gallery through January 20: "Serenissima: The Arts of Fashion in Venice." Surveying the assiduously cultivated crafts and their sumptuous products that flourished in the "Most Serene Republic" from the thirteenth through the eighteenth centuries, this is a show to delight historians and sybarites alike. Garments flaunting the glorious idiosyncrasies of their particular eras are displayed in all their splendor alongside paintings that chronicle the styles' place in social life—a morning at home in elegant dishabille, for instance, or a masked ball. Flanking this fine parade are intimate booths like those in which the original artisans' goods were sold. Here, detailed displays related to the specific apparel trades—weaving, dyeing, lace-making, shoe construction, to name merely half—reveal the intricacy, specialization, and lavish invention of Venetian workmanship.

The show is full of amazements: wonders of fact and wonders of things. You learn about sumptuary laws that punished tailors for introducing new styles—clothes were meant to last—and about extravagances like twenty-inch-high platform shoes that allowed courtesans, supported by lackeys on either side, to brandish their exotic charms over the heads of the common crowd and the more discreet aristocracy. Without absorbing any instruction whatsoever, you can revel in the fabrics: webs of lace; scarlet and burgundy velvets begging to be caressed; scraps of wool still brilliant in 200-year-old sample books; lustrous pastel cloth patterned with woven flowers that retain the wildness of the fields; and brocades lightly filigreed with gold and silver threads whose subtle glitter echoes the Venetian phenomenon of sunlight and moonlight reflected in the pervasive water.

To extend the gallery experience, there's an accompanying catalogue of fascinating essays—admittedly abstruse and rather awkwardly translated—illustrated by photographs to die for. Tobi Tobias



Alexandra Tyng, and Jane Wilson; through 1/27.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Furniture designs, serving utensils, vessels, lamps, fabrics, and other objects and materials designed by the architects Marcel Breuer, Charles Eames, Peter Eisenman, Philip Johnson, Gaetano Pesce, and others; through 1/20.

Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (980-2323). Paintings and sculptures that are based grids, by L.C. Armstrong, Wallace Berman, Catherine Brennan, Christian Haub, Brice Marden, Sabina Ott, and Carter Potter; through 1/20.

D C Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings that use flowers as subject matter, by Janet Fish, Robert Kushner, Whitfield Lovell, Lucio Pozzi, and Jimmy Wright; 1/5–2/10.

O'Hara—41 E. 57th St. (355-3330). Small-scale paintings by 52 artists, among them Richard Baker, Richard Bosman, Mary Hambleton, Joan Nelson, and Helen Miranda Wilson; through 1/20.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibition exploring the influence of Surrealism on American art during the thirties and forties, with works by William Baziotes, Adolph Gottlieb, Morris Graves, Gerome Kamrowski, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Dorothea Tanning, others; through 1/27.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "New Art/Artists/Estates," with works by Rudolf Bauer, Penrod Centurion, Thomas George, Sam Glankoff, Blanche Lazzell, Conrad Marca-Relli, Anne Tabachnick, others; through 1/27.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Works by William Baziotes, Gerald Kamrowski, and Jackson Pollock, as well as a collaborative painting from 1940 that was executed by all three artists one evening in Kamrowski's studio; 1/5–2/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "All Dressed Up," with works by Scott Carpenter, Alix Lambert, Moriko Mori, Camille Norment, Wolfgang Tillmans; through 1/27.

Art Projects International—470 Broome St. (343-2599). Small-scale works by David Broady, Paddy Hamilton, In-Hyung Kim, Li-Lan, Emmanuelle Waeckerle, others; through 1/27.

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). Sculptures by Nicole Carstens; photographs by Ricoh Gerbl; fabric constructions by Lauren Szold; through 1/27.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Imaginary Beings" features works that depict mythical creatures by 54 artists, among them Ida Applebroog, Louise Bourgeois, Nicole Eisenman, Tom Otterness, Cindy Sherman, Kiki Smith, and Fred Tomaselli; through 1/27.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works by the African-American women artists Minnie Evans, Bessie Harvey, Clementine Hunter, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Nellie Mae Rowe, and Georgia Speller; through 1/16.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works on paper by Karin Davie, Moira Dryer, Mark Innerst, Thomas Kovachevich, Nancy Shaver, Michael Zwack, and others; an installation of photographs by Kevin Clarke; 1/6–2/10.

McEnroe—41 Greene St. (219-0395). Woodcuts by Max Beckmann, Otto Dix, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Kathe Kollwitz, Emil Nolde, and other Expressionists; through 1/13.

Nolan/Eckman—560 Broadway (925-6190). "Freud's Children: Postwar Austrian Drawings" includes works by Christian Attersee, Günter Brus, Maria Lassnig, Hermann Nitsch, Arnulf Rainer, and others; through 1/27.

Post—453 Broome St. (966-4229). Works by Tina Aufiero, Kathe Burkhart, Laura Parnes; through 1/20.

Silverstein—591 Broadway (226-0640). Works by six emerging artists; 1/4–27.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). "Cityfolk," with works by 22 emerging artists; through 1/20.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). Site-specific installations by Romain Pellas, a French artist, and Domenico de Clario, an Australian artist, both of whom are known for their installations of scavenged materials and debris; anatomical artifacts, instruments, bones, plaster models, and other curiosities from the collection of the Mütter Museum of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia and recent works by Shelby Lee Adams, Olivia Parker, Arne Svenson, Joel-Peter Witkin, and other photographers who have been inspired by the museum's collection; *Double Trouble*, a film by Gary Goldberg, starring Taylor Mead and Bill Rice; through 1/11.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). "In Small Dimensions," with works by Carl Andre, Frances Barth, Nassos Daphnis, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Sylvia Plimack-Mangold, Marjorie Strider, Thorton Willis, Kes Zapkus, others; through 2/3.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). An installation of paintings, photography, and furniture by Anton Henning; "Black Room 1992/93," with photographs of constructed staged tableaux based on medical history by Farrell and Parkin; "White Room Program," with recent works by Lovett/Codagnone, Robert Melee, and Geraldine Erman; through 1/14.

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (245-0505), Tue.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. "Art, Design, and Barbie: The Evolution of a Cultural Icon" celebrates the world's most popular doll in works by more than 50 modern and contemporary artists, architects, and designers, among them John Baldessari, Zaha Hadid, Robert A. M. Stern, Andy Warhol, and William Wegman; through 2/10.

Photography

Eve Arnold—Black-and-white photographs from the fifties; 1/5–2/10. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Peter Basch—Photographs of Brigitte Bardot, Anita Ekberg, Grace Kelly, and other celebrities, taken between 1955 and 1965; through 1/27. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Keith Carter—Recent black-and-white photographs that explore the relationship between man and animal; through 1/20. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Antonio Girbes—The Spanish photographer, who is also a painter, photographs the flowers he grows his garden in Valencia using his own brooding abstract canvases as a backdrop; through 1/20. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Feeling the Spirit: Searching the World for the People of Africa by Chester Higgins Jr."; "Bogota Fragments: Photographs by Bastienne Schmidt"; through 1/7.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Eve Arnold: In Retrospect." Black-and-white and color photographs from the photojournalist's 40-year-career. Through 2/11. . . ."Country Beside Itself: Lars Tunbjörk." Images of Swedes enjoying themselves in a thoroughly commercialized world of organized leisure and consumption; through 2/11.

Kanemura—Black-and-white photographs of metropolitan Tokyo; through 1/13. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Michiko Kon—Photographs of the artist's own constructions of raw fish, vegetables, insects, and flowers; through 3/2. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Constantine Manos—Color photographs of America and Americans taken over the past decade by this photographer whose works have appeared in *Life*, *Look*, and other magazines, as well as a selection of black-and-white vintage prints; through 1/17. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Gilles Peress—Five of the photographer's projects from the past 25 years, among them photographs of the civil-rights struggle in Northern Ireland; of Turkish immigrant workers in Germany from 1973 to the present; and of the effects of the war in Bosnia on its population; 1/5–2/10. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Rudy Burckhardt—A retrospective of his photographs from the past 50 years, including New York City street scenes; portraits of strangers and artist friends; images of Maine, the American South, and Italy; and still lifes; through 1/27. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). A survey of lunar photography from 1850 to the present, as well as works based on or inspired by moon imagery by Ansel Adams, Elaine Lustig Cohen, and Max Ernst; through 1/13.

Toshio Shibata/Henri Cartier-Bresson—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of Japanese landscapes/Early vintage prints; 1/4–2/24. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Made to Order . . . America's Most Wanted Paintings: An Artists' Project." Works by 52 artists that are their interpretations of a poll that surveyed American likes and dislikes in art; through 1/27. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"White House Collection of American Crafts." Works by 78 American artists working in the craft media of clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood; through 3/3. . . . "Craft in the Machine Age 1920-1945." A retrospective of crafts made between the World Wars; through 3/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Planet Peru." Aerial photographs of Peruvian landscapes by Marilyn Bridges; through 2/1. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 2/18. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Seen and Imagined: Japanese Screens From the Idemitsu Museum of Arts"; through 1/17. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"A.W.N. Pugin: Master of Gothic Revival." The artist, who is best known as the designer of the interiors of the Houses of Parliament, also made books, ceramics, stained glass, jewelry, and metalwork before he died at the age of 40, all of which constitute this exhibition; through 2/25. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000); Tue.–Sun. 11–5 (Thur. until 8:30); $2; $1 seniors and students.

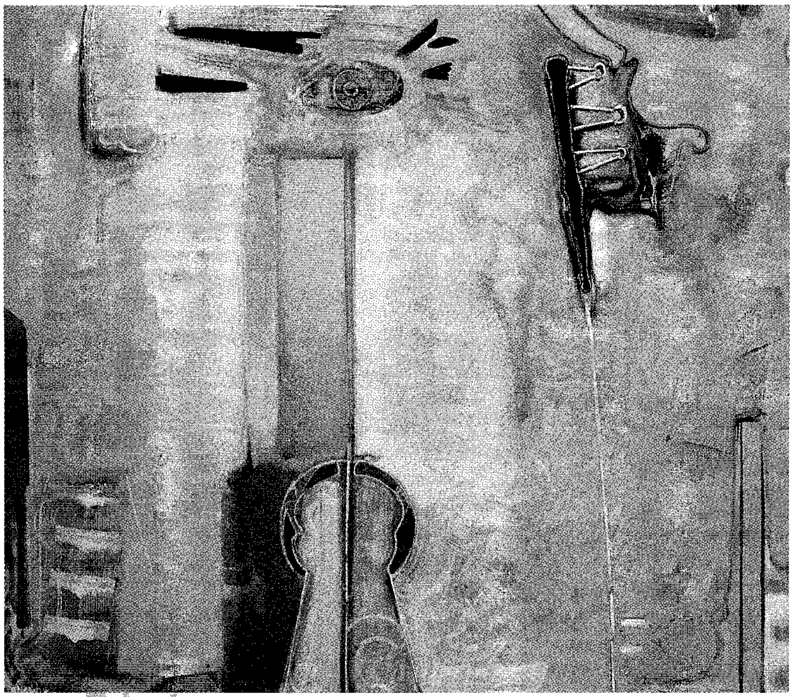
Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Zhang Hongtu: Material Mao"; through 1/14. . . . "Prisoners"; through 1/14. . . . "Under the Hunter's Moon by Alyson Pou"; through 1/14. . . . "Dear Robert, I'll See You at the Crossroads: A Project by Renée Stout"; through 1/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3; $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism: 20th-Century German Prints at The Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/14. . . . Leon Polk Smith: American Painter"; through 1/7. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8 . . . "Elsa Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 3/24 . . . "Steel: Photographs by Patricia Layman Bazelon"; through 2/4. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"amanaplanacanalpanama: An Installation by Luis Camnitzer"; through 1/7. . . . "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas: Recent Paintings and Drawings by José Morales"; through 1/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"The Butterfly and the Bat: Whistler and Montesquiou." An exhibit documenting the re-



Talent

New Greenes

A former student of Philip Guston and a teacher of Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, now 77, is the epitome of the painter's painter. His latest abstract paintings, on view in his first show with David Beitzel Gallery, show us why. (102 Prince Street; through February 10.)

lationship between Whistler and Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac; through 1/28. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology." Approximately 200 of the artist's most important drawings, collages, and sculptures from 1958 to the present; through 1/14. . . . "Joel-Peter Witkin"; through 1/14. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin." Works from the sixties through the late eighties in the museum's collection; through 1/14. . . . "The Material Imagination." Sculpture and conceptual art works that were acquired for the permanent collection from the late seventies to the present; through 1/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Symbol and Substance in Japanese Lacquer: Lacquer Boxes From the Collection of Elaine Ehrenkranz"; through 1/14. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; $3.

Jewish Museum—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890–1990." Paintings, sculpture, photographs, and posters, by Marc Chagall, El Lissitzky, Ilya Kabakov, Komar & Melamid, others; through 1/28. . . . "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass"; through 1/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975–1995." A survey of abstract paintings by the British artist known for his brilliant use of color; through 1/28. . . . "Hiroshi Sugimoto." Works from four series by this young Japanese photographer; through 1/14. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "Rembrandt/Not Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by Rembrandt and by his seventeenth-century followers and imitators; through 1/7. . . . "John Singleton Copley in America." Before the artist left America to live in England in 1774, he was already widely admired for his paintings, 60 of which constitute this exhibition; through 1/7 . . . "River of Gold: Pre-columbian Treasures From Sitio Conte, Panama"; through 2/4. . . . "American Schoolgirl Needlework." Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework pictures and samplers from the museum's collection; through 2/18. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; through 1/7. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"Norwegian Folk Art: The Migration of a Tradition"; through 1/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Piet Mondrian." An exhibit of 160 paintings and drawings from museums and private collections that emphasizes Mondrian's identity as a modern, abstract artist and surveys the time he spent in Paris (1919–38), London (1938–40), and New York (1940–44); through 1/23. . . . "New Photography II: Uta Barth, Joseph Bartscherer, Ulrich Görlich, Eric Rondepierre"; through 1/9. . . . "Annette Messager." The first museum retrospective devoted to this French artist who uses the fragmentation of images and language to explore issues of identity; through 1/16. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"In the City, Snow is Glistening." Prints, photographs, greeting cards, sporting equipment, toys, costumes, and other mementos of New York winters; through 1/28. . . ."Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. . . . "Cookie's Harlem." A celebration of the life and times of the legendary dance master Charles "Cookie" Cook; through 2/25. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind." The first exhibition pairing the works of Norway's turn-of-the-century masters, including some 140 paintings, drawings, and prints from the 1890s through 1910; through 1/14. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Tues.–Sat. 11: 30–5:30 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 senior citizens, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/20. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Celebrates the End of World War II"; through 2/11. . . . "Clement Clarke Moore of Chelsea"; through 2/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Jackson to Lincoln: Democracy and Dissent"; through 1/7. . . . "Fantasy and Reality: Drawings From the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection"; through 1/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"City Speculations." Projects, proposals, architectural and conceptual models, videos, and other forms of documentation related to the ideas embodied by the Panorama of the City of New York; through 3/10. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950–1965." An exhibit that looks at the exchanges and collaborations among poets, artists, musicians, and filmmakers of the Beat generation; through 2/4. . . . "Robert Frank: Moving Out." A retrospective of photographs by the Swiss-born American artist; through 2/11. . . . "Altered and Irrational." An exhibit of works from the museum's permanent collection that examines artists' use of nontraditional materials, altered forms, and unusual processes; through 3/3. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Terry Adkins," through 1/5. . . . "Altered and Irrational." A segment of the museum's larger exhibition at its main branch (see above); through 1/5. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3676), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thur. until 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). Next sale on 1/10/96.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/9 at 1: "Decorative Pictures." On view from 1/6.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next sale on 1/10.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/9 at 10:15: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/5. 1/9 at 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/5.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/4 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 1/2.

Photograph courtesy of David Beitzel Gallery.

nightlife

Clarinet Cool...k.d. lang Alert

Performance

Positively Motörhead

Motörhead, the British font of speed metal, is now roaring into its twenty-first year. Not going gentle into that good night—or, in fact, anywhere—raw-throated Lemmy (right) leads the charge at the Limelight on January 7.

Concerts

Debbie Friedman—This Jewish-music specialist's avowed influences include Peter, Paul and Mary, Carly Simon, and Melissa Manchester. The singer-guitarist's role models may not scream an Ashkenazic heritage, but at least she was raised in the home state of Bob (Zimmerman) Dylan, Minnesota, and her 25-year career as a cantor and choir leader does bespeak some serious roots in the faith. She sings "Mi Shebeirach," "Oseh Shalom," "Miriam's Song," and other favorites from her thirteen-record career on 1/7 at 2:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall (247-7800). $25–$50.*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A smallish, second-floor home to mid-level alt-rockers, hip-hop jazz bands, and ambient D.J.'s. *Broadway at West Houston. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/2: Phoids; Shake Appeal; People Who Must. 1/3: Hope Factory; Robert Mainwaring; Playtrains; Most Sordid Pies. 1/4: 22 Brides; Meow; 44. 1/6: Loaded; Use; Sweet Diesel; Vitreous Humor; Blaze Camo. 1/7: Vitapup. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/3–1/4: Leshod Williams. 1/5–1/6: Otis Clay. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/5: Local ska faves the Slackers; Sick & Mad; Defactos. 1/6: Groove Collective. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. 1/5: Humpfries; Flat Old World; Life in a Blender. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Big Band. 1/3: John Zorn's Xu Feng. 1/5: Papas Fritas; Mountain Goats; Ditchcroakers. 1/6–1/7: Don Byron Quintet. 1/8: David Murray Big Band. 1/9: Don Byron plays the Music of Mickey Katz. 1/10: Don Byron plays the music of Raymond Scott and assorted klezmer; Don Byron plays the music of Mickey Katz. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—Its "decadent" exterior—a deconsecrated church—its velvet rope, and its surly doorpeople may all scream *eighties,* but the Limelight looks like it's going to be a cash cow right through the millennium, packing them in just about every night. Expect platform shoes, several floors of pulsating house music, and exit routes that would do King Minos proud. 1/7: The mighty Motörhead; Speedball. *47 W. 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/4: Friends, Romans, Countrymen; Blisters. 1/5: New York's premier combo of Velvet Underground–loving malcontents, Luna hold forth, led by

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Matt Anker/Retna.

the mordant social critic Dean Wareham; Run On. 1/6: Luna; Saturnine. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/4: Boston's delightful pop-gem factory the Magnetic Fields, led by the charmingly frumpy Cole Porter of nineties dysfunction, Stephin Merritt. 1/5: Halcion. 1/6: Bailter Space; Mad Scene. 1/8: The Veldt. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted long-horns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all recent visitors. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/2: Humans; Goodrow All-stars. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/2: Rose Hill. 1/3: James Brown's former frontline: singer Bobby Byrd, trombonist Fred Wesley, and tenor saxophonist Pee Wee Ellis—everyone but Maceo and Bootsy—play with Vicki Anderson. Expect the more gospelly side of the JBs experience. Sandra Wright Band. 1/10: Daniel Carter. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 1/5–1/6: Taylor's Wailers featuring Walter Bolden, Marc Carey, Abraham Burton, and Billy Johnson. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 1/2–1/7: Chanteuse Nancy Wilson, a superb stylist of classical pop, blues, and soul, leads a trio of pianist Llew Matthews, bassist John B. Williams, and drummer Roy McCurdy. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 1/6: John Hicks, Roy Hargrove, Curtis Lundy. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that, occasionally, presents excellent jazz musicians. 10/26: The Neal Kirkwood Octet. *29 Cornelia (989-9317).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 2/5–2/6: The hot, rootsy young pianist Cyrus Chestnut leads a trio. *d4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

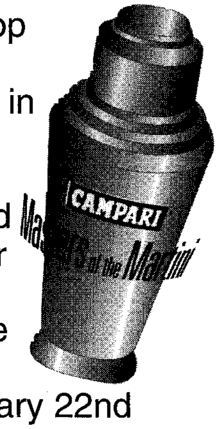
Iridium Room—So highly regarded is Mingus alum Charles MacPherson that he was cast (at least on the soundtrack) in the lead role in Clint Eastwood's film about a rather high-profile fellow alto saxophonist: Charlie Parker. But if playing Bird in *Bird* doesn't bestow the respect enough, the admiration of such peers as Billy Eckstine, Lionel Hampton, and Nat Adderly—all sometime collaborators—surely should. MacPherson plays on another top-notch double bill here with David Sanchez, a ferocious young tenorman

Talent

Clarinet Cool

Despite the best efforts of Woody Allen, the clarinet scores about as high on most recently calibrated cool meters as bobby socks and the hula hoop. Outside orchestras and chamber groups, that warmest and mellowest of woodwinds has long been eclipsed by the more bellicose and photogenic saxophone, forsaken by the hip cognoscenti to Jewish weddings and the polka circuit. You'd never know it, though, at a Don Byron gig. In his dreadlocks and hard-bop horn-rims, Byron defies bland swing-era stereotypes before he even plays a note, warming up with post–b-boy patter and sly, Gen-X wisecracks. Once he does start in, kicking off a raucous Monk tune or conjuring a ruminative nocturne, the 37-year-old clarinetist makes his instrument seem like the hippest thing going: a brainier, more literate ax for a subtler age. Byron's been most recently lauded (and, occasionally, miscast as a sort of post-bop Anwar Sadat) for his embrace of klezmer. But his buoyant, often uproarious treatments of Latin music, free jazz, or even Sousa marches are just as canny, revealing fluency in both the instrument's dialects and the freewheeling irreverence of New York's downtown scene. This week, Byron leads a sort of clarinet residency at the Knitting Factory January 6, 7, 9, and 10, playing the music of the overlooked master Mickey Katz (January 9 and 10) and of the manic postwar composer and cartoon-music icon Raymond Scott (January 10). A secret history of what just may be pop music's hippest reed. **CHRIS NORRIS**

Photograph by Deborah Feingold.



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Many claim to have created the perfect Campari Martini...but there can only be one master.

Over 100 top bars and restaurants in New York City have been invited to take their best shake. Look for the ten finalists in the January 22nd issue of New York Magazine. The winners will be decided on January 23, 1996 at The Supper Club.

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whose Latin and Afro-Cuban influences should add plenty of fire to the proceedings. They play 1/2–1/7. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 1/3–1/6: pianist Judy Carmichael and alto-sax player Mike Hashim. 1/7: pianist Bobby Forrester and guitarist Danny Draher. 1/10–1/13: pianist Terry Maldo. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 1/2–1/7: Blue Note All Stars with Javon Jackson, Greg Osby, Tim Hagans, Kevin Hays, Essiet Essiet, and Bill Stewart. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Closed until January 2. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/2–1/7: The lovely singer Jeannie Bryson leads a quartet with bassist Ray Drummond, guitarist Peter Bernstein, drummer Payton Crossley, and pianist Ted Brancato.Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs. 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 1/7: Brian McFadden; Nancy Redman; Tom Whitely. 1/8–1/14: Sean Donnelan; Ben Creed; Most Brothers. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club —One of the more intimate comedy spots, with regulars on Comedy Central's "Stand Up Stand Up." *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's The Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow, at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 1/5–1/7: Rich Ceisler; Al Ramos; Don Wilson. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—That incurable romantic Phillip Officer is back in the dusky precincts of the Oak Room to kick off the new year with the appropriately titled "Many a New Day," his tribute to the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II. Through 1/20. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:45 to 1:30, pianist/vocalist Barbara Carroll provides relaxed, jazz-flavored interpretations of both classic standards and her own original songs. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, doing the *chanteuse* thing in her trademark catlike purr. Opening 1/4; through 2/21. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11:30. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—It's her party, and she'll cry if she wants to—although Lesley Gore, one suspects, can find better things to do with that doo-wop thing she does than getting grim. The sixties pop idol, who in her heyday repeatedly topped the charts with such hits as "Judy's Turn to Cry" and "That's the Way Boys Are," will be here reminding many people of their teen years through 1/6. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. On 1/5, Bethany Smith performs a salute to the music of Dietz and Schwartz. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the Swing Era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000-arrangements strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is

Performance

k.d. Cometh

Act now for tickets to k. d. lang, the swingingest, most stylish Canadian ever to channel Patsy Cline. The neo-country diva holds forth at Radio City March 7–9 but will doubtless sell out much earlier.

Photograph by Guzman.

the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

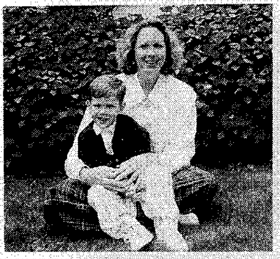
J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*



Alicia McNulty and son Joseph

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restaurants

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Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

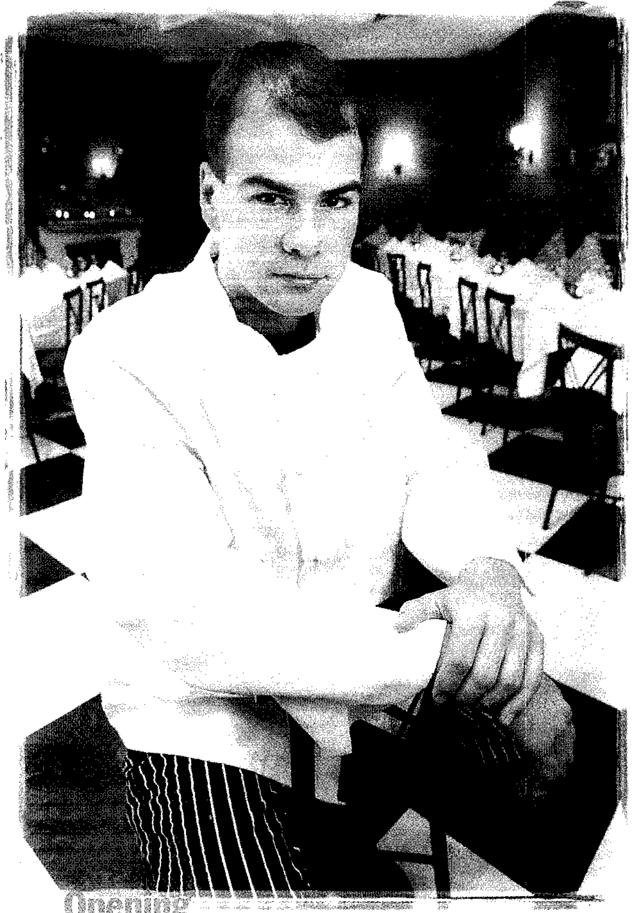
Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Opening

Eats Is East

The kitchen at Arlo's, a newcomer to the York Avenue hinterlands, is manned by Puck acolyte (and ex–Postrio sous-chef) Christian Caiazzo, who hopes to entice the gastronomically deprived Sotheby's crew down the block with an ambitious New American menu, featuring voguish Pacific and Mediterranean accents, and a late-night crowd with a simpler bar menu of grilled panini and jambalaya (1394 York Avenue, at 74th Street).

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Il Palazzo—Dine in the backyard to the murmur of waterfalls. Try homemade pastas and other Italian fare. *151 Mulberry St. (343-7000). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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this month's list

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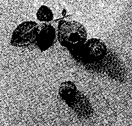
Melissa's Gourmet	212/265-9393
P.J. Rielly's	212/785-2589
Plaka Restaurant	212/674-9709
Rikyu Japanese Restaurant	212/799-7922
Sarabeth's	212/496-6280
Shark Bar	212/874-8500
Tequila's on Columbus	212/580-7286
Villa Berulia	212/689-1970



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Pipeline—Oil-refinery décor and an eclectic American menu, with dishes like lobster club sandwich and chicken corn chowder, make this casual restaurant a favorite for businessmen and neighborhood families alike. *2 World Financial Center, 225 Liberty St. (945-2755). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking*, *Ambrose*, and *Wavertree* moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, third floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, third floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

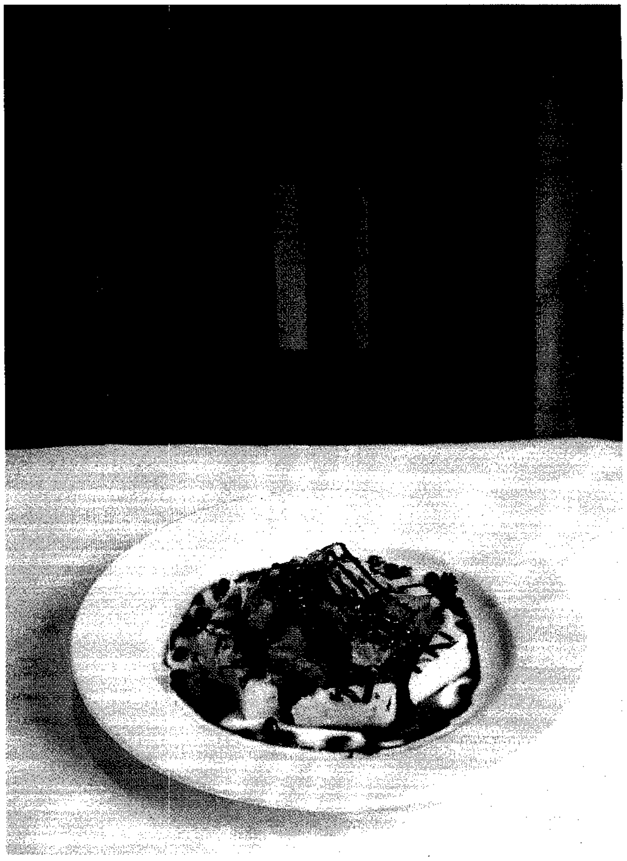
Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Object of Desire
Ruby Fruit

With pomegranate season winding down, Spartina's Stephen Kalt has cannily stockpiled enough to keep his Catalonian-inspired pork loins, served with a syrupy "molasses," on the menu. Bitter broccoli rabe studded with pine nuts (and currants) cuts the fruit's intense sweetness. (355 Greenwich Street, at Harrison Street.)



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating. A good bet when you're in the mood for prosciutto di parma *and* hanger steak with shallots and potatoes, plus a creative selection of pastas, seafood and vegetable dishes. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Doozo—Casual Village restaurant, with a sushi bar and traditional Japanese dishes like teriyaki and udon noodles. *216 Thompson St. (533-4433). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess-chef-owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Happy Veggie—Since the owner and chef are both vegetarians, they take this type of cuisine seriously. Innovative recipes for dishes like fried vegetarian scallops with taro and vegetable spare ribs are culled from gourmet restaurants in Taiwan and Hong Kong. *37 E. 29th St. (686-9692). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day (try the new Sunday brunch, with live Inca jazz) and warm and earthy

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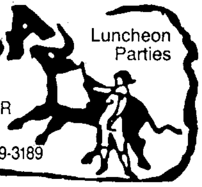

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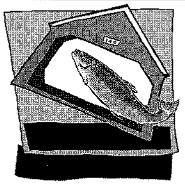

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by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toledo—Elegant midtown restaurant serving classic Spanish cuisine, including zarzuela de mariscos and veal chop Riojana. Jackets preferred. *6 E. 36th St. (696-5036). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Beema Grill—A handy pit stop for commuters and sports fans, this contemporary grill specializes in American dishes like Cajun chicken with angel's-hair pasta and grilled salmon medallions. *One Penn Plaza (695-8747). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—This West Side landmark, established in 1868, still sells huge pieces of cow, enormous lobsters, and the ever-so-trendy Kobe beef from Japan. Meat dealers and distributors eat here, which is a very good sign. *56 Ninth Ave., nr. 15th St. (242-9040). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Try house specialties like Hunan honey ham and prawns with egg-white sauce. To accommodate a primarily corporate clientele, several private dining rooms are available, and parking is free for four hours weeknights and after noon on weekends and holidays. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kokachin—Elka Gilmore was recruited from the West coast to create this shrine to Asian seafood, with subtly spiced, high-quality versions of tuna, sturgeon, oysters, and more. The newly refurbished Omni Berkshire provides a casually elegant setting for her refined cuisine. *21 E. 52nd St. (355-9300). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The new upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sutton Grille—This East Side American newcomer offers contemporary renditions of American standards in a lively, casual atmosphere. Specialties include potato-crusted red snapper, penne with veal meatballs and oven-dried tomatoes, and dry-aged New York steak. Live jazz Wednesday and Friday nights. *1016 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (755-3663). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

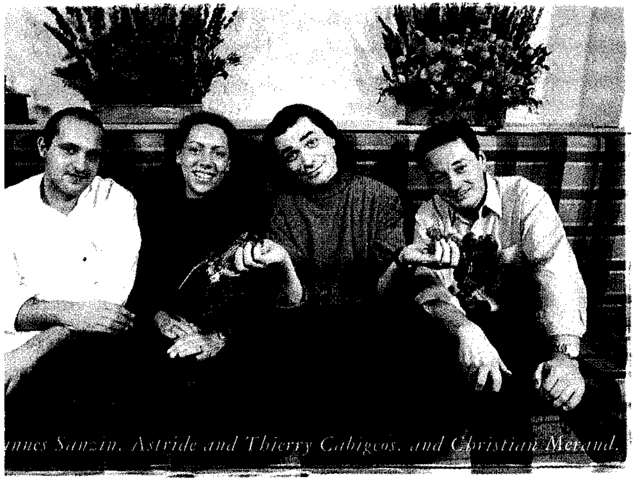
Il Tinello Ristorante—This elegant Northern Italian restaurant offers classic dishes like osso bucco and salmone Copa Santa to a sophisticated crowd that doesn't mind wearing jackets for food this good. *16 W. 56th St. (245-4388). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers

Opening
Provençal Attitudes


nnes Sanzin, Astride and Thierry Cabigeos, and Christian Merand.

For any number of reasons—the downtown (but not aggressively hip) address, the German chef, even the absence of that chic little *le* in the name—Pitchoune (226 Third Avenue, at 19th Street) isn't what you'd expect in a French restaurant. Especially one started by two stylish young waiter-refugees from an Upper East Side boîte like Le Bilboquet. The name means "any little cute thing," which is probably how owners Christian Merand and Thierry Cabigeos (and Cabigeos's wife, Astride) envisioned their exceedingly modest storefront and kitchen serving creative, affordable Frenchish food.

That a chef who worked under David Bouley and Eric Ripert is cooking ham-and-cheese sandwiches (albeit Black Forest and Gruyère) for $7 and dinner entrées that top out at $16 is a happy surprise. Furthermore, chef Johannes Sanzin is glad that most of the faces he sees are local customers. "I'm not after a big name," says the 24-year-old, who's certain he was hired because the owners recoiled from the old-school, temper-tantrum-prone French chef. In a sort of reversal from the typical evolution of a restaurant, friends from the kitchens of Bouley, Daniel, and Vong—"the French mafia," Sanzin calls them—came down to check out his food *after* the neighborhood embraced it.

The tiny room stays crowded because Sanzin's food is nouvelle, not in the precious minuscule-portion sense but in its concessions to healthfulness. His training at Le Bernardin and Bouley is evident in colorful presentations and creative—but not over-the-top—juxtapositions. "I won't do a lamb with rose-petal sauce," he says. "I'll do it with green beans." With the feeling of a casual lunch joint, Pitchoune is open throughout the day for warm apple tart or roasted-squash soup. But late in the evening, when the "the mafia" start showing up, it's clear that despite its lack of attitude, its soft-spoken German chef, and its dearth of steak frites, Pitchoune is inexorably European. The air is festive, a bit smokier. "We don't have ashtrays on the table, but *we're French*," Cabigeos says somewhat helplessly. "If people ask, we bring one out." But, unlike the stereotypically haughty French maître d', he'll try to make amends: "I haven't had a problem yet, but it's cost me a lot in dessert." **ROBIN RAISFELD**

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knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Rivista—Theater-district canteen for actors and audiences alike, serving Italian fare like monkfish Livornese, lamb chops, and lasagne bolognese. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

A Tempest in a Tearoom

After establishing itself as the perfect party site for bigwigs in music, fashion, and publishing, the luxe Inn at Irving Place (56 Irving Place) opens Lady Mendl's tea salon, featuring exotic brews like hibiscus-and-mallow-flower-scented "Eros" to sip with grilled pear-cabonzola-watercress sandwiches. Reserve. 533-4600.

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Ital-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

ian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Boeuf a La Mode—Cozy Yorkville bistro. Try authentic Parisian specialties like rack of lamb, duck aux cassis, and moules marinieres. *539 E. 81st St. (249-1473). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Manhattan Cafe—A posh, Upper East Side destination for mammoth steaks and chops. Soak up the luxurious atmosphere, with its Persian carpets, Deco chandeliers, and mahogany paneling.

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1161 First Ave., nr. 63rd St. (888-6556). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sorvino's—This Upper East Side Italian restaurant offers traditional fare in a cozy, elegant environment. Try the pasta with blue-crab sauce and the grilled veal chops with porcini mushrooms. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-

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chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monte's—This Italian dining room is truly a Brooklyn landmark, with its Venetian crystal chandelier, restored oak-and-mahogany bar, and Venetian murals from 1938. The kitchen is equally renowned for its famous shrimp à la Monte and homemade cheesecake. *451 Carroll St. (718-624-8984). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

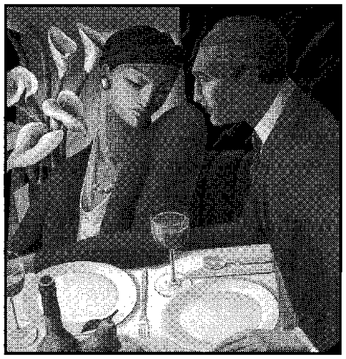
Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



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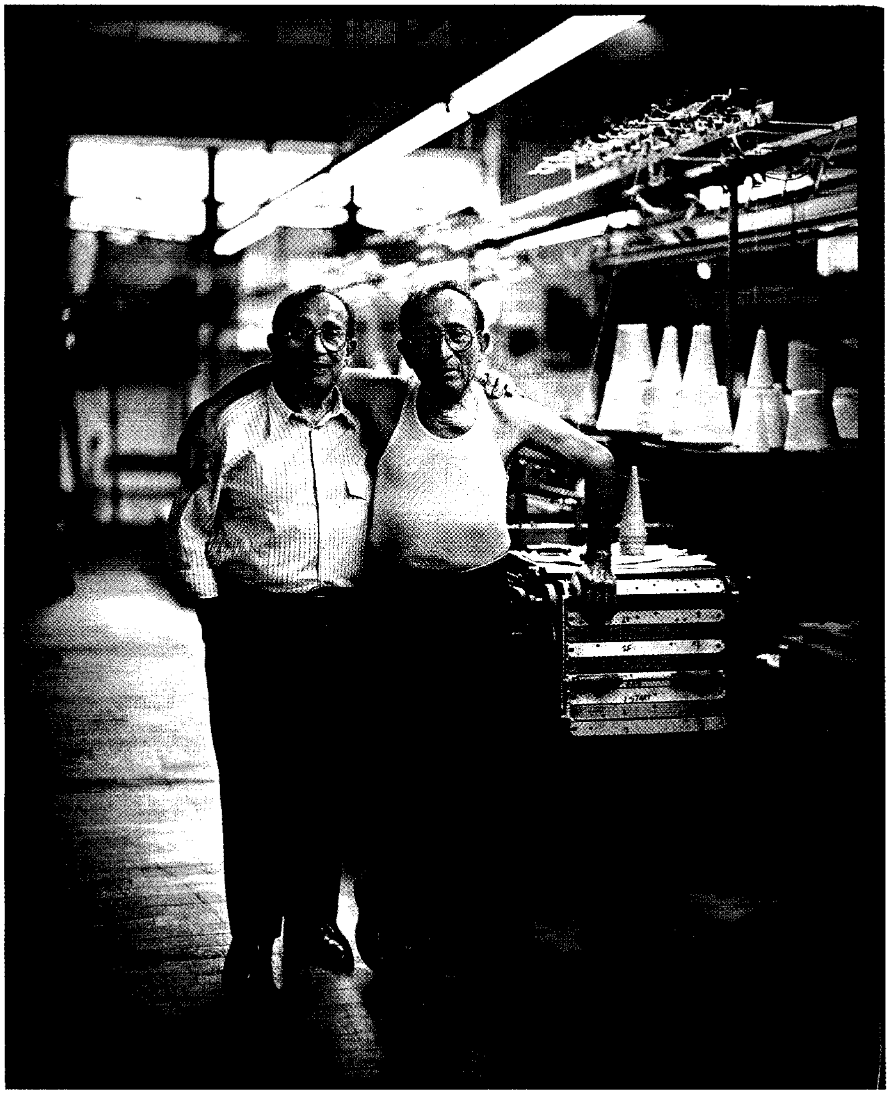
"Little Labels That Could"...Mark Seliger



On View **And also, from Arcade Publishing, in print: *When They Came to Take My Father: Voices of the Holocaust,* a collection of black-and-white portraits by *Rolling Stone's* exceptional staff photographer Mark Seliger, includes accounts of survivors and essays by Robert Jay Lifton, Anne Roiphe, Yaffa Eliach, Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, and Eva Fogleman. (Yancey Richardson Gallery, January 9 and 10 only; 343-1255.)**

Photograph courtesy of Yancey Richardson Gallery.

John Leonard's Television Notes

Alien Nation: The Millennium (1/2; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) sends our favorite L.A. future cops after a New Age cult, through the "portal" of a Tenctonese magic box, into a virtual reality of LSD hallucinations, alternative theme-park worlds of the living dead, Jonestown, and Waco. The subversive point of this third TV movie from the canceled series is, living on credit in a consumer society is itself addictive lunacy. Notice the names, like Caliban. And the Tori Spelling jokes.

Jack Reed: A Killer Amongst Us (1/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) brings back Brian Dennehy for the third time as Chicago's last honest cop, trying to catch a killer, crack a computer code, and save Suki Kaiser's life while remaining married to Susan Ruttan. Fine supporting performances from Charles S. Dutton and CCH Pounder. And Brian wrote and directed himself.

The Politician's Wife ("Masterpiece Theatre," 1/7 and 1/14; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is yet another classy British punishment of heartless Conservatives, in which the wronged wife (a splendid Juliet Stevenson) avenges herself on her philandering ministerial husband (a loathsome Trevor Eve) for his hanky-panky with a Christine Keeler sort of call girl (the toothsome Minnie Driver) by not only sabotaging his career but also advancing her own ecofeminist cause. Teleplaywright Paula Milne is no Fay Weldon, but these are people we love to hate.

Ivana Trump's For Love Alone (1/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) won't really answer the question of whether The Donald took up with Marla because Ivana was too much of an intellectual for him, but while Stephen Collins seethes, we do get to look a lot at Sanna Vraa in a fetching ski suit, spend a minute or two in Prague in the bad old days of the nonprofit police state, run around Paris and London and Aspen, find a missing child, and fend off both Madeline Kahn as a gossip columnist and Michael Feinstein as himself, at the abused piano.

Have You Seen My Son? (1/8; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) asks us to believe that Jameson Parker has the energy to kidnap his own asthmatic son—preempting a custody battle with Lisa Hartman-Black—and that Lisa will even go as far as Mexico to bring the kid back. William Russ is a nice lawyer, Anne Francis is an evil mother-in-law, and Lisa is permanently distraught.

Deadly Pursuits (1/8; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) insists that Richard Belzer is a mob boss who sends Tori Spelling out to vamp Patrick Muldoon, who is trying to find out why his mother and sister were murdered and his father vanished, in the course of which he ends up in Charleston, South Carolina, fighting off weirdos in the woods with baseball bats and, even worse, bedding down in a hotel room with a penguin-waddling Tori, with whose bellybutton the camera is excessively intimate, like a tiddlywink. Next time, Tori should play Ivana: all our trash in one sack.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—1/1: Lehar's *Gold and Silver Waltz* and Brahms's Violin Concerto in D; 1/2: Avison's Concerto Grosso No. 2 in G and Balakirev's Symphony No. 2 in d; 1/3: Wagner's *Der Fliegende Hollander* and Beethoven's Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello in C. 1/4: Pergolesi's Concertino no. 6 in B-flat and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella.* 1/5: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 5 in D and Piano Concerto No. 23 in A. 1/8: Handel's Concerto Grosso in F and Schubert's Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. 1/9: Mozart's Symphony in F and Paine's Symphony No. 1 in c. 1/10: Vivaldi's Concerto in g and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in e. Weeknights at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New Letters on the Air—1/5 at 7:30 P.M.: Stanley Kunitz talks about his life in poetry and reads from some of his works. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

New York and Company—1/3: Etymologist and inveterate punster Richard Lederer; Lorraine Glennon and Daniel Okrent, editor and creator of *Our Times*, the illustrated history of the twentieth century. 1/4: Journalist John Hess on what's wrong with the world; Peter Rand, author of *China Hands*, the adventures and ordeals of the American journalists who joined forces with the great Chinese Revolution; Michael Kimmel on *Manhood in America*. 1/5: Solomon Volkov on *St. Petersburg*. 1/8: Robert Lipsyte on his sporting history of the American century; Colleen McCullough on her novel *Caesar's Women;* Ronald Goldfarb on Robert Kennedy's war against organized crime. 1/9: Karl Sabbagh on *Twenty-First Century Jet.* 1/10: Dr. Alan Cooper on grammar. 1/11: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events; Jamaica Kincaid on *The Autobiography of My Mother.* 1/12: Open phones/listeners call in on issues of the day; Al and Larry Ubell on home repair. Every weekday at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

New Sounds—1/4 at 11 P.M.: With John Schaefer. The thirteenth annual New Sounds Top Ten. An opinionated look at the ten best new music releases of 1995. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Soundprint—1/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Russian cultural geographer Raymond Krishyunas joins host Larry Massett. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

WQXR's Ninth Annual Classical Countdown—1/1, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.: The largest classical radio audience in the country was asked to vote for its favorite conductor, singer, instrumentalist, and classical work; the winners in the first three categories will be announced and featured during this New Year's Day broadcast (the favorite classical works will be featured at a later date). WQXR; 96.3 FM.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—1/10 at 7 P.M.: Episodes featured are "Dr. Watson Meets Sherlock Holmes," and "The Dying Detective," starring Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Orson Welles. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—1/6 at 1:30: Puccini's *La Bohème.* With Barbara Frittoli, Patricia Racette, Marcello Giordani, Dwayne Croft, Eduardo Del Campo, Stefano Palatchi, and François Loup. Carlo Rizzi conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—1/7 at 8: Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann.* With Plácido Domingo and Joan Sutherland. Richard Bonynge conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Italian Sinfonia—1/7 at 6 P.M.: Mary Beth Clark, author of *Trattoria: The Best of Casual Italian Cooking* returns to the show to discuss her new book, featuring home-style dishes from all over Italy. She also talks about the history of Italian trattoria cooking. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Jamaica Kincaid—1/12: She will read will from her novel *The Autobiography of My Mother.* Books & Co., 75th and Madison. (737-1450); free.

Horton Foote and Romulus Linney—1/8 at 8, reading their work at the 92nd St. Y, 92nd and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Lectures and Panels

Uncommon Threads: Three Hundred Years of New York Style—1/6 at 2: Ken Smith, costume-collection assistant, discusses the history of men's fashion in New York and the men's costumes on display in the exhibition "Uncommon Threads." The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd St., 534-1672. $5 contribution suggested.

Expansive Poetry—1/10 at 8: Following a reading by poets Jack Butler and Frederick Turner, there will be a panel discussion of the expansive poetry movement with painter Steven Assael and art critic James Cooper. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway. (595-6859); free.

Tours

Immigrant New York—1/6 at 1: A guided walk through lower New York, including the neighborhoods that used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. You'll see the Negro Burial Ground, modern-day sweatshops, Stabile Bank, and the Transfiguration Church. Call 439-1090 for more information and meeting place. $9; $7 students and seniors.

Subway Buff's Walking/Riding Tour—1/7 at noon: Tour the NYC Transit Museum in Brooklyn, then ride the subway to the World Trade Center. From there, you'll take the PATH system to New Jersey for a behind-the-scenes look at its state-of-the-art operations center in Jersey City. Guided by Andrew Sparberg, train buff and manager of Customer Service, LIRR. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (call 996-1100 for further information and tickets); $18 not including fares.

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money ($5, in Auden's day, was sufficient). But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work. Meet at the Arch in Washington Park. The tour is $12; call 517-0201 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

Ellis Island—1/7 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island museum and grounds, including a talk on the history of American immigration. $15 admission includes boat ticket and movie; students and seniors pay $13. Call 439-1090 for more information and meeting place.

A Tribute to Jackie—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood, with stops at many of her favorite places. Call Sidewalks of New York at 517-0201 for more information and meeting place. $12.

Fairs and Festivals

The Boat Show—1/6–1/14: Come and see boats of all shapes and sizes for all budgets. The show will also be displaying, among other boating paraphernalia, engines, accessories, and nautical gifts. Sat. 10 A.M. to 9 P.M, Sun. 11 A.M, to 9 P.M, and Monday through Friday 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. The Javits Convention Center, 35th St. and Eleventh Ave.; $8 adults, $3 children under twelve and free for children under six. Call 984-7070 for more information.

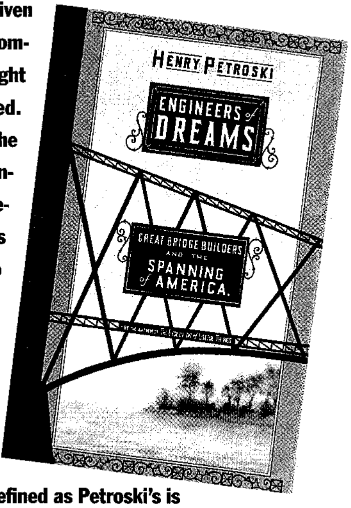
Poets in a War—Through 2/17/96, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.: "British writers on the battlefronts and the home front of the Second World War." In observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, the exhibition will feature manuscripts, first editions, drawings, and portraits of 130 British poets of the forties. Among the major writers whose work will be on public view are T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas,

In Print

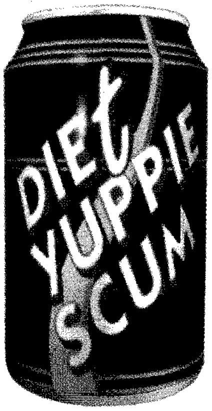
Engineers of the Soul

The engineer who cannot spell *engineer* perpetuates both a stereotype and a sad truth. So does the writer who can't use a can opener. It's not surprising, therefore, that the literature of engineering remains largely the work of outsiders. Carpetbagging journalists usually end up couching scientific explanations in big, soft analogies that lean heavily on superlatives. And there's plenty of writing by buffs, stuffed with facts and way short on analytical thought.

So it's nice to see Henry Petroski, a civil engineer who's best known for his impossibly precise books about everyday objects (especially 1990's *The Pencil*), turn his eye now to some of the largest things people build, in *Engineers of Dreams: Great Bridge Builders and the Spanning of America* (Knopf, $30). It's surprising that few writers have celebrated bridge builders before, given that individual architects' accomplishments, personified in a Wright or a Roebling, are so valued. Bridges are, after all, among the few big projects for which one engineer can take credit. (Who designed the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge? Othmar Ammann. Who designed the Pentium chip? God only knows.) Wisely, however, Petroski has skipped the Brooklyn Bridge analysis; it's been done, and done well, elsewhere.



An engineering aesthetic as refined as Petroski's is rare, as he abundantly shows. (Early plans for bridging the Hudson and the Narrows called for monstrosities that would have blighted the skyline.) Petroski's prose, too, is less clunky here than in his earlier books. So although this probably isn't the book that will move engineers out of their literary ghetto, Petroski himself won't be stuck there. A 27-page chapter about paper clips (as he included in his last book) isn't about holding papers together; it's about *everything.* **CHRISTOPHER BONANOS**



Online

Pop Goes the Web

Bigtwin (a.k.a. Jim Suhre), renegade visual artist and creator of the flashy virtual neighborhood on the NYU interactive cable-television show 'YORB,' plays at would-be-Swiftian satire and pop imagery on his Web home page (http://www.interport.net/~bigtwin).

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Sports

Football

Snowball Effect—Wellington Mara, the longtime **Giants** owner, announced last week that the team was canceling the season tickets of those holders who were ejected from the stadium for throwing snowballs during the season finale, vs. San Diego. After a 5–11 year, Mara may be doing them a favor. For both football residents of the East Rutherford, N.J., swamp, this season has been a sixteen-week descent into Dante's Inferno (plus one week in Purgatory to contemplate their sins). The problem with the Giants, heralded by many mainstream prognosticators as the third-best team in the NFC and as legitimate contenders in the eastern division, was that they were not as good as they thought they were (cf. Dan Reeves's predicted finish of 11–5); the problem with the **Jets** was that they were far worse (cf. owner Leon Hess's "I want results now" remark). From the season-opening 35–0 drubbing at the hands of the Cowboys on *Monday Night Football* on, it's been all downhill for Reeves and company. Perhaps the Giant brain trust's biggest miscalculation was believing that this was the year *old* (26) workhorse and free-agent-to-be Rodney Hampton would be sent to the glue factory, while *young* (25) quarterback and free-agent-to-be Dave Brown would prove he was the worthy successor to Phil Simms. As things now stand, who would the Jints be better off with in the backfield? Rodney Hampton and free-agent QB TBA or Tyrone Wheatley and Dave Brown? It's a tough call, but George Young and Dan Reeves (if he's the coach next year) will probably go with the latter pair, although Reeves's ominous pronouncement that Tommy Maddox (the coach's own Benoit Benjamin? *He was* not *a mistake; he was* not *a mistake*) would compete for the starting-QB job next year bodes ill for everyone involved. As impotent as the offense was, Big Blue's defense has fallen so far under the current regime that L.T. is as much a distant memory as Giff and Y. A. Tittle. Speaking of impotent . . . In *their* first game, the Jets battled the preseason Super Bowl faves the Miami Dolphins to a 14–14 tie at halftime; the Fish proceeded to score 38 unanswered points. For Jets fans, whose very existence indirectly explains the popularity of S&M, the team's torturous season was made even more excruciating by the manner in which they lost: Despite the obvious talent drain on the offense—the over-the-hill Boomer Esiason surrounded by a bevy of under-the-hill receivers, linemen, and running backs—the bulk of the Jets' franchise-record thirteen losses can be traced to one or a series of turnovers, bumbles, or miscues. In short, the Jets were just good enough to overachieve to the point of . . . a heartbreaking loss.

Basketball

Who's the Man?—The cracks in the foundation of the **Knicks'** surprising start are beginning to show. Hence Patrick Ewing's not-so-quiet claims that he's "The Man" and demands for "the rock"—and Anthony Mason's retort that "we tried that shit . . . and it didn't work. It's time to try something else"—in last week's sports pages. Stay tuned. Knicks vs. Portland Tues., 1/2, at 7:30. Vs. New Jersey, Thurs., 1/4, at 7:30. Vs. Seattle Sun., 1/7, at 8. **Nets** vs. Milwaukee Tues., 1/2, at 7:30. At New York Thurs., 1/4, at 7:30. Vs. Dallas Fri., 1/5, at 7:30. Vs. Atlanta Sun., 1/7, at 7.

Hockey

Magic Garden—Last week, the **Rangers,** behind the All-Star play of Mark Messier and Pat Verbeek, extended their unbeaten streak at home to seventeen games. Even Alexei Kovalev got in on the act, with goals in consecutive contests after nineteen games without one. The Streak goes on the line Wed., 1/3, vs. Montreal at 7:30. At Washington 1/5 at 8. It's Jocelyn (*you* make fun of him) vs. Claude in a battle of Les Frères Lemieux as the **Devils** at Colorado 1/1 at 9. Vs. Washington 1/6 at 7:30. **Islanders** vs. Montreal 1/4 at 7:30. Vs. Ottawa 1/6 at 7.

Online

Shaun Cassidy—Eternally boyish creator and writer of the creepy television series *American Gothic* hangs out with his swooning fans on America Online: 1/2 at 10 P.M.

Greta C. Van Susteren—Legal analyst for CNN and *USA Weekend* columnist takes questions about the trial of the century and the upcoming civil-court case against O. J. Simpson. On America Online: 1/3 at 9 P.M.

Terry Gilliam—One-time Python-troupe member and director of *Time Bandits, Brazil, The Fisher King* chats about his new movie, *12 Monkeys,* on CompuServe: 1/4 at 9 P.M.

Carol Shields—Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *The Stone Diaries* discusses choosing subject matter, formulating characters, and developing manuscripts for new and aspiring novelists. On CompuServe: 1/4 at 9 P.M.

Dr. Gilda Carle—Relationship specialist will be discussing issues such as dating, mating, and cohabiting. Get some advice from the Internet's Dr. Ruth. On America Online: 1/4 at 11 P.M.

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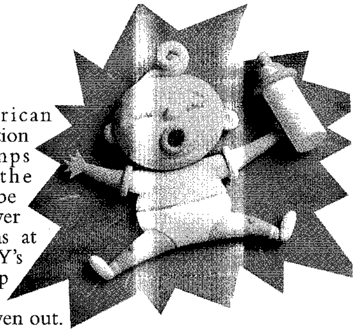
Opening

Revolutions Per Minute

Thrill to the indie-rock revolution and other cultural upsets in the sound-and-image show "Little Labels That Could: Indies and Their Music," at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts January 6–April 6.

kids

Slime...Cinderella...SoundsFun



Children's Events

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Small Screen—**The Fourth International Children's Television Festival** proves just what an informative and inventive medium the boob tube really can be—and entertaining in the bargain. Weekends through 1/21 the festival's programming is about Mother Earth. (The festival continues through May.) See animated films about growing watermelons and factory emissions, and live-action movies about horses, a bat's life, and gently moving zebras. Screenings—on a big screen—of two different programs begin at 12:15 and 3 on weekends. **The Museum of Television and Radio**, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800). General admission is $6 for adults; $4 for students and seniors; $3 for children.

Train Tracks—Bigger and better toy trains than the ones Santa left under the Christmas tree chug past scaled-down models of New York City landmarks made of acorns, mosses, flowers, seeds, and stones in a Holiday Garden Railways Exhibition at the **New York Botanical Garden** through 1/7. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. (718-817-8700). Open Tues. through Sun., and Mon. holidays, from 10 to 4. (The Garden is open on New Year's Day.) $3; $1 seniors, students, and children 6 to 16; children under 6, free; free to everyone Sat. from 10 to noon and all day Wed.●

Big Apple Circus—Last chance to see *Jazzmatazz,* an homage to the flapper–and–Art Deco era, at the tent installed at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. After this week the Circus tours the country, returning to the outer boroughs in the spring. Through 1/7. W. 65th St. and Broadway. Infoline: 268-0055; tickets: 307-4100. $10 to $49. Reserve.●

Theatrical—Carved marionettes perform *Cinderella* in a Spanish setting, where a bullfight is even worked into the show, at the newly renovated **Swedish Cottage** in Central Park. Tues. through Fri., 10:30 and noon, and Sat. noon and 3 (988-9093); tickets are $4 for children, $5 for adults. Seventeen-year-old Emmanuel Wilson and 10-year-old Marisol Rosa-Shapiro perform in *Flies in the Soup,* an original musical about a couple of reform-school parolees who pose as geniuses. 12/22 through 1/28; call for specific schedule; **Tada**, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $6 for children, $12 for adults. Children in the audience may get up onstage at *Alfred the Dragon and the Phantom Balloon Stealers.* Saturdays at 3. **New Media Repertory Co.**, 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195). Adults $7, children $6.

Neat Dribbling—The top six local high-school basketball teams compete in the Chemical Bank Super 6, the first event of its kind. 1/7. Games are at 11, 1, and 3. Madison Square Garden, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza (465-6774). $12 to $25.●

African Beat—Choreographer, musician, composer, actress, and storyteller Namu Lwanga leads her dance troupe, Kayaga, in dances from her native Uganda and surrounding countries. 1/7 at 2. **Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts,** one block west of the intersection of Flatbush and Nostrand Ave., in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn (718-951-4500 Tues. to Sat. 1 to 6). $8. ●

Thinking Ahead—The mistletoe may still be up, but it might not be a bad idea to begin thinking about, well, summer camp. Staff members from about 40 American Camping Association accredited camps from all over the Northeast will be on hand to answer parents' questions at the 92nd Street Y's Summer Camp Fairs. Free camp directories are given out. Fairs are 1/7 and 2/11; a teen-camp fair is 1/28. Noon to 4. 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5450). ●

"Meet the Music"—"Captain Tempo's Fourth Dimension Journey" is the first in a series of classical-music concerts for children given by the **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.** Children, ages 6 to 12, journey through Baroque, classical, and Romantic music, into a future where music has yet to be composed. 1/7 at 2 and 4. Alice Tully Hall, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5775). $12.

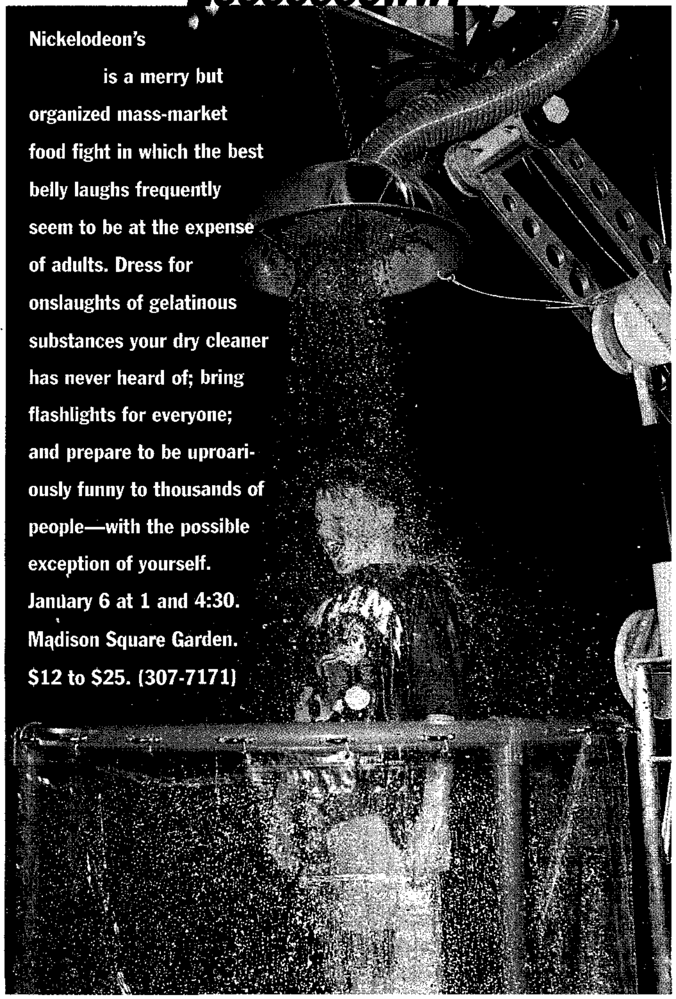
Times . . . a-Changin'—**New Victory,** the first of several Times Square theaters to be refurbished under the city's renovation program, devotes itself to bringing lively and sometimes topical theater to family audiences. *Sheila's Day* tells the story of South African and African-American women working together to arrive at a common ground. 1/5 through 1/21, at Sat., Sun., and Wed. at 2, Wed., Thurs., Fri. Sat., and Sun. at 7. 330 W. 42nd St. (239-6255); tickets are $10 to $25.

Mind Games—Two exhibits that adapt nicely into indoor playgrounds to romp in at this frigid time of year are both at the *Children's Museum of Manhattan.* The World of Pooh is a whole Winnie the Pooh-ish environment complete with a bridge to run across, Roo's sandbox, a playhouse, and a heated "hundred-acre wood." Upstairs, SoundsFun has slides, crawl-through tunnels, and cool stuff to bang on—all of which relate to music and sound. **The Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Hours are Mon., Wed., and Thurs. 1:30 to 5:30. Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10 to 5. General admission is $5; seniors are $2.50; children under 2 are free.

Family Ties—Abraham Lincoln requests a flag for his son Tad from the Secretary of War, Harry Truman jokingly threatens a reporter who panned his daughter's singing, and John Kennedy Jr.'s birth is announced in letters and documents on display in *First Families* at the Forbes Magazine Galleries through June. Also on permanent display are 12,000 toy soldiers and 500 toy boats. Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 to 4; 62 Fifth Ave. (206-5548). ●

Radio City Christmas Spectacular—If you didn't get your fill of yuletide extravagance, the Rockettes are kicking, and Santa is appearing for one more week. Shows are daily though 1/7. **Radio City Music Hall,** Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-1000); $35 to $49.●

Happening
Eeeeeeeeww!



Nickelodeon's

is a merry but organized mass-market food fight in which the best belly laughs frequently seem to be at the expense of adults. Dress for onslaughts of gelatinous substances your dry cleaner has never heard of; bring flashlights for everyone; and prepare to be uproariously funny to thousands of people—with the possible exception of yourself. January 6 at 1 and 4:30. Madison Square Garden. $12 to $25. (307-7171)

C

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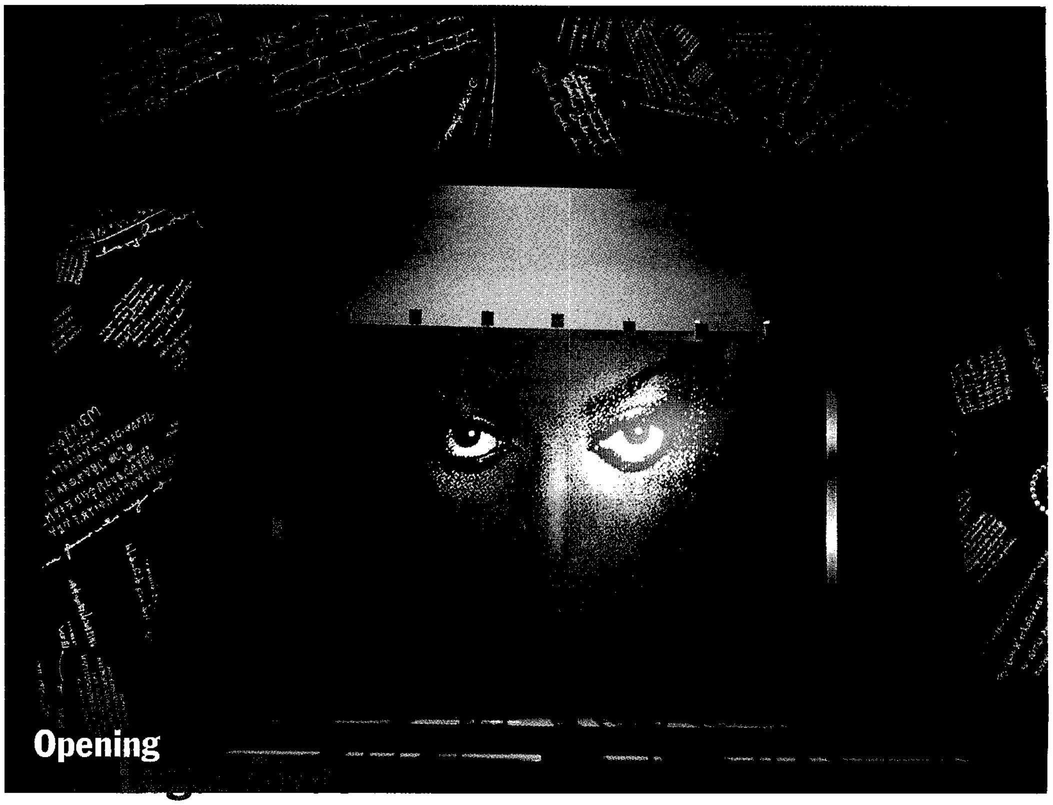

Jessye Norman is perhaps typecast as diva Emilia Marty in the Metropolitan Opera's premiere of Janáček's 'The Makropulos Case' on January 5. The opera centers, like almost every second legal drama, on a century-old inheritance, a sealed envelope, and a mystery identity.

Classical Music

Thursday, January 4

Bargemusic—Works by Beethoven and Busoni for piano, violin, and cello. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs the world premiere of Danielpour's *Toward the Splendid City*, and violinist Sarah Chang solos in Lalo; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Friday, January 5

Jill Decotiis, Pianist—Performing works by Chopin and Debussy. *Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. (777-3240), at 7:30; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/4.

Saturday, January 6

New York Philharmonic—A Young People's Concert with violinist Sarah Chang; Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $6–$20.*

Romanian Art Songs—With pianist Cristina Stanescu and singers. *Bruno Walter Auditorium, Lincoln Center (870-1630), at 3; free.*

Beethoven's Universe—A concert with pianist Lukas Foss, violinists Krista Bennion-Feen and Laurie Smukler, violist Ira Weller and cellist Robert Martin. Discussion starts at 4:30. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 7; $25.*

Hermann Prey, Baritone—Performs the songs of Carl Loewe with pianist Michael Endres. *92nd St. Y at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

Now-Well—Ensemble for Early Music performs medieval and Renaissance seasonal favorites. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at West 112th St. (749-6600), at 8; $22.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/4.

Sunday, January 7

Solemnity of the Epiphany—A procession with carols from Wood, de Pearsall and Locklair. *St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue and 53rd St. (757-7013 ext. 3003), at 11 and 4; free.*

Debbie Friedman, Guitarist—Performs soulful Jewish music. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2:30; $25–$50.*

Walter J. Turnbull, Tenor—Performs works by Purcell, Schumann, and Poulenc. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8060), at 3; $20.*

Elena Malfitano, Soprano—Performs sacred arias and songs from Rossini, Dvořák, and Stradella. *Church of the Good Shepherd, 236 E. 31st St., at 3; $10.*

Now-Well—See 1/6, at 3.

Bargemusic—See 1/4, at 4.

Stray Dogs—A 1900s Russian café, featuring Anna Akhmatova's poetry and music by Oded Zehavi. *Renee Weiler Concert Hall, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 5; $10.*

Monday, January 8

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Performs works by Brunetti and Sammartini; Newell Jenkins, conductor. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $15.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, 1/2 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 1/3 at 8, 1/6 at 1:30; Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*, 1/4 at 8, 1/6 at 8; Janáček's *The Makropulos Case*, 1/5 at 8, 1/8 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

H.M.S. Pinafore—The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players revive this shipboard romance. 1/4 to 1/6 at 8, 1/6 and 1/7 at 3. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$40.*

Dance

Altogether Different—A showcase for developing choreographers, featuring new works from Irene Hultman Dance, Kevin Wynn Collection, Doug Elkins Dance Company, and four other companies. 1/3 to 1/6 at 8, 1/7 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $17.*

New York City Ballet—Repertory, including the new ballet *Reliquary*. 1/2 to 1/6 at 8, 1/6 at 2 and 1/7 at 3. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$70.*

Madre Selva: From Life to Spirit—Celebrating the work of Cuban artist Ana Mendieta. 1/4 to 1/7 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829); $12.*

Mimbre y Vareta—Flamenco with La Conja. 1/4 to 1/6 at 8, 1/7 at 2. *Pace Downtown Theater, Spruce St. bet. Park Row and Gold St. (924-0077); $12-$17.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

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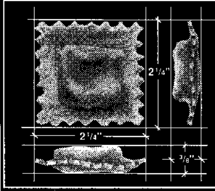
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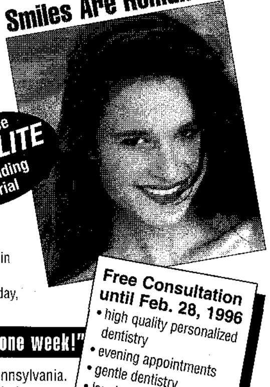

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Green-Eyed Lady—Just moved to RI from NY for job. Hoping to meet smart, romantic, kindhearted man with sense of humor. I'm pretty, just turned 40, 5'2". Enjoy music, theater, museums, books, dancing, traveling and spending time with someone special. If you live in RI, Boston or NY (and spend your weekends in Newport), and enjoy being with someone special, let's get together. Note/photo. 1150 ✉

Let's Start The New Year Right—By finding each other in time for Valentine's Day. Your sharp mind, keen sense of humor and solid principles earn the admiration of others. Those close to you respect your honesty and enjoy your kindness and warmth. You are 32-40, pretty, ladylike, well-dressed and ready for a serious permanent partnership. Consider this handsome, successful professional man, who is ready to spoil you with all forms of kindness. Let's share family, friends and all the goodies life offers. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 1244 ✉☎

Searching For Prince Charming—30-year-old, Jewish, full-figured mom of one, (516) - loves traveling, theater and good conversation. Wants to be swept off her feet by a professional, nonsmoking Jewish male, 30-42, who loves children and has a great sense of humor. Note/phone. 1237 ✉

She's Got It All—She's 26, 5'7", beautiful brunette, sophisticated, elegant, exciting, fun-loving, hard-working, caring, great cook, trilingual, well-traveled, Ivy undergrad and grad school-educated, from fantastic family - should know, I'm her mom. She would love to meet the man of her dreams: a tall, handsome, intelligent, charismatic, sincere, strong, athletic, upwardly mobile, 28-36-year-old Jewish businessman with a similar background, who enjoys the good life, music, theater, travel, romance, family, and who's ready to begin to share it. RSVP quickly with note, recent photo and resume before she kills me for placing this ad. 1230 ✉

A Man With Great Looks—5'10", 165 lbs, just 50 - looks 35, feels 25. Well-balanced, extremely successful, has traveled the world. Never married but open to marriage and family. Seeking a knockout with brains, beauty, charm and grace. Phone/photo please. 1226 ✉☎

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Classy Guy—Single, divorced Jewish male, 48, 5'11", 165 lbs, very handsome, intelligent, charming, country club member, south shore Nassau County resident, romantic, successful businessman, energetic. Needs a vibrant, warm, classy and beautiful lady partner to drive away in my new red Cadillac. Photo/note. 1152 ✉

Artist, Physician—Athletic vegetarian - 32, Jewish male, 5'8", outstanding looks, intellect. Seeks younger Jewish female counterpart. Photo/note a must. 1205 ✉

Lonely In My Penthouse Apartment—Very successful, self-employed attorney, 34, Jewish, good-looking, fit, blue-eyed and very selective - but alone in my Manhattan penthouse apartment. I enjoy sports, music (rock and jazz), working out at health club, having a good time and many other interests. I would love to meet a beautiful, sexy, intelligent, down-to-earth and classy woman, mid 20s to early 30s. I never did a personal ad before and perhaps neither have you, but we have not yet met at any social function, bar or restaurant. If you think we should meet, please send note/recent photo(s). 1146 ✉

Very Pretty, High-Spirited, Educated—5'2", slim Jewish female, 28. I ski, scuba, do crosswords, rollerblade, read, travel, enjoy movies and museums. Will try anything but bunjee jumping. If you're a Jewish male, 27-35, intelligent, witty, and as tired of the dating scene as I am, let's meet and see what the new year has in store for us. 1222 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Slim, warm and blue-eyed, seeks gallant, gracious, gentle Englishman, 37-44. Note/photo. 1143 ✉

Republican Women—With Jewish heart. Do they exist? If they do, surely they are all smart, funny and pretty. But I'm looking for only one, so let's narrow the parameters - mid-late 30s, wants to start or expand her family. A small group still out there? Well, narrower still - comfortable at Taillevent or Sammy's, with a tennis racquet or on a bicycle, at opening night at the Met (either one) or climbing Masada. Anybody?? Now, the acid test - not afraid of a guy who's smart, funny, successful, good-looking and about 15 years her senior. Hullooo - now that there's only one soul left, write. 1243 ✉

Super-Successful Young Entrepreneur—A true Renaissance man, good-looking and very fit - loves cooking, dining, theater, antiques. If you're a single female, 30ish, and love having fun in and out of the city, drop a line. Photo please. 1182 ✉

Not A Creature Is Stirring—At my house. Kids away at college. Wife gone for good. I'm a successful financial executive - handsome, 50 (look younger), 5'8", trim, fit, with manners and morals. Ready to remarry for second and last time. I enjoy skiing, travel, nice restaurants, music and much more. My wish is for a professional, very attractive, slender woman, late 30s to mid 40s, who loves life and is a genuinely nice person, to share a wonderful future. Note/photo/phone to: 1224 ✉

Stimulating Nice Guy Type—6'2", 200 lbs, fit, very handsome, 35 years, diverse, spontaneous - intuitive, affectionate and humorous seeks desirable woman - note/photo/phone. 1254 ✉

Lean, Muscular, Blue-Eyed Attorney—41, 5'10", 165 lbs, handsome, extremely successful, literate, polished and very funny. I have homes in the city and the country and live the best of both worlds. My passions are reading, rollerblading, travel, old movies and my work. My goals today are love, marriage and family - in that order. If you are beautiful, fit, bright, accomplished and secure, please write. This is for keeps. Photo please, for response. 1163 ✉

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Petite, Young 60-Something—Good-looking Jewish female, in excellent shape, good golfer, intelligent, fun-loving, with great sense of humor, looking for young 60-something male to enjoy same and travel too. 1132 ✉

Gay Male 38—6", successful, fit, brown hair, blue eyes, father of beautiful adopted baby, fun-hearted and serious-minded. I love cooking and eating, outdoors and in, cit and country, family and friends. Seeks down-to-earth, focused, mature, no pretensions, gentle man, 34-44 for committed sharing relationship. 1250 ✉

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Falling For Each Other—Pretty blond, green eyes, 30, slender, 5'7", MBA, part-time model with healthy life style. Enjoys tennis, hiking, traveling, working out and cooking. Seeks stable, bright, MD, JD, MBA for happily-ever-after. Please be 28-45, over 5'8", and CT, Westchester or Manhattan resident. Please send handwritten note/photo. 1131 ✉

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Good-Looking And Intelligent—Jewish NY male, 32, 6'1", 185 lbs and in excellent shape. Warm, playful and easygoing, with a taste for adventure - very athletic, open-minded and willing to try just about anything once. Meet the type of person you probably did not think you could meet through the ads. Note/phone/photo a must. 1246 ✉

Handsome, Fit, Jewish—39, 5'7", seeks open, pretty, Rubenesque. Photo. 1229 ✉

Wall Street Exec—Tall, dark and handsome, great shape, 30, seeks attractive, career-minded woman, 25-35, for fun and romance. Photo. 1257 ✉

Athletic And Attractive—West side brunette, great sense of humor, who loves to travel (30/5'8"/Jewish/MBA) seeks tall, dark and handsome, special someone, 27-35. Note/photo, please. 1258 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Affectionate Gentleman—Divorced, 54, seeking a woman for a loving, committed relationship. Enjoys travel, movies, theater. Note and photo a must. 1183 ✉

Very Pretty, Petite—Athletic, professional, 31 year old female, seeks buxom, feminine, gay lady, for possible friendship. Photo please. 1256 ✉

Having It All - Plus—Room for more! Sane, adorable blond wants emotionally strong man, 40s or 50s, for sharing and caring, fun and fortune. If "more" suits you, circle this ad. 1235 ✉

I Am Attractive—Dark-haired, blue-eyed professional female, 37, 5'3", Jewish. You are 33-40 (preferably Jewish), tall, attractive, intelligent, stable and secure male. Let's meet. Photo/note for response. 1137 ✉ ☎

Providence Matchmaking Services, Inc.

The only way to meet your other half

Did you know that you already have a mate? This special person is actually your other half, your soul mate. Sarah L. Ossey, MSW, has the professional expertise to offer both success oriented matchmaking and relationship counseling services to help you find your other half.

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800-677-8215 or 212-605-0282
575 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Attractive Russian Lady—45, 5'7", seeks traditional man with sense of humor and an open mind. 1206 ✉

Good-Looking, Sporty, Elegant—Mediterranean businessowner 43 years old, seek attractive, beautiful sincere female, 24-30, for lifetime of love affectionate and caring. 1255 ✉

Professional Jewish Male, 36—Slightly disabled, financially independent, seeking Jewish female. 1133 ✉

Ski Bunny—Seeks black diamond in the rough for exhilarating days on the slopes and romantic nights by the fire. Pretty, Jewish, blue-eyed brunette, 34, petite and thin, with Debra Winger voice - seeks Jewish man, 30-40, who is sometimes silly, occasionally intellectual and always warm. You are introspective, emotionally healthy and passionate about food, workouts, the arts and life in general. 1198 ✉ ☎

Black Male Seeks Black Lady—Below 30, who is sincere, honest and beautiful, for a serious relationship. Photo. 1154 ✉

Let's Start The New Year Together—Successful man, 44, creative, good heart, good looks, in shape, seeks a woman who is smart, loves to laugh, passionate and ready for a commitment. Photo. 1223 ✉

Bachelor Father—Tall, dashing, demonstrative Jewish jock, 43, seels svelte, sensitive, cosmopolitan skier/cyclist/optimist, Knicks fan, for egalitarian one-on-one relationship. Note/photo. 1221 ✉

This Man Appreciates—Whatever is noble in another. Blessed with a fit, classy, mellow continental style at 52 - wishes to sip life's seesaw rewards with a refined woman with panache and humor. 1161 ✉

Enthusiastic, Outgoing—Pretty brunette, 30, slim, Christian, likes running, theater, travel and reading. Looking for a man of fine character. 1217 ✉ ☎

Good Humor Lady Wanted—30s, by professional guy: liberal, 5'8", 40, fit and funny. Kid-friendly, worldly, slim/pretty a plus. E-mail to OkMax@aol. 1259 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman—50, Jewish, sensuous and unpretentious, seeks sensitive, funny, handsome man, 48-58. Photo. 1197 ✉

Big Things Come In Small Ads—Guy, 34, 6'1", fit, fun-loving, seeks pretty, extremely smart, affectionate female to share a drink (several drinks?). 1170 ✉ ☎

To Be Friends—To love, to share life. Pretty, slim Jewish professional, young 44, loves music, arts, outdoors, more. Seeks kindred soul who wants to meet a warm, lovely lady. Photo appreciated. 1179 ✉

Special Chinese Woman—Gorgeous, sexy, intelligent, 5'5", 115 lbs, 46 - looks 35. Seeks 40-55, kind, successful, handsome white man for love and marriage. Photo. 1158 ✉

Think Newt Is Nuts?—So do I. Successful JD, 25, trim, 5'4", attractive, Reform-Conservative Jewish Democrat who adores travel, racquetball, restaurants and Star Trek, seeks very bright, sincere, easygoing, professional Jewish male, 25-32, over 5'8", with similar interests. Note and photo. 1216 ✉ ☎

Doctor, Lawyer, Conductor, Exec—I'll trade them all for one decent guy who can make me laugh. Beautiful artist, 40s, looks 30s - a slow target for a straight arrow. 1211 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

MD—Bright, attractive, compassionate as well as artistic, looking for an attractive professional woman, 20s-early 30s, who has sensitivity and traditional values. Photo/phone, please. 1155 ✉

Starting Over—Successful, Ivy, Wall Street attorney, single dad (joint custody and housekeeper), 6', 170 lbs, 41 - in search of bright, truly beautiful, fun-loving, fit woman, 25-40. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 1208 ✉

No-Nonsense—North NJ, single white female, 31, relaxed Catholic, Rubenesque NY professional, with a way with words - seeks sensible and sensitive regular guy, 29-39, 6' plus, with brains, sense of humor and low blood pressure...for fun, field trips and possible future. No substance abusers (alcohol and tobacco included) need apply. Note/photo. 1220 ✉

Earthy But Distinguished—Handsome, fit, sincere, young 52, artistic professional seeks 37-43, confident, sensuous, gentile female partner to enrich our genders' spirits. Romance, passion, fun, dance, arts, ski, sail. Photo/note. 1181 ✉

Pretty, Slim, Brown-Eyed—Jewish female seeks caring, commitment-minded guy, 40s. Photo/note, please. 1162 ✉

I'm Ready—To love again. Pretty Jewish professional, 40, widow with young son, seeks smart, warm and kind Jewish male, 35-45, to share the future. 1168 ✉

Fourth And Goal—Go for it! Jewish female, athletic, smart, playful and very easy on the eyes! Are you my young Charleton Heston (Moses), 25-38? Entice me with a note and photo. So let it be written, so let it be done! 1160 ✉

Rare Find—Extremely sweet, bright, attractive woman, 43, very happy - loves travel, Japan, children, art, ballet, music, friends. Hope to hear from a man who is happy and knows what he wants out of life. Note/photo. Thanks. 1189 ✉

Asian Lady—Pretty, attractive, seeks edcuated, successful male, to 45, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 1251 ✉

Good News—This professional Jewish male with a positive attitude, sense of humor, desires to meet kind, sweet female, to 39, to share loving, caring, forever marriage. Photo appreciated. 1141 ✉

Hi!—Kind, handsome, emotionally and physically fit health-care executive, good listener, 40, would like to meet a bright, caring, slim, attractive woman, 27 plus. My interests include racquetball, decorating, reading and travel. I'd love to develop a sharing relationship with a good person, ideally for keeps. I'm looking forward to a note, phone and photo. Thanks. 1241 ✉ ☎

IT HAPPENED THROUGH NEW YORK MAGAZINE STRICTLY PERSONALS

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

Do NEW YORK magazine Personal Ads work?

Our picture says a thousand words, but let us share some thoughts.

KEVIN: In the process of writing the ad and putting my thoughts and feelings in black and white, it became very clear to me who I was and what I wanted in a relationship and maybe just as important, what I didn't want. I was inundated with letters and phone messages. For me it was a wonderful life experience. I give myself a lot of credit for believing in an idea and the courage to ride it out. To a certain degree, I had attached an embarrassing stigma to putting an ad in a magazine, but now I have the most wonderful loving wife and the most delicious little girl in the world. It was definitely worth the risk..

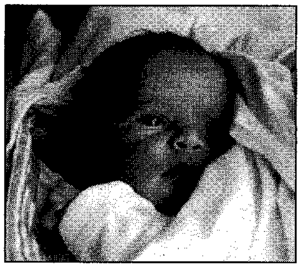
KRISTI: I had reached a point in my life where I had a clear idea of what I was looking for in a life partner. I had, however, never seriously considered personal ads as a means of meeting someone. It had seemed too contrived and unromantic. By chance, I saw Kevin's ad and it resonated. It was as if he had read my mind. Here was someone going the same way as me. So I called, we met, and things just kept clicking. Because of the ad we were braver, the deeper hopes had been expressed and acknowledged. It was very powerful. Now a year later, with our beautiful daughter and enviable lifestyle and a future ahead with a loving husband, I have to pinch myself. Everyone who hears our story says " how romantic."

Kevin Reynolds, Kristi Hood, Molly-Rose
East Hampton, New York

KEVIN'S AD: MAY 2, 1994

Anything Could Happen—Young 44, warm, affectionate, handsome, athletic beach lover - who enjoys his work, dining, movies, sports, warm winters and an informal, non-mainstream Hamtons life style - seeks slim, attractive, playful pal with strong feelings about life, to explore partnership and making babies.

Kevin and Kristi's Molly Rose



Mid 20s, American Blond—6' and 160 lbs, with variety of interests, seeks partner to share life's challenges and inspirations. East siders a plus, honesty a must. 1248 ✉

Looking For You—Successful, sensitive man, 43-53, with generosity of spirit and terrific sense of humor. Me: attractive Jewish professional, nonsmoker, 40s, caring and funny, to share a future. 1159✉

Tall, Slim, Attractive—Chinese-American female - likes art, music and dancing. Seeks like-minded male, 30-40ish, race unimportant. Note/photo. 1156 ✉

Ex-Circus Mole Boy, 28—Burrowing claws, twitchy nose, white. Seeks woman (ebola-free) who enjoys soil and can eat with utensils. Letter and photo (no bright colors). 1144 ✉

Black Male, MD—43, sincere, seeks educated female, any race, 23-37. Phone/photo/note. 1249 ✉

This Attractive, Unattached Male—30, 5'10", blond, Ivy and graduate school-educated, seeks a never-married female for a committed relationship, 25-32. I enjoy NYC, upstate. I'm self-employed, independent, family-oriented, very caring and trustworthy. Christian religious background. You should be finished with school and generally together with your life. If you are, please respond. 1169 ✉ ☎

Businessman—44, 5'9", Jewish, enjoys travel, sunsets, movies, cozy nights with wine, suburbs. Seek caring woman, petite, slender, 30-39, who wants children and marriage. Phone/photo. 1219 ✉

Gay White Male—43, masculine, Ivy/preppy, seeks tall, romantic guy into art/music/ideas. Photo. POB 843, NYC 10163

Very Pretty, Petite—34-year-old Jewish professional, spirited and spiritual, passionate and compassionate, and earthy. Loves the outdoors for skiing and biking; loves the indoors for movies, music and my parrots. Seeking lover/best friend to be husband and father, who still believes in true love and isn't afraid to show it. Nonsmoking. 1185 ✉ ☎

Boys All Love Me—But I prefer men who still know how to laugh and play. Be confident, successful professional, early 30s. Exceptionally pretty, intelligent, well-educated, slender Jewish female, 30, enjoys city life and travel. Seeking lasting relationship with warm, caring man of equal looks/caliber. Note/photo. 1171 ✉

Handsome, Wealthy Lawyer—5'10", 67 - looks 57, slim, athletic, cerebral, seeks pretty, rare, slim female, early 50s, nonsmoker, well-educated, medium height, financially secure, accomplished, to share a good life. Please send clear current photo with note and phone. 1186 ✉

Attractive, Jewish, Queens Widow—5'7", nonsmoker, educated, seeks nice, intelligent Jewish man, 67-74. 1218 ✉

Stunning Redhead, LI Widow—Bright, gentle, charming, Jewish, 5'6", financially secure - seeking caring, attractive gentleman, 55-70, to be my soul mate. 1201 ✉☎

A Perfect World—This single Jewish attorney, 33, who is warm, witty, wise, wonderful and slightly wacky, finds true happiness with pretty, petite, playful yet philosophical professional female. Since we all know that life ain't perfect, alternative scenarios considered. Written welcome wanted (alliteration optional). Photo preferred. 1177 ✉

A VALUABLE ASSET

THE GODMOTHERS are conducting a very special search on behalf of one of New York's most attractive, slim, soft-spoken, mid 30's female executives. A high achiever who owns a venture capital firm, she cares more about honesty, good character and a family life than about the fast track. Competitive at tennis and an avid football fan, she'd like to play a lifetime of doubles with a partner who shares similar values. If you are the right player, she's our New Years gift to you.

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Looking For An "Old-Fashioned" Man—Jewish (not religious), spiritual and giving, from 38 to 50, someone who is divorced with children and finished emotionally in his first marriage. Looking for a man who appreciates a gorgeous, loving, sensual and special woman - a man who wants to have that picket fence around our house and a lot of love inside. Someone who still believes in fairy tales. If you are looking for "real and forever", send handwritten note and recent photo, please. 1174 ✉ ☎

Looking For Mommy—Hi, my name is Sonny and I'm a 4-year-old Rottweiler. My dad is away skiing and doesn't know I'm doing this, so I'm getting the word out. My dad is a very successful, handsome, athletic man, 30, and loves to do things like play tennis, ski, golf, work out, go fishing, travel, see movies and eat sushi by candlelight. If my dad sounds like your kind of man, and you're an extremely attractive, sexy woman, preferably brunette, mid 20s, who shares the same interests - then give us a call. Nonsmoker. 1242 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—46, government employee, kind, caring, shy. I enjoy movies, bowling, dining out. Hoping to meet an understanding woman for marriage and family. Children welcome. Note/phone/photo optional. 1207 ✉

Sophisticated, Well-Groomed—Independent, attractive Manhattan lady, late 50s, tall, slim, many interests. For the last best love of your life, contact me. Be 55-65 and the best in your class. 1225 ✉

Both Sides—Jewish male, 39, looking for slim, unpretentious female, 30-36, who can have fun and have a serious relationship at the same time. I'm athletic, enjoy tennis, bike riding, beach. Note/phone/photo, please. 1129 ✉

Buxom, Fun, Petite—30, NJ Jewish female - loves NY and wants to move back but needs a reason to! Like to pamper my man and to be spoiled myself. Interests: traveling, Vegas, movies, arts and big dogs. You: Jewish, 32-50 and drug-free. 1180 ✉

Fly Me To The Moon—43, Italian, nonsmoking female from LI seeks same: male counterpart who loves life, laughter ...and knows how to create special memories. Note and photo. 1173 ✉

Wanted:—Nonsmoking, tall, slim Jewish male, 32-36, never married, funny, romantic, warm smile and desire for lasting relationship. Reward: tall, witty, very down-to-earth, slender Jewish female, 31, with big heart. Photo/phone. 1188 ✉

Save The Date!!

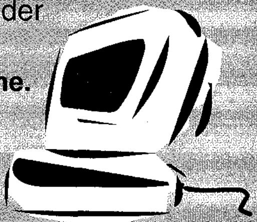
FEBRUARY 15TH

Theatre Tickets?
Trip to Paris?
Business Trip? Poker Game?

Cancel *Now* and save the date.
See next issue for details!

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Strictly Personals



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& ten FREE hours!
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Holding Out For Love!—Handsome, romantic, humorous, financially secure guy, 30s - adores island travel, fitness, foreign film, fine food. Waits patiently for very pretty, sweet, bright and fit sweetheart. Photo, please. 1130 ✉ ☎

New Year's Resolution—To meet you! Adventurous single man, MBA, young 49, 6', trim, with diverse interests, seeks Christian lady - trim nonsmoker who's family-inclined. Note/photo. 1203 ✉

Wild Thing—Handsome exec, 45, 5'11", 160, healthy, easygoing, secure. Loves wilderness, nature, hiking, Nordic skiing, fly-fishing. Seeks white or Asian superlady for fun, travel, family. Photo. (212)/(914)/(203). 1167 ✉

Beautiful White Female, 29—Northwest native, successful, loves to laugh. Into snowboarding, music, candlelight. Wants tall, great-looking guy, athletic, honest, who knows what he wants. Photo. 1191 ✉

30-Something—Attractive Jewish female, fan of Howard Stern, theater and Atlantic City, seeks male counterpart for meaningful relationship. 1128 ✉

Plastic Surgeon Only Sought—By pretty Jewish attorney, for love, laughter and happily ever after. 38-50. 1164 ✉ ☎

Are You A Jewish Linus Larabee?—38-50, consumed with success but now realizes it's time to "get a life"? Must be smart, kind, like dogs, have a sense of humor. I'm a 5'9", 37, Ivy-educated professional who also wants a life and family. (Include e-mail). 1234 ✉

Sweet Israeli Beauty—Woman with clear mind and open heart, 34, 5'4", very attractive, athletic, professional and creative - seeks handsome, tall, successful, Jewish professional man with a passion for life and the capacity to love, for lifelong romance and commitment. Note/photo/phone. 1227 ✉

Man Of Quality—Mensch in every way. Divorced, 62, 5'3", 143, financially secure and handsome. I share with you your needs, desires and your priorities. Seek a soul mate and good friend. Photo. 1196 ✉

Cat Lover!—Single white male, 45, teacher, honest and sensitive, well-traveled - loves NYC, beaches and golf. Seeking lady, 30-45, enjoys active life, for long-term relationship. 1281 ✉

Attractive, Slim—European Jewish woman, 5'2", seeks warmhearted man, 50 plus, for long-term relationship. 4380 ✉

Italian Businessman—48, 5'4", 150 lbs, handsome, very clean - seeks lady, 20-30, slender and petite, for friendship. Photo. POB 70242, SI, NY 10307

Athletic, Adventurous, Handsome—Warmhearted, financially secure, Jewish professional man - huggable, fit, enjoys running. Seeks classy, attractive, caring lady under 41. Note/photo/phone. 1194 ✉ ☎

Another Year—And the mate search hasn't yielded fruit? I'm a ripe Jewish male, 36, tall, handsome, very successful MD, with a sense of humor, wonder and personal honor. I want a future with a humane, sexy female, 23-33, who looks great in tight clothes and is part polymath/part goofball. Note/photo/phone. 1149 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Slim, 5'4", 29, sensitive, and fun to be with. I work in film, into the arts, cooking and travel. If you think you could make me laugh, are nice-looking, ready for the real thing and Jewish, 27-34, not religious, send note/photo. 1252 ✉

Delightful, Delovely—Not yet decrepit, 50ish female seeks generous Jewish gent for romance, fun, friendship. 1157 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Athletic, Fun!—Ivy-educated professional, 34, seeks a special lady. You are tall, slim, adventurous and self-confident, with humor and a passion for making the world a better place. Will gladly trade a note and photo. 1212 ✉

Hike Mt. Kilimanjaro?—Dive the great barrier reef? One I've done. One I'd like to. Are you game? If you have an adventurous spirit and a caring soul, this energetic, intelligent Jewish woman, 32, wants to meet you: an outdoorsy, fun and introspective, mentally mature Jewish man, 30-40. I am passionate, down-to-earth, have an innate sense of curiosity, and love the theater. Let's meet. 1200 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Bright And Enthusiastic—Young 50...likes trashy novels and the symphony. 1236 ✉

Extremely Attractive, Elegant—Intelligent woman - tall, slender, with sparkling blue-green eyes and dazzling smile for the right, successful, solvent, sensual Jewish man, 50 plus - awaits your note and photo. 1238 ✉

Employed Gentleman, 74—Jewish, interested in weekend shows, dinners and companionship with black woman in her 40s or 50s. Prefer nonsmoker, friendly, low-key style. Write. 1140 ✉

Attractive MD—33, plastic surgeon, divorced, honest, unpretentious, searching for attractive, secure woman, 20-30, for friendship, possible romance and commitment. Photo/note/phone. 1166 ✉

Our Perfect Male Boss—Deserves the perfect date. Ad executive, 50ish, great sense of humor, ponytail, enjoys opera, movies and romantic dinners. Seeks woman: bright, attractive, fun(!) - with or without ponytail. Please send photo with your description of a great date. 1202 ✉

It May Be Destiny After All—Professional white male, NYC businessowner, financially secure, 37, 6'2", slim, ocean athlete, is ready to love one striking, kind, slim, graceful, educated woman under 35. Photo and phone a must. 1153 ✉ ☎

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December 18, 1995 through December 25-January 1, 1996

CALL
1-900-454-1800

Old-Fashioned But Very Cool—Nice Jewish girl, tall, thin, pretty, 27. Seeks nice Jewish boy, 27 plus, never married, successful, funny, cute. Photo/mailing address for reply. 1209 ✉

Looking For Love—Attractive NJ Jewish female, 31, athletic, professional, thin, 5'4", nonsmoker. I love skiing, travel, tennis and much more. If you are Jewish, professional, under 40, fit and handsome, please respond with photo/note. 1184 ✉

Single Jewish Man—41, 5'9", MD, handsome, athletic, seeks pretty, single Jewish female - professional, 29-35, marriage/family-oriented. Photo. 1142 ✉

I'm A Charming Woman—Like a melody that haunts you night and day. I would like to share conversation, museums, theater, music and books with a retired gentleman over 65. 1199 ✉

Smart, Sensual, Sophisticated—Loving female, financially independent, looking for a similar male, 45-60. I'm interested in finding a happy, accomplished, financially independent man who wants the pleasures a deep friendship brings with a fun-loving companion. Written replies. Thank you. 1187 ✉

A Vous De Jouer—Attractive, soft-spoken, educated woman, late 30s, 5'7", nonreligious Jewish - seeks male counterpart to explore city's cultural/arts events. If you're the sincere, stable, articulate and outgoing man with international outlook, open to a new start (nonsmoker), please write with photo to: 1176 ✉

Diamonds And Doc Martins—Attractive, sexy natural redhead, 5'3", Rubenesque, magazine editor, seeks male, mid 30s-40s, over 5'7", with passion for music, art, film and dining. Creativity and sense of humor a must. Be as comfortable in an East Village dive as at a black tie party. Let's share life's diversities. Note/photo - will exchange. 1213 ✉ ☎

Petite, Pretty, Playful Female—Seeks short, sensual, smart male, 35-55 years, for a lifetime of keeping each other healthy and happy. 1145 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male, Gorgeous—30, athletic, romantic, successful, into working out, meditation, house music. Seeks sexy, masculine, courageous guy who knows what he wants. Yeah. Photo. 1192 ✉

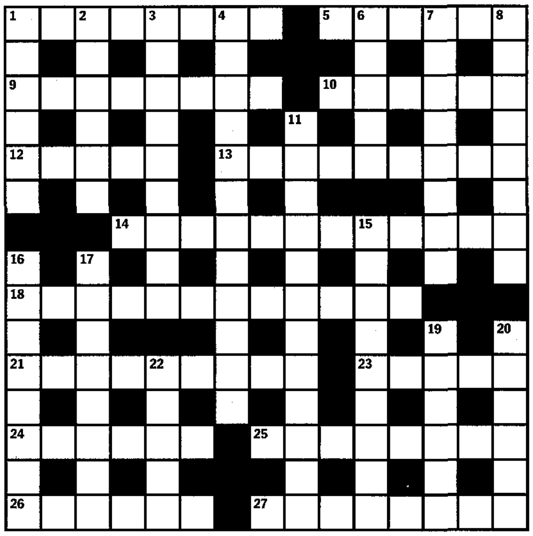
Tall, Attractive European Female—37, Catholic, nice personality, educated, seeks soul mate, 35-45. 1178 ✉

Handsome, Fit MD—46, seeks slender female, 30-39, for friendship and romance. I enjoy the theater, cinema, ballet, modern dance, Lincoln Center, fine dining and most of what NYC offers. Photo/phone/note. 1126 ✉

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Lock-keepers! (8)
5 Artist returning to recognition. (6)
9 Study model French bank plan. (8)
10 What's in store for gardeners? (6)
12 Many attending to game . . . (5)
13 . . . or reading about flower. (3,6)
14 Singularity of role-playing between composer and gangster. (12)
18 Said to be universal cloud component. (6,6)
21 A sot's tale about being shipwrecked presumably. (4,2,3)
23 General having to concede. (5)
24 Toy with square arm. (6)
25 Pleased a few are joyful. (8)
26 Body of laws to think over. (6)
27 Sights that make viewers internally angry. (8)



DOWN

1 Comb the French horse first. (6)
2 Natural to have had a meal at hostelry. (6)
3 Bore by having to make idle talk about forerunner. (9)
4 Eternally undiminished notwithstanding. (12)
6 Penetrate some forbidden territory. (5)
7 Thespian holding the centre but getting the bird. (8)
8 Stretches girl's nurses. (8)
11 Sailor and helper taking early lead in sporting arena. (7,5)
15 See danger overtaking vagabonds. (9)
16 Tea produced in solid form and cut off. (8)
17 Minor crooner without gift. (8)
19 Choose to wear a rosette perhaps. (6)
20 Rest disturbed on board by strain. (6)
22 Titan's one last convulsion. (5)

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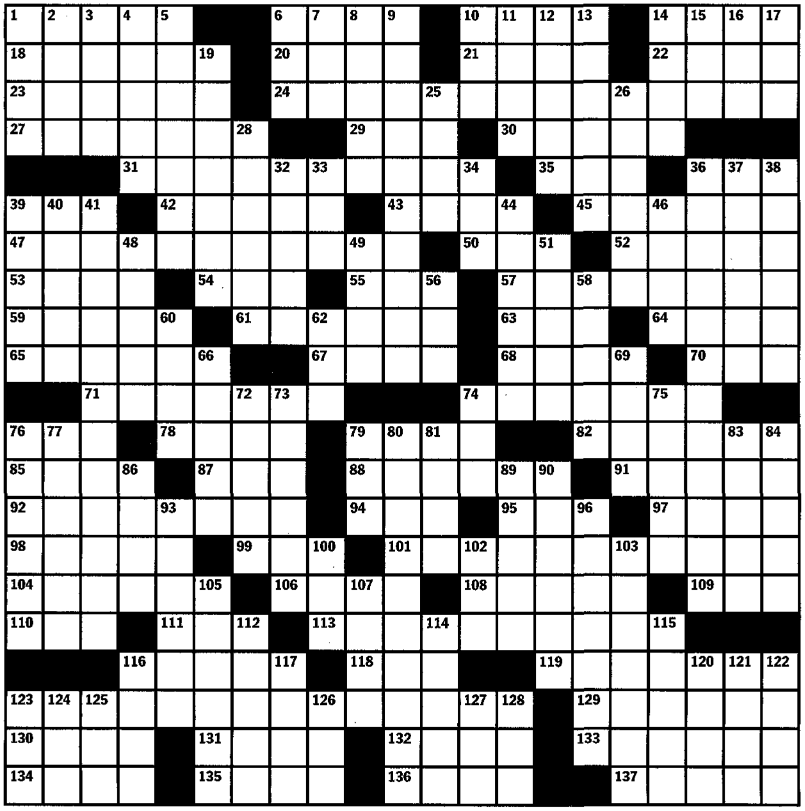
'Some Openings': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 G.I. therapy
6 Table-hops
10 New Testament book
14 Shiftless
18 Saudi's country
20 Landed
21 Poi ingredient
22 —— vera
23 Bad-mouth
24 Grand opening
27 Bears witness (to)
29 Winning line at tic-tac-toe
30 Covering for a rip
31 Store opening
35 Calendar pg.
36 Immigrants' speech course: abbr.
39 Word with Mahal
42 —— a time (singly)
43 Lose traction
45 Actor Dan
47 Pitcher's successful opening
50 Jeweler's sale
52 Composer Saint-——
53 Florence's river
54 Top fighter pilot
55 Humdinger
57 Baseball's "Charlie Hustle"
59 Old grads do it
61 Jazz pianist Garner
63 Director Grosbard
64 —— effort
65 Experienced gob
67 Part of S.R.O.
68 Nursery-school set
70 Start of M-G-M's motto
71 Fled
74 Refer to in passing
76 Lowell or Irving
78 Liquid waste
79 Zoning unit
82 Entomologist's specimen
85 Parlor piece
87 Holy Roman, e.g.: abbr.
88 "But —— how I cannot tell": Rossetti
91 Beef on the hoof
92 Desperado
94 Arrest, cop style
95 Before sigma
97 MacDonald's singing partner
98 Moses's father
99 Not secondhand
101 Hutch openings
104 Duty list
106 Jib, for one
108 Matchmaker in "Fiddler"
109 Cornerstone abbr.
110 Tolkien creature
111 Once across the pool
113 Broadway openings
116 Tatum's Oscar role
118 Summer, in Saumur
119 "The Bartered Bride" composer
123 Create an opening
129 Cossack chief
130 "Young Frankenstein" lackey
131 Sicilian volcano
132 Kind of palm
133 Least nasty
134 Love, in tennis
135 Sound like Satchmo
136 Cauterize
137 Certain body sacs

DOWN

1 Name of Thai kings
2 The E in Q.E.D.
3 Sentry's command
4 "—— Irish Rose"
5 VIP
6 Leg, slangily
7 West of Ga.
8 Where Jacques cuts the mustard
9 Didn't move
10 From —— Z
11 Creator of Dogpatch
12 Grooved tire rim
13 Categorized
14 Plaster backing
15 MacGraw who wed McQueen
16 Bronx attraction
17 Kyoto coin
19 Cather heroine
25 Chess castle
26 Point a finger at
28 Tracy, to Kate
32 Bookie's deal
33 "How was —— know?"
34 Sham locks
36 Sewer opening
37 Electronic detector
38 Concentrated beams
39 Peter, Paul and Boris
40 What only God can make
41 Annual opening
44 Delegate authority
46 Steak order
48 Scenic city of Spain
49 Well versed in
51 Honeydew is one
56 Thickness, as of wood
58 Frutti's go-with
60 Countless years
62 Rogers of the range
66 Greek physician
69 Confessor's earful
72 NOW member
73 Cider source
74 What boys will be
75 Bone prefix
76 Throw —— into (frighten)
77 Latter-day Saint
79 Grain bristle
80 Quacks
81 Singer McEntire
83 Homophone for seeds
84 Rendezvous
86 "I —— your disposal"
89 Formed like a sphere
90 Hippos' acquaintances
93 Mrs. Marcos
96 Footrest
100 Used to be
102 Word to Birdie
103 Religious dissident
105 Memorable Gilda
107 Kin of a via
112 Michelangelo masterpiece
114 Aladdin's mentor
115 Keach who played Hammer
116 Jet-age prefix
117 Danube tributary
120 Singing brothers
121 Publisher Condé
122 Picnic pests
123 "Les ——" (B'way hit)
124 Vital statistic
125 Divided Asian land: abbr.
126 Phone cut-in
127 Tax pro
128 Musician's attribute



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 94.

MARY ANN MADDEN #841

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

condomcoMPROmise—*v.* distribution of birth control to half the student body.
guMPROvender—*n.* autographed boxes of chocolates.
antidisestablishmentarianisMPROmulgator—conservative member of the Fustian Church of Pleonastics.
glooMPRO—certified funeral orator, part of a Kaddish industry.

Above, Superghost. Competitors are invited to invent and define one word containing the contiguous letters MPRO.

Results of Competition 838, in which you were asked for prequels.

Report: Guileless reappearances by the following: Sweeney Toddler. Ante Mame. Prime Your Wagon. Little Richard III. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Smoking. Malcolm IX. Pretender to the Throne Kong. Gestation of a Nation. Resident Alien Kane. Richard Prior. Victor Premature. The Penultimate Mohican. Triassic Park. The Foreplay's the Thing. Intern Zhivago. Kittens. Room With a Preview. The Magic Molehill. The Adventures of Robin Boyhood. Cygnet Lake. A Preface in the Crowd. Snoop Puppy Pupp. Honey, I Preshrunk the Kids. Destry Rides. Plus the brilliant Patton Pending and L'Il Trovatore. Many thanks to all. You are the Adam's apple of our eye. Stay in school. Here endeth the lesson.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

DAS BOOTIE
Emily Sylvester, South Windsor, Ct.

MY NAME IS BOND . . . JIMMY BOND
C. E. Wallace, Nashville, Tenn.

NOSFERA
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

EMBRYO-YO MA
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

JEAN-JEAN VALJEAN
Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH BOY GEORGE
William Baldwin Young, N.Y.C.

PRIMADONNA KARAN
Sergei Mihailov, Seattle, Wash.

And Honorable Mention to:

STURMWARNING UND DRANG
Denise Wampe, Kansas City, Mo.

BIG BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.

LITTLE BROTHERLY LOVE
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

DERIVING MISS DAISY
Cindy Wishengrad, N.Y.C.

TEEING UP MISS DAISY
Peter Roth, Great Neck, N.Y.

JUST ONCE IT WOULD BE NICE IF DOLLY PICKED UP THE PHONE
Larry Snyder, Delray Beach, Fla.
sp. ment.: Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

MASTER ED
Mary Anderka, San Diego, Calif.

OFF BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936
Martha Chiborski, Independence, Ohio

THE PIED PIPER CUB OF HAMELIN
Penny Vorn, Teaneck, N.J.

CALL CENTRAL FOR MURDER
Minnie Jones, Seattle, Wash.

LOGAN'S TRIAL RUN
Rachel Shea, Cromwell, Ct.

ROMANS: ON THIS SITE WILL BE ERECTED AN EMPIRE
Kenneth Levine, Washington, D.C.

BABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS
Bertha Coulter, Milford, Ct.
Gary Belkin, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREREQUUSITE
Jeremy Newberger, Dix Hills, N.Y.

THE MONTESSORI SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
Barbara Babich, Orangeburg, N.Y.

ESSO PROVENCE
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

PREJUDGE DREDD
Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.
sp. ment. Mark Levin, N.Y.C.

GOLDA PREMEIR
Denise Kramer, Merrick, N.Y.

JOAN EMBRY$\overset{\text{O}}{\wedge}$
Leslie Cypen, Miami Beach, Fla.

TEEN IDYLLS OF THE KING
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

ANTIGONE WITH THE WIND
Jane E. Logan, Suffern, N.Y.

AN INSPECTOR CALLS AHEAD
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

DRINKING COFFEE IN SEATTLE
Raymond Jalbert, Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

PRIMARY TYLER MOORE
Rose Leibowitz, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE ADOLESCENTURIONS
Sarah Gay, Denver, Colo.

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE'S AGENT
LaRue Watts, N.Y.C.

CLUB PREMED
Moritz Klein, N.Y.C.
Matthew Sperling, Rye, N.Y.

SPERMA BOMBECK
Roy Baxter, N.Y.C.

ALONE, NATURALLY
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

PREDESTINATION TOKYO
Diana Filer, Vancouver, B.C.

WHAMMY
Helen M. Girolami, Enhaut, Pa.

GILES ZYGOTE BOY
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.
Patsy Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

PRE WILLY
Saul Kahan, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH TO THE FUTURE
George Bankoff, Northfield, Ill.

THE PRESAGE OF INNOCENCE
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

JUNIOR MISS SAIGON
Pat Seeley, Silver Spring, Md.

MR. BLANDINGS GETS REJECTED AT 825 FIFTH AVENUE
Marc McCabe, East Lansing, Mich.

DOMBEY
Lisa Brickley, McConnellsville, N.Y.

JEUNE BRIDE
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

FOREHEDDA GABLER
Hazel Cypen, Miami Beach, Fla.

THE SKIN OF OUR BABY TEETH
Robert N. Goldman, New Rochelle, N.Y.

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT SOUS-CHEFS OF EUROPE?
Jan Holdridge, Amityville, N.Y.

PREPUBESCENT OF A WOMAN
Marc Marshall, Springfield, N.J.

KINDERGARTEN OF ALLAH
Elaine Amdur, Kingston, Pa.

3 TENORS IN CONTRACT NEGOTIATIONS
Henry M. Lewis, N.Y.C.

THE PREEXISTING, starring P. Newman, R. Redford
Michael Skrokov, Whitestone, N.Y.

LA FEMME JOSEF
David Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

ERELONG JOHN SILVER
Rose Asher, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOW TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD
M. Martin, Franklin, Tenn.

IS ANYONE SCARED OF VIRGINIA BELL?
Susan H. Llewellyn, N.Y.C.
similarly: Les Packer, Taylors Falls, Minn.

EXTRA VIRGIN OLIVE OYL
Frank J. Dupignac Jr., Toms River, N.J.

THE PRIOR COMMITMENTS
Matthew J. Gameroff, N.Y.C.

SEMICIRCLE OF FRIENDS
Sheryl Martinelli, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE LITTLE PRINCE
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Matthew A. Grob, N.Y.C.

BEGET SHORTY
Laura Shea, N.Y.C.
Anne Hopkins, Charlotte, N.C.

THE OREGON TRAILER
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

PREOCCUPIED FRANCE
David English, Somerville, Mass.

Walt Disney's BAMBINO
Mary Anne Martini, Wind Gap, Pa.

VICTOR/VICTORIA'S SECRET
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

THE JUNIOR-VARSITY DRAG
Robert J. Stern, Merion Station, Pa.

11:45 P.M. IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL
Margarita Levin, N.Y.C.

L'ILIAD
Holly Thomas, Cambridge, Mass.

LETTER OF INTENT WITH AMERICA
Howard Kenny, N.Y.C.

ROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
David Titus, Melrose, Mass.

HUMBOLDT'S WISH LIST
John Manieri, N.Y.C.

THE BAD NEWS FOREBEARS
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

JESUS CHRIST, AVERAGE GUY
Irin Israel, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE LION WHO WOULD BE KING
Tova Tarshish, Chicago, Ill.

PRESOAKLAHOMA
Joan Seltzer, San Francisco, Calif.

DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS REHEARSAL
Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

DOSTOEVSKI'S CRIME AND PRETRIAL MOTIONS
Hon. William Boardman, Woodstock, Vt.

THE MONKEY'S GRANDPAW
Eleanor B. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.

WASHINGTON, B.C.
Max Duplessis, Falls Church, Va.

BABIE'S IRISH ROSE
Irene Schoenberger, Livingston, N.J.

I. M. $\underset{\wedge}{\text{PRE}}PEI\underset{\wedge}{\text{D}}$
Hy Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 841, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 12. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the February 12 issue.

THE ABILITY TO STOP CHILD ABUSE IS FINALLY AT OUR FINGERTIPS.

Now there's a way you truly can help stop child abuse. By simply lending your support to a new kind of prevention program. A program that teaches new parents how to deal with the stresses that lead to abuse. One that interrupts the cycle of abuse before it can begin. We're already achieving unprecedented results, but we need your help where you live. Call 1-800-CHILDREN. And learn how close at hand the solution to child abuse really is.

THE MORE YOU HELP THE LESS THEY HURT.

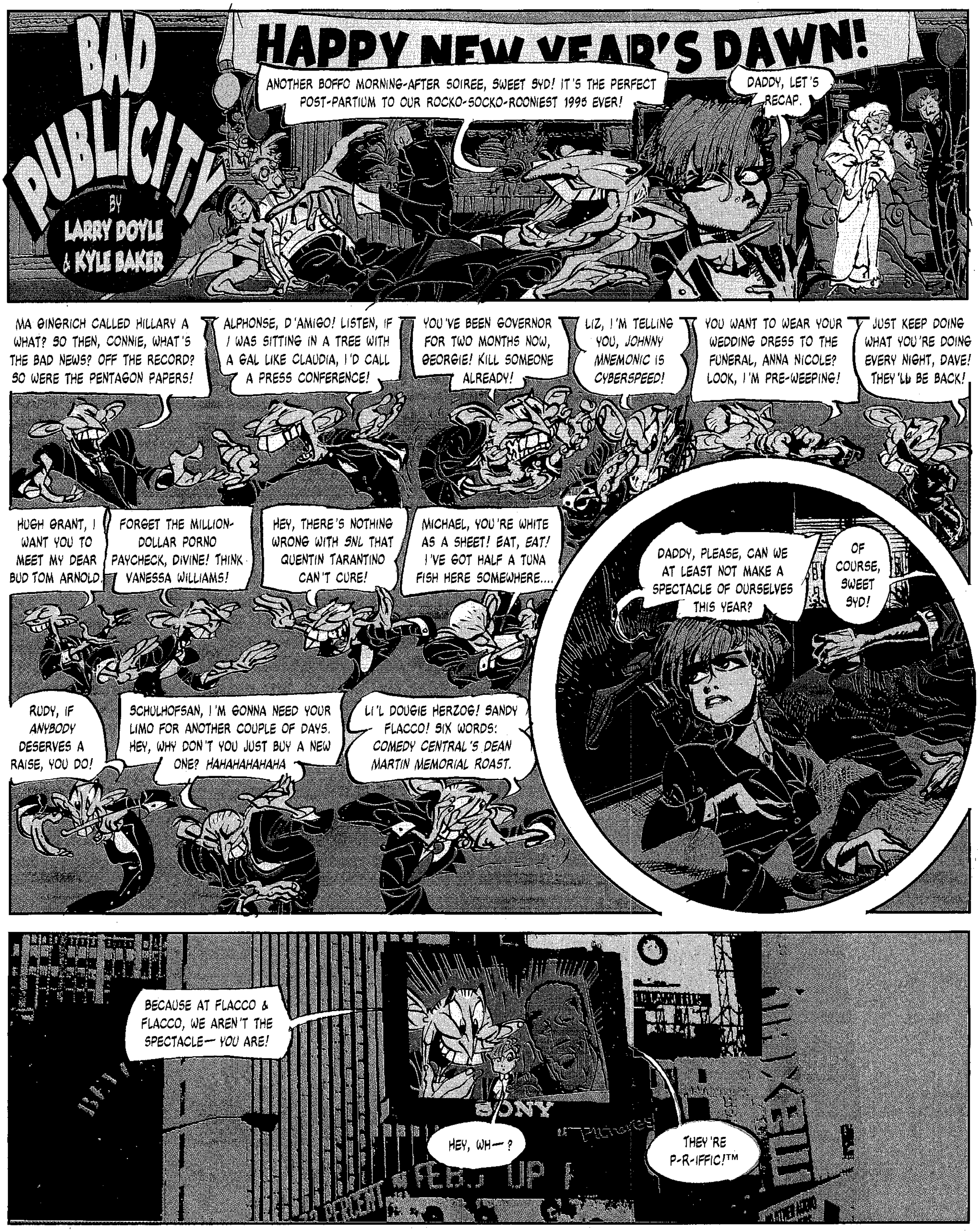
1-800-CHILDREN

National Committee to Prevent Child Abuse

Ad Council

New Year's Daze

Wake up, everybody. It's time for the Flaccos' superhot morning-after bash.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAWN!
ANOTHER BOFFO MORNING-AFTER SOIREE, SWEET SYD! IT'S THE PERFECT POST-PARTIUM TO OUR ROCKO-SOCKO-ROONIEST 1995 EVER!
DADDY, LET'S RECAP.
MA GINGRICH CALLED HILLARY A WHAT? SO THEN, CONNIE, WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS? OFF THE RECORD? SO WERE THE PENTAGON PAPERS!
ALPHONSE, D'AMIGO! LISTEN, IF I WAS SITTING IN A TREE WITH A GAL LIKE CLAUDIA, I'D CALL A PRESS CONFERENCE!
YOU'VE BEEN GOVERNOR FOR TWO MONTHS NOW, GEORGIE! KILL SOMEONE ALREADY!
LIZ, I'M TELLING YOU, JOHNNY MNEMONIC IS CYBERSPEED!
YOU WANT TO WEAR YOUR WEDDING DRESS TO THE FUNERAL, ANNA NICOLE? LOOK, I'M PRE-WEEPING!
JUST KEEP DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING EVERY NIGHT, DAVE! THEY'LL BE BACK!
HUGH GRANT, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY DEAR BUD TOM ARNOLD.
FORGET THE MILLION-DOLLAR PORNO PAYCHECK, DIVINE! THINK VANESSA WILLIAMS!
HEY, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SNL THAT QUENTIN TARANTINO CAN'T CURE!
MICHAEL, YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET! EAT, EAT! I'VE GOT HALF A TUNA FISH HERE SOMEWHERE....
DADDY, PLEASE, CAN WE AT LEAST NOT MAKE A SPECTACLE OF OURSELVES THIS YEAR?
OF COURSE, SWEET SYD!
RUDY, IF ANYBODY DESERVES A RAISE, YOU DO!
SCHULHOFSAN, I'M GONNA NEED YOUR LIMO FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF DAYS. HEY, WHY DON'T YOU JUST BUY A NEW ONE? HAHAHAHAHAHA
LI'L DOUGIE HERZOG! SANDY FLACCO! SIX WORDS: COMEDY CENTRAL'S DEAN MARTIN MEMORIAL ROAST.
BECAUSE AT FLACCO & FLACCO, WE AREN'T THE SPECTACLE— YOU ARE!
SONY
HEY, WH—?
THEY'RE P-R-IFFIC!™
FEB. UP

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Yum.

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are available for $14.95 per set. To order, please call 1-800-GO-BAILEYS.

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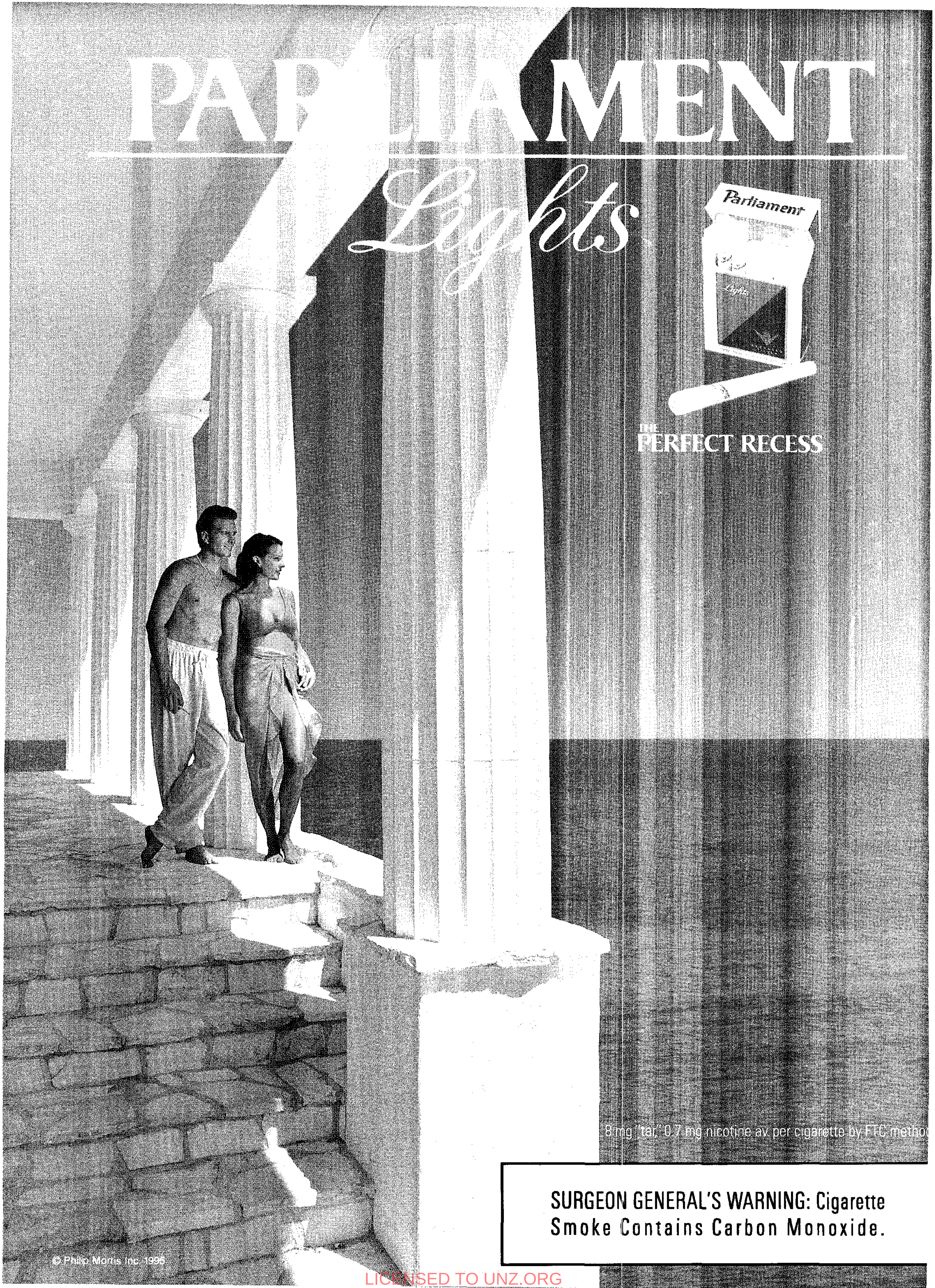
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